THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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In This Number

Irvin S. Cobb—Herbert Quick—Sinclair Lewis—George Pattullo
Lucia Chamberlain—Maximilian Foster—Carl W. Ackerman

Known For Its Goodness The World Over

Recognition of Hupmobile goodness is world-wide.

What was first a local, then a national, reputation, has now grown to international fame.

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Its extraordinary performance, at home and afar, forms the basis for our belief.

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The South African government displayed like preference after seeing its work in the German East African war.

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Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

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Leather-covered molding finish along edges of upholstery

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Front and rear edges of top finished with leather-covered molding

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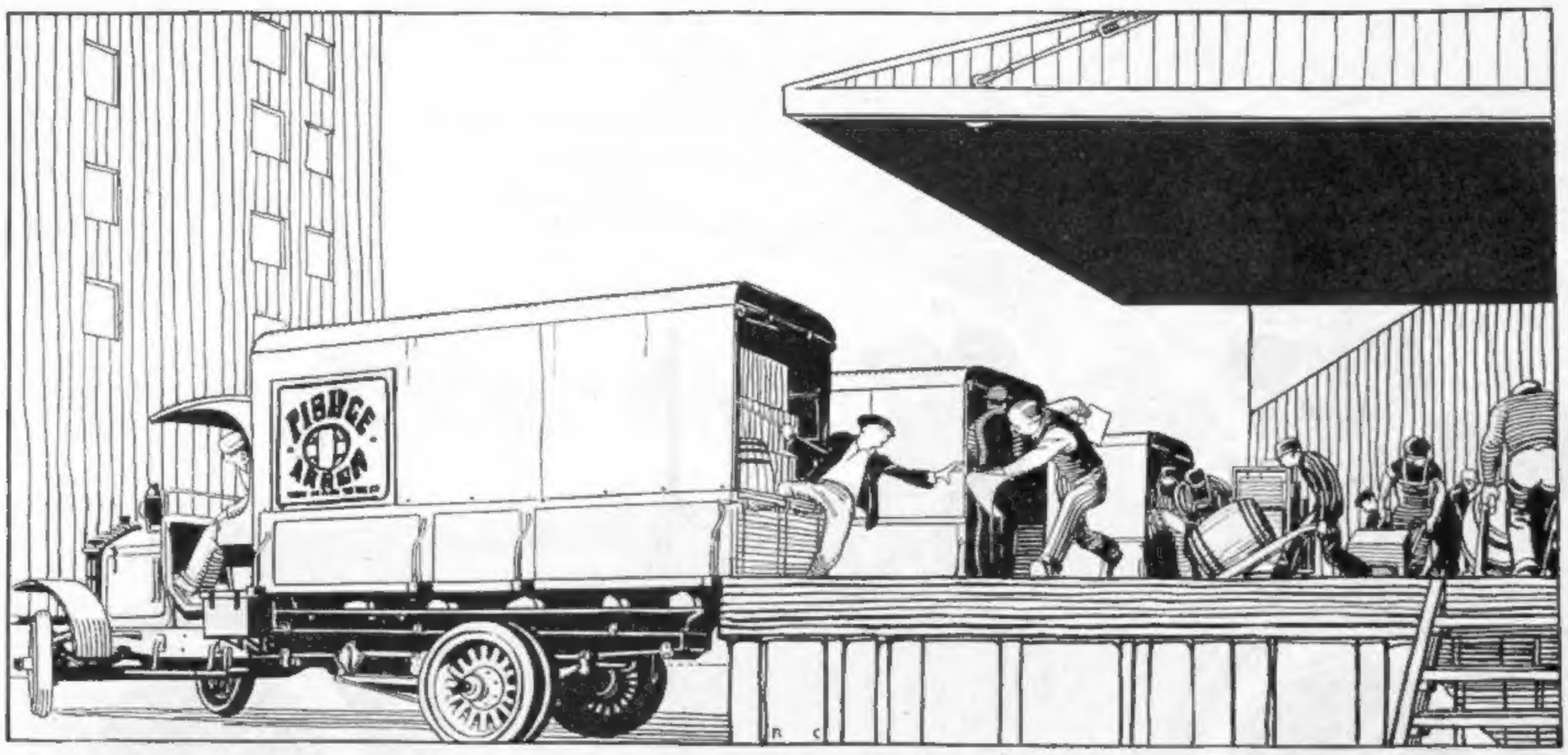
The New Hupmobile



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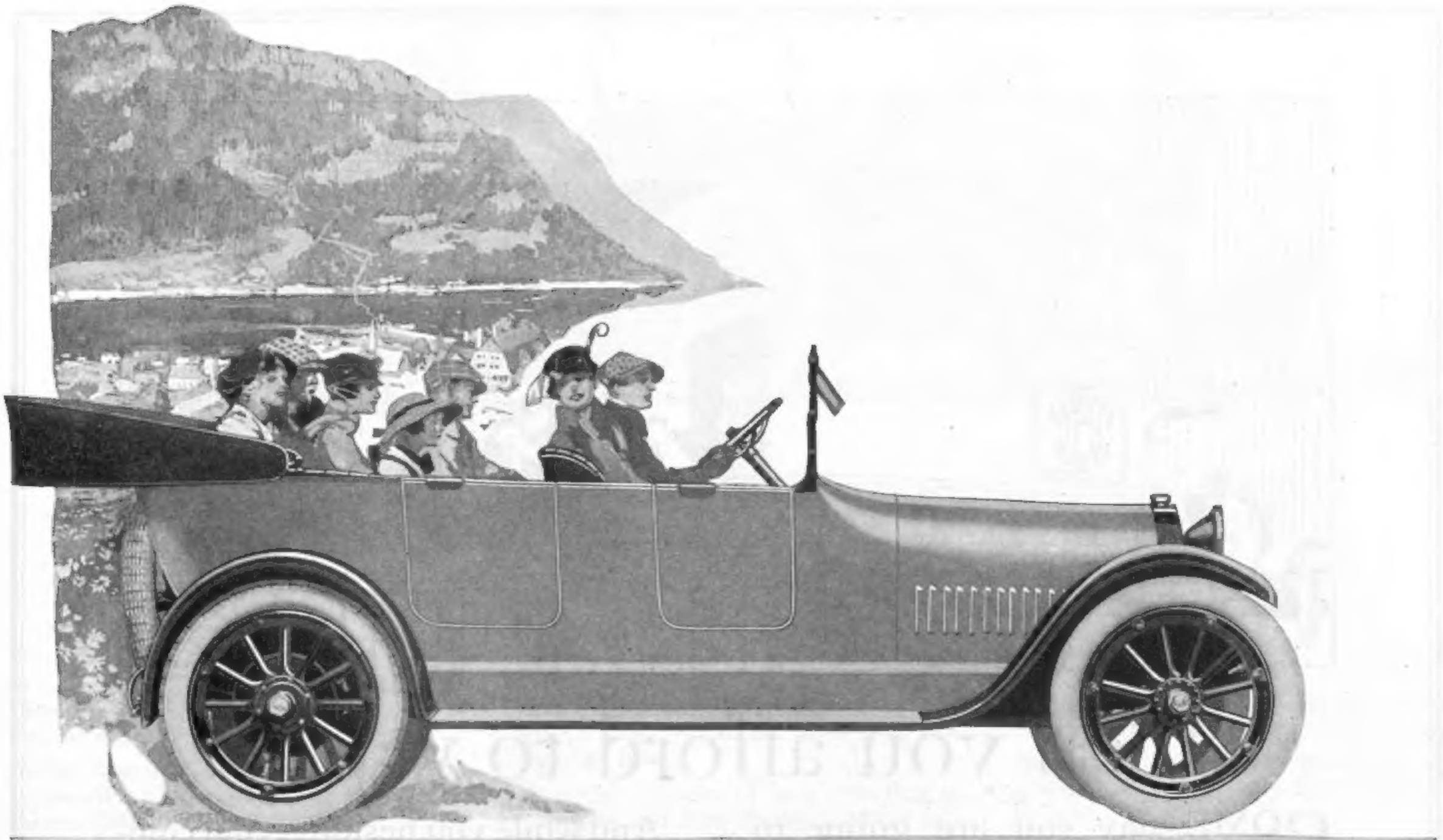
THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Buffalo, N. Y.



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Going After the Inner Meaning

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I'M JUST as refined as she is any day in the week! And don't you forget it!" exclaimed Madame Hicks. "Gee, I'd like to put my foot in her face!" She was alluding to Madame Harry Larrabee, m'sieu, whose indifference had proved such a stumblingblock between Madame Patsy and the select circle to which she craved admission. Yes; it was Madame Larrabee who, because of her impregnable social position and calm superiority, stirred Madame Patsy's resentment more than any other. Indeed, she could not say things about her sufficiently stinging to satisfy her spite. The old saying was proved once more—that inferiority always seeks to tear down to its own level. And in the end this bitter hostility led to the social warfare about which you have asked, and culminated in the magnificent reception arranged by Madame Patsy for the visiting French envoys—a reception, I am bound to confess, whose motive was rather the crushing of her rival than a laudable desire to do fitting honor to the heroes.

But everything must have a beginning, m'sieu; and Madame Patsy's tribulations date farther back than this event—to the night, in fact, of the presentation of Gounod's Faust. The opera house was filled with fashionables for it. *Ma foi*, the boxes were one blaze of color and jewels; and none stood out with greater effulgence than that of Madame Hicks. She wore a low-cut dress of flesh tulle, studded with rhinestones, and round her white, white throat was the diamond necklace her husband had bought out of his winnings in a flyer in May wheat.

Many were the glances of ardent admiration cast toward the lovely creature; but to this silent homage Madame Patsy turned a cool shoulder, which she was the better able to do inasmuch as her dress had no visible means of support.

"You are the sensation of the evening, madame," I ventured to whisper when my wife was not listening.

Her lips parted in a radiant smile.

"Now stop that, Henree—you don't mean a word of it! But some of these dames do act like they could tear me limb from limb, don't they? Do you honestly think I've knocked 'em cold, Henree?"

"Very cold, madame."

On receiving which assurance her countenance assumed an expression of holy peace. And well might she feel content, my friend, for her name stood prominently on the list of subscribers, and it was a matter of common knowledge that M'sieu Joe Hicks, the Copper King, had headed the roll of those music lovers whose support made opera possible in our city. With her in the box were Madame Giraud and myself—a social distinction in itself that could not fail to gratify her.

Eh bien, the customary chatter had ceased for the moment and there fell a tense stillness over the house. Faust was wooing Marguerite—wooing her with an irresistible passion and golden flood of song. I sat enthralled, spellbound.

But right in the middle of it M'sieu Hicks leaned back, yawned sonorously, and remarked in a whisper that reverberated from pit to frescoed dome:

"If she takes my advice, that lady'll quit listenin' to that guy and beat it for the house—right now!" A warning Ssh! and a thousand heads turned toward our box. I saw the warm red suffuse madame's face and neck, and she trembled.

"Professor," Began M'sieu Field, "I Sure Have Wanted to Meet You This Long Time! Have You Really Raked Up the Wild Blackberry's Whole Dreadful Past?"

"You Mustn't Come to This Door, Henree. Go Round to the Back!"

"MISTER Hicks!" she said with dignity; and immediately there were renewed murmurs of resentment from the audience.

Her husband threw a startled glance all round, as though surprised by the effect of his words. As for me, m'sieu, I was mortified to a degree; and that M'sieu Sam Field was equally shocked was attested by his leaning forward from an adjoining box to inquire:

"Ain't you got any soul, you bonehead?"

I naturally expected an outburst from Madame Patsy when the curtain fell, but none came. No; instead of taking her husband to task, she ignored him. For all the notice she took of his presence, his chair might have been empty. This ladylike restraint was the more admirable since acquaintances were tittering on every side and repeating his remark.

But on the way home the storm broke.

"That's what I get," she remarked in a shaking voice, "for marrying a roughneck! I'll never be able to hold up my head again. And Mrs. Harry Larrabee, of all people, right next to us! Oh, I'll die of shame! Can't you ever get it through your head, Joe Hicks, that you're not wearing a red flannel undershirt still?"

"Is that so?" retorted her husband, who was occasionally spry at repartee. "Is that so? Well, a red one's better'n no shirt at all, Patsy."

What he may have meant I don't know, m'sieu; nor did I try to ascertain. Marital matters are sacred. But the drive home was completed in a strained silence.

"I'll leave it to Jane," cried Madame Hicks at parting—"I'll leave it to Jane if either you or Henree ever talk about a thing but golf and what you hear at the club. You never give a thought to higher things. Now do they, Jane? Tell the truth."

My dear wife, who up to this time had carefully refrained from joining in the dispute, blushed and answered:

"Yes; Henree does sometimes. Often he talks to me about the twins."

Eh bien, everybody laughed over the happening, which drove Madame Patsy half frantic. She had long indulged an ambition to burst into the innermost social circle, and had battered her way to its edge when her husband thus innocently administered a setback to her plans.

From that night she made M'sieu Joe's life miserable for him. It grew embarrassing for their friends. My opinion, m'sieu, is that family jars ought never to be aired in public. This is not hypocrisy, but merely consideration for others; and consideration for others is the basis of good breeding. What, I ask you, is more disconcerting than to hear a wife and husband wrangle over matters whose decision were best left to the alcove, as the English have it?

And M'sieu Joe could not help his behavior. The dear God had made him what he was. If he did not aspire to the inner meaning of things, surely he was not to blame for that. Yet Madame Patsy never made allowance. Day in and day out she lamented the fate that had tied her to a man whose sole yearning was for three square meals a day and the companionship of low friends.

"If I have some cultured people in, do you suppose you could get through the evenin' without insulting 'em?" she demanded.

"No, I could not. I'll have no colored people in my house."

"I said cultured—not colored. Better look it up in the dictionary."

"If they leave me alone I'll sure leave them alone," M'sieu Joe promised. "Jimmie can bring me my share of the feed upstairs, and me and Henree'll play dominoes."

"You'll do nothing of the kind! What sort of a place do you think this is, anyhow? And how often have I got to tell you not to call him Jimmie? His name is James."

"All right! All right—anything you say. But who are these colored—these cultured people?"

"The Matheon Club," replied madame.

"Ain't you going to ask anybody else besides them highbrows?"

"Henree and Jane, of course."

"I want Sam Field, too, and Miz Sam," declared M'sieu Hicks stoutly.

"Anything to keep you in good humor. But I tell you right now, Sam Field has no more license to be at the Matheon Club than you have in a Prohibition meetin'."

"He'll help keep things on the track, anyhow," replied her husband; from which I surmised, my friend, that he held the proposed gathering in low estimation.

So it was agreed. Madame Giraud received her invitation over the telephone next morning at breakfast.

"I'm so sorry, Patsy," answered my wife; "but I can't go, because I'll be away then—going home for a few weeks to see dad, you know. But Henree'll be delighted to go."

"Pardon me, madame," I interrupted hotly, making signs to her that she should not talk so recklessly. "He will not. If you cannot be there I shall not go, either. I shall spend the evening at the club."

My wife placed a hand over the mouthpiece in order that Madame Patsy should not hear her and hissed:

"If you think you're going to spend any evenings at the club while I'm gone, you're much mistaken, young man. The idea! What would people think? You don't work anything like that on me, and you might as well make up your mind to it." Then, turning again to the telephone, she cooed sweetly: "Henree says he'd love to go, Patsy. And thank you so much!"

The entertainment of the Matheon Club was a crafty move on madame's part, my friend, for included in its membership were several of the ladies whom she most desired to cultivate. And by identifying herself with an organization whose sole purpose was the diffusion of culture Madame Patsy might hope to offset, in a measure, the reputation acquired by her husband's conduct at the opera.

For, despite all her efforts—first toward magnificence and then toward charity—society still held aloof. Madame started out to establish new records in raising the fallen. Her name topped every list of giving in the city. She endowed a hospital, and met a crying need by erecting a home for indigent golfers. They changed the name of the School for the Blind to the Hicks Institute for the Sightless; the sum of her donations ran into six figures.

All that did she do after taking up residence on the Bluff, yet without gaining the friendship of Madame Harry Larrabee or any of the others whom she was determined to conquer. The proud old families who had made their money before the panic of 1907 turned a cold eye on the newcomer. They recalled that M'sieu Joe had swung a pick as late as 1910 and Madame Patsy had borne a spear in the chorus quite as recently. So, though they associated with her in charitable work and glanced up curiously at the marble front of her house as they drove along the Bluff, she gained no friends among them. All of which she laid at the door of Madame Larrabee.

"I'll make that woman so glad to know me," cried Madame Patsy through her teeth, "that she'll cross the street through the mud just for a chance to say 'How d'you do?' You think I won't? Wait! Wait and see—that's all! One of these days I'll have this town by the tail, with a downhill pull."

Eh bien, the night of the Matheon Club meeting arrived—but not Madame Larrabee, though she was one of its founders. However, nearly everybody else of consequence was there and our beautiful hostess was radiant. She had on a stunning creation of cloth of silver, cut in the latest mode; but I will not conceal from you, m'sieu, that I considered her skirt a trifle too short. Yes; as the stanch friend of her husband I could not but so regard it.

"Patsy's sure goin' in for higher things, Joe! Hey?" remarked M'sieu Sam Field as madame went by; and our poor friend groaned.

"Gee, I can stand just so much of this and no more!" he exclaimed desperately. "Look at me close, Henree. Notice anything peculiar? A queer look in my eye?"

A careful scrutiny failed to reveal anything unusual in his appearance. And at that very moment the honor guest arrived and advanced toward Madame Patsy to pay his respects. She signaled frantically for her husband to get to his proper place, and he left us; but we remained near enough to overhear what passed.

The honor guest was none other than the famous Doctor Tilly Dewdrop, m'sieu, whose essay on the Life of the Wild Blackberry created an international sensation last spring. Yes; Madame Patsy had succeeded in luring this justly celebrated personage to her house to discourse on the Subtle Why of the Inner Meaning.

He advanced with practiced ease and bent over Madame's dainty hand. Then he espied M'sieu Joe and said: "Bring me a drink of water, my man."

"Sure!" assented the latter. "Care for a scoot of something stronger, doc?"

The great man stared at him in amazement, and madame perceived that an explanation was required.

"My husband, Professor Dewdrop," she announced.

"I beg your pardon," he said to M'sieu Hicks; "but I took you for a waiter."

"This is Mr. Patterson, Bill. I and He Went to School Together. Didn't We, Henree?"

My worthy friend apologized in his turn and the conversation became general. A score of ladies promptly surrounded the professor and plied him with questions and compliments. It was prodigious, m'sieu! They pressed about him as young men are wont to press round a beautiful débutante. They told him brazenly to his face how wonderful he was—and how wonderful his writings were—and how wonderful they found his insight into Nature and the inner meaning of things! Madame Arthurs remarked that his books reminded her, in their intensity, of that mythopœic age when Homer sang his Iliad and his Hymns; when Pan wandered, heart-free, with his band of dryads, amid the leafy shades of Arcadian forest glooms. Yes; and Madame Arthurs is a Christian woman!

But Doctor Dewdrop believed it all, m'sieu. He basked in it as a cat basks in the sun. The thicker they laid it on, the more he expanded, so that I was fain to lose patience with the fellow. For myself, I despise flattery. And what if he had run down the innermost secrets of the Wild Blackberry's career? The feat did not entitle him to a monopoly of feminine attention.

"What makes him bleat like that?" demanded M'sieu Sam Field in wonder.

Probably the professor heard him, because he flushed pink and favored us with a haughty stare.

"Here," said M'sieu Field, "is where I got to square myself, Henree. You come along and help out." And, without further ado, he advanced toward the distinguished man of science.

"Professor," began M'sieu Field, "I sure have wanted to meet you this long time!" Such was the heartiness of his manner that the visitor unbent. "They tell me that what you don't know about the Wild Blackberry ain't worth using a toothpick on," my friend continued. "How about it, doc? Have you really raked up the Wild Blackberry's whole dreadful past?" Now, his intentions were of the best, m'sieu, but his method was possibly ill-chosen. Accustomed to respectful adulation and the murmured flattery of feminine worshipers, Dewdrop was unprepared for bluff comradeship. It irritated him.

"I presume, sir," he said stiffly, "that you intend to be facetious; but—but—but let me tell you, sir, you only succeed in being offensive."

"This way out!" cried M'sieu Sam, heading for the refreshment room, without seeming to be disconcerted in the least.

I followed, for I had no desire to engage in conversation a man so filled with conceit of himself. No; of all virtues, modesty takes front rank, to my thinking.

But the excellent Hicks, ever loyal and true, could not bear to see M'sieu Field misunderstood and humiliated before the entire company. He immediately approached the professor and explained that no offense had been intended, and he ought to overlook the breaks from such a source.

"He never had no education, doc," M'sieu Hicks assured him. "So go easy on the poor feller."

"I am very sorry indeed," was the good-natured reply. "If you can find him for me, please assure Mr. Field that I had no intention of hurting his feelings."

Eh bien, that was well settled and M'sieu Joe felt better. But when he had accomplished his duty he did not know how to take leave of his guest. Neither did he have anything further to say. And Doctor Dewdrop, having in mind his grievous mistake of identity, was equally embarrassed for choice of a topic with which his host would be familiar.

As luck would have it, there fell over the room at that moment one of those abrupt silences to which every assemblage is subject. It grew painful—appalling. Nobody had the courage to break it.

M'sieu Joe began to perspire. His wandering eye caught his wife's glance fixed upon him and he remembered her adjurations to make everybody feel at home. But what should he do? He shuffled his feet and gazed piteously about; he cleared his throat and mopped his brow with his handkerchief.

"It sure is a strange thing, doc, ain't it?" he piped at last.

"What is, sir?"

"Why," said M'sieu Joe, so that all the room could hear him, "it's more unpleasant to be in a crowd than not in a crowd; yet there're always more people in a crowd than there aren't in a crowd."

Professor Dewdrop appeared slightly bewildered, but several of the guests, who knew M'sieu Joe, burst into laughter. It was taken up by others. I saw Madame Patsy turn white and make an involuntary movement toward her husband; but she restrained herself.

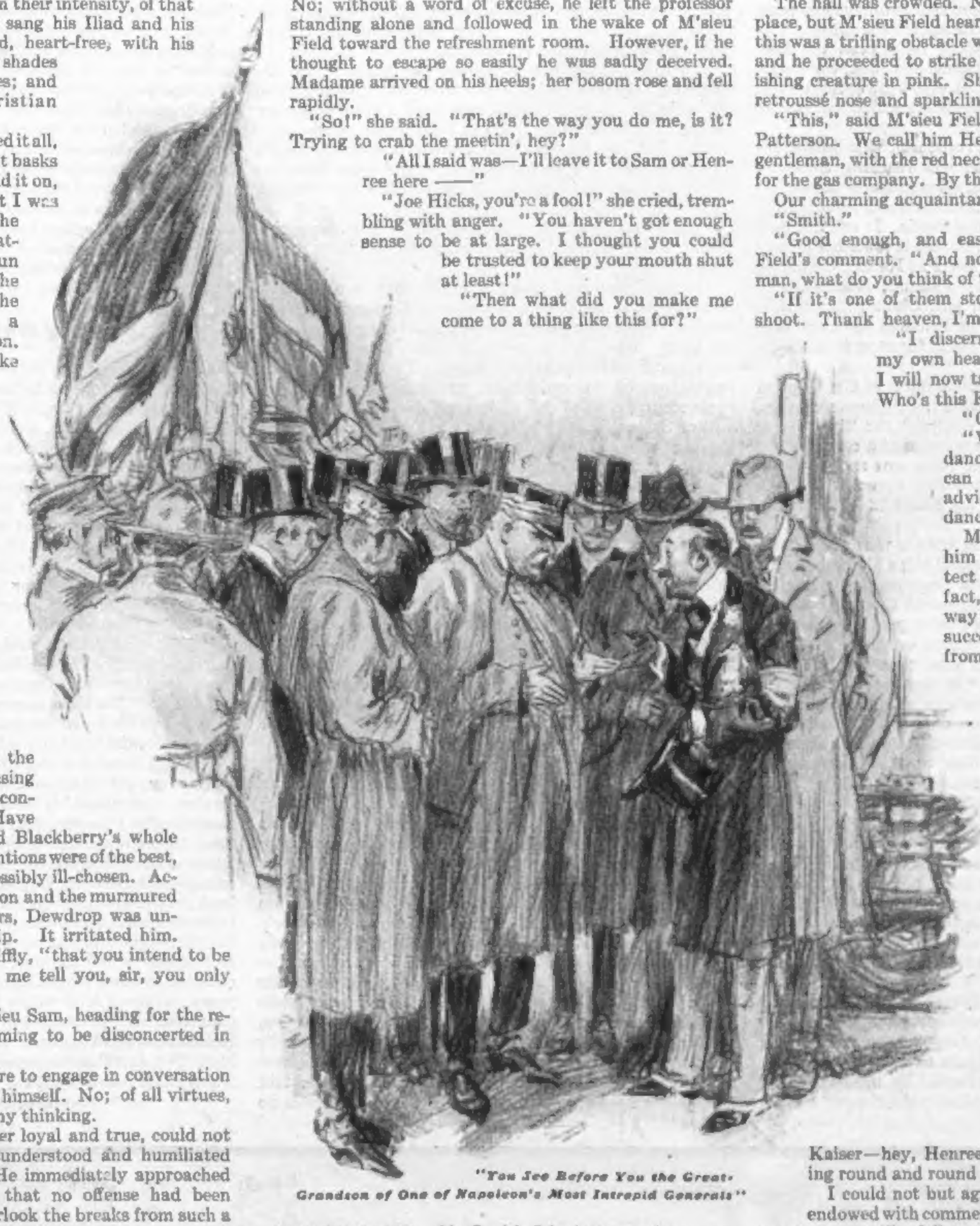
Realizing instantly that his observation had been unfortunate, M'sieu Joe did not wait to discern its effects. No; without a word of excuse, he left the professor standing alone and followed in the wake of M'sieu Field toward the refreshment room. However, if he thought to escape so easily he was sadly deceived. Madame arrived on his heels; her bosom rose and fell rapidly.

"So!" she said. "That's the way you do me, is it? Trying to crab the meetin', hey?"

"All I said was—I'll leave it to Sam or Henree here ——"

"Joe Hicks, you're a fool!" she cried, trembling with anger. "You haven't got enough sense to be at large. I thought you could be trusted to keep your mouth shut at least!"

"Then what did you make me come to a thing like this for?"



"You See Before You the Great-Grandson of One of Napoleon's Most Intrepid Generals"

"I wish I hadn't. Oh, I wish I hadn't! And you can leave as soon as you like. If you'd only gone an hour ago ——"

"You mean that? You don't care whether I stay or not?"

"I certainly don't. The farther you go the better it'll suit me."

"Then come on, boys! Let's drift. This is indeed good news."

And *séance tenante* we departed upstairs, M'sieu Hicks in the lead, M'sieu Sam and I following.

Our host touched a bell.

"Jimmie," he said to the butler, "did I hear you say you had tickets to a ball this evenin'?"

"Yes, sir. The Brewery Gentlemen's Mutual Benefit Association, sir."

"How much are they? Huh? Good enough! Gimme three."

"But," I protested, "I cannot accompany you, my friends. I am positive that my wife—— It would be hardly becoming for me, the father of twins, to attend such an affair in madame's absence."

Both my friends stared at me in frank amazement.

"It's a darn' sight better to go when she ain't in town than when she is, ain't it?" demanded M'sieu Field. "Besides, where on earth can you go? She won't let you drop in at the club, neither. Are you a man or a house cat?"

What would you have done in similar case, m'sieu?—I ask you. To be taunted to my face about subservience to my wife's wishes—it was not to be brooked. Moreover, there was no sound argument against their proposal, and, my instinctive caution being thus overcome by cold reason, I signified my readiness to accompany them, albeit reluctantly. So we ordered a taxi, neither of my companions being desirous of appearing at the function of the Brewery Gentlemen's Association in his own car.

The hall was crowded. Not one of us knew a soul in the place, but M'sieu Field heartened me by the assurance that this was a trifling obstacle which he could easily overcome, and he proceeded to strike up an acquaintance with a ravishing creature in pink. She was plump, with a dear little retroussé nose and sparkling, naughty eyes.

"This," said M'sieu Field, leading us forward, "is Mr. Patterson. We call him Henree for short. And this other gentleman, with the red neck, is Mr. Joe Brown, who works for the gas company. By the way, what's your name?"

Our charming acquaintance showed her dimples.

"Smith."

"Good enough, and easy to remember" was M'sieu Field's comment. "And now tell me something: Man to man, what do you think of the inner meaning?"

"If it's one of them stories you can take both ways, shoot. Thank heaven, I'm too innocent to see the point!"

"I discern that you're a woman after my own heart," said M'sieu Field. "And I will now take a squint at your program. Who's this Fred you've got down here?"

"Oh, just a friend."

"We'll cut his allotment to one dance. I'll subscribe to four, Henree can have two, and if you take my advice you'll limit Joe to one—he dances like a road roller."

Madame Smith laughed and told him he was a case; but I could detect that she was not ill pleased; in fact, my friend M'sieu Field had a way with him that invariably proved successful with women. He was far from handsome, being close to fifty and of a comfortable figure, but he possessed an engaging insolence that endeared him to the other sex.

Eh bien, she presented us to several of her female acquaintances and we began to enter into the spirit of the affair. The ladies were, indeed, most attractive. They were dressed with a modesty and simplicity that I found refreshing and their straightforward conversation pleased me exceedingly. It drew out my own powers to advantage; the contrast of their own unsophisticated style with the subtlety of mine proved a whetstone to my wit, and the hours passed merrily.

"If this ain't got the life of the Wild Blackberry backed off the map, I'll hock the Kaiser—hey, Henree?" shouted M'sieu Joe, whirling round and round in the one-step.

I could not but agree with him. My partner was endowed with commendable skill in the art and would, moreover, readily follow my lead—something which in years of wedded bliss I had been unable to teach Madame Giraud. No; she wants to do the piloting herself.

M'sieu Joe was exultant. At our own parties his wife always discouraged his terpsichorean efforts, holding them to be too vigorous and free, but the ladies at the Brewery Gentlemen's ball responded with enthusiasm to the methods prompted by his ardent spirits.

"Stay with it, honey!" cried his partner as M'sieu Joe spun her round and round. "You're the dancin' kid!"

And M'sieu Joe stayed with it. So did M'sieu Sam Field. So, too, did I. Why conceal it? In all my career I cannot remember more than two or three occasions on which I cut a better figure. I was, in fact, the life of the party. They applauded my grace and abandon; they encouraged me to try new steps.

"Give ol' Henree one more drink," remarked M'sieu Field, "and he'll be doin' his celebrated Hungarian Goulash."

He was entirely wrong, my friend. My exuberance was merely a natural expression of enjoyment, of release from the restraints of convention.

But alas, happiness is ever of short duration. Hardly had we warmed up before Madame Smith announced that it was eleven o'clock and time for her to go home. I protested.

"I got to," she said ruefully, "though I hate to do it with a whole evenin' untouched. And it's raining, too, Henree.

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THE SUBMARINE POST OFFICE

By Carl W. Ackerman

THE Allies have always had reason to believe that there were submarine bases off the coasts of Spain. Ever since the beginning of the Von Tirpitz sinkings maps of that country have hung in the rogues' galleries of the Entente Admiralties. The coasts have been searched. Ships have been watched. Warships and sailboats have patrolled and swept the waters outside the territorial barrier—but with little or no success. There was always the insatiable suspicion that somewhere something was wrong.

In the same way our allies, convinced that important naval and military information was reaching Germany from every country on the globe, tried to locate the underground and undersea channels through which reports from the Kaiser's secret service reached Berlin. It was not very difficult to listen to the wireless, though it could not always be understood. Every day the tower at Nauen, Germany, communicated with Sayville, Long Island; Buenos Aires; Madrid; German East Africa, and China. It was like the fingers of a gigantic, invisible Prussian hand reaching out to the four corners of the world for reports made by thousands of spies.

The same tower at Nauen spoke daily to the German battle fronts, to Budapest, Sofia and Constantinople. Sometimes it would engage in a duel with the Eiffel Tower when Paris was trying to send a message at a certain wave length. But the Germans, never being sure enough about the secrecy of their codes, did not trust the most valuable military information to these air channels. Of this the Allies were reasonably certain.

So the efforts of England and France were for several months centered upon examining all ships plying between the United States, Holland and the Scandinavian countries. Every ship crossing the Atlantic, except those en route to Spain, was taken into a British or French port and searched. Sometimes British tars would shovel every piece of coal out of the bunkers of a neutral ship, then dump it back again—to be sure that nothing was concealed in coal bins. Rigorous examinations were made of all ships. Still the lines of information to Berlin were unbroken. The captain of the ill-fated Tubantia, a Dutch ship sunk by a German torpedo, was discovered one time with a German diplomatic courier hidden in his cabin.

The Clever Bode Bungles

WHEN the submarines became particularly active our allies started a search for mother ships and sunken harbors, with more success than one might suspect. When I was in Corunna, Spain, en route to the United States with Ambassador James W. Gerard, I heard the story, from authentic sources, of the submarine post office. It is one of the untold tales of the sea.

The wireless ears of London, Brest and Paris have heard private stations along the Spanish coast communicate by code with German submarines. One of these towers is in Corunna, that ancient Spanish port from which the great Armada set out to defeat the English in the days when wooden ships were warships. Allied patrols have cruised these waters time and again in search of U-boats and their bases, but success did not crown their work until three weeks before we arrived in Corunna.

A British sailing bark was riding the waves of the Atlantic one day when it sighted a large buoy floating in an uncharted sea lane. It might have been a mine or a buoy pulled loose from its anchor, but the captain of the sailer drifted close by. On one side he noticed a door closed with a padlock, and in a small rowboat he and some members of the crew set out to examine it. The lock was of German make.

"Aha!" remarked the captain. "Here is a submarine supply base!" And he gave orders for the lock to be broken.

The steel door was opened, and inside was a large tin box. This was removed and taken to England for examination. It was long and narrow and fitted snugly inside the buoy. When it was opened on shore fifteen mail bags were found addressed to Germany. There were letters; secret reports—many in code; newspapers; private correspondence, and official diplomatic documents from the United States, Spain, South America and Africa. Most of the mail was consigned to the Berlin Foreign Office, the Admiralty and General Staff. This uncharted buoy was a submarine post office.

The post was undoubtedly assembled in Spain from German agencies throughout the world. It was taken in a motor boat from Corunna and placed in the buoy, where it was locked up to await the call of a German submarine en route to a home port.

This discovery revealed to the Allies one of the undersea channels of communication between Germany and her intelligence officers throughout the world.

German spies are like international weeds—they grow everywhere and scatter their seeds faster than the most industrious gardeners can uproot the older plants. Years before this war began the German Government established its secret service in every country in the world. It was one of the chief means of preparation; because no army can fight without information about the enemy. When the war broke out, Belgium, France, England and Russia were filled with German agents; and in every country with which Germany has since gone to war spies have been active.

A few weeks before Mr. Gerard left Berlin a German soldier called at the Embassy, stating that he was an American and wished a passport to return to New York. He said he was caught in Dresden at the beginning of the war and because his father was a German he was forced to enlist. The Ambassador had been called upon to decide several similar cases, but one phase of this trooper's tale roused his curiosity. Bode, for that was the name he gave, said he had been a jockey for Marcus Daly, Mr. Gerard's father-in-law. He told the names of all the fine race horses the late Mr. Daly had. He described the stables and told what races he had ridden in. The information was so accurate that the Ambassador was about convinced. Then he asked Mrs. Gerard. She recalled the names of the jockeys, but no one named Bode. This convinced the Embassy chief that something was wrong, and he refused the passport.

To Mr. Gerard this was but a Berlin experience, until he arrived in Madrid. Hall, his valet, was standing in front of the Ritz Hotel one day when Bode appeared. The German was dressed in civilian clothes and announced that he was going to the United States, asking at the same time when Mr. Gerard expected to leave. The valet asked Bode how he happened to be in Madrid.

"When I left the Embassy," he said, "I had to join my company and go to Russia. I deserted up there and was taken to Siberia, where I escaped. Reaching Japan, I took a job on a British steamer, as an American, and made for Italy by way of the Indian Ocean and the Suez. From Italy I came by boat to Spain. Now I am going to New York."

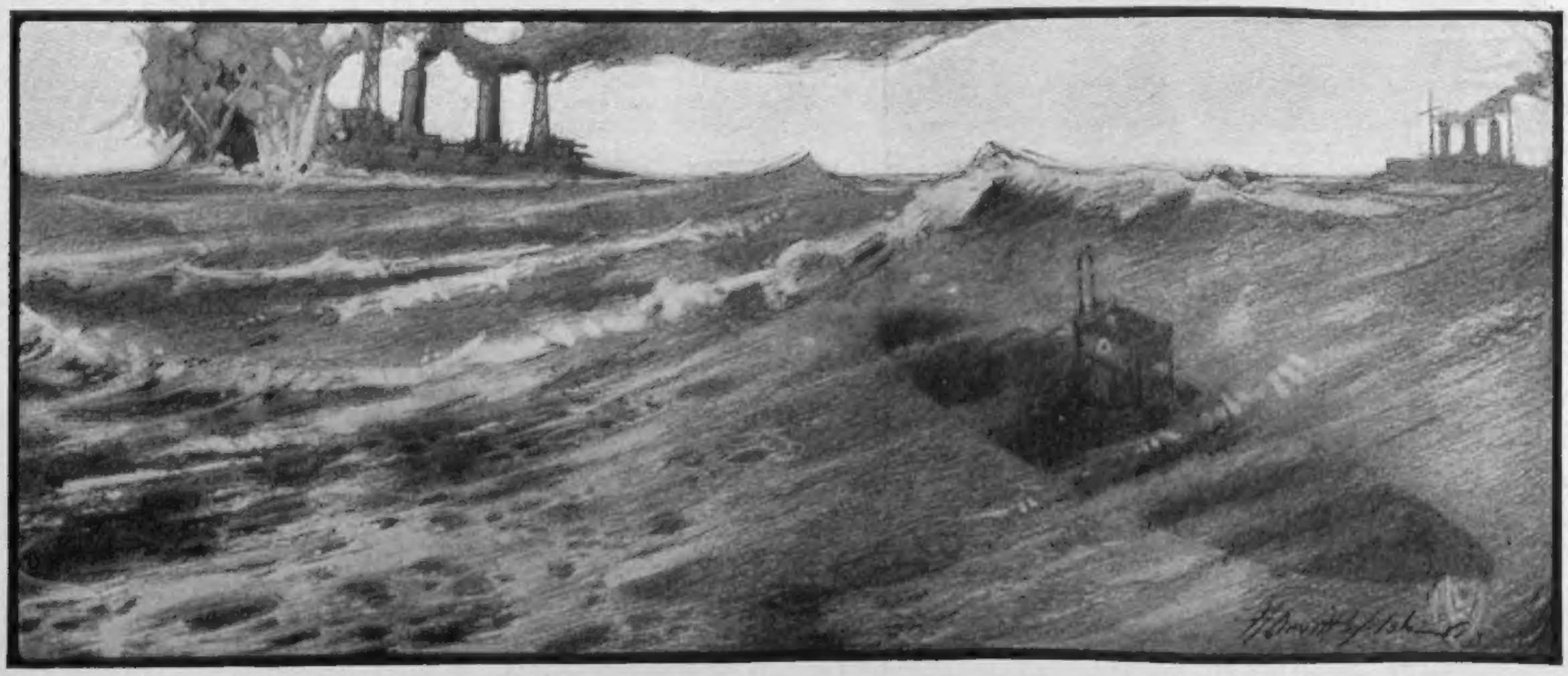
Amazing Feats of Espionage

OF COURSE Bode did not do this. It was physically impossible for him to have traveled the route he specified in such a short time. There was only one way for him to have reached Spain, and that was by submarine from Wilhelmshaven, Helgoland or Kiel. Germany had been sending men thus for some time. It was a process called spy transplantation. Bode was probably one of the men Germany wanted to send to the United States. Though the Imperial Government did not succeed with him, it made other attempts in Switzerland. On Mr. Gerard's train from Bern to Paris the French border authorities seized six spies, all of them with American passports. One man had instructions for secret agents in France sewed in the lapel of his overcoat.

I spent nearly three weeks in Rumania traveling as a correspondent with General von Falkenhayn's armies during the invasion. One day a German division general remarked: "We have an army of spies back of the Rumanian lines. We know everything the Rumanians are going to do before the front line officers themselves!"

It was a surprising boast to hear from a German officer, because usually no one in the army talked about the secret service. Sometimes big things leaked out, but always from sources other than the army and navy. I recall hearing one time, through a trustworthy source in Berlin, of the job which a naval intelligence officer undertook after the sea engagement between England and Germany off the Jutland coast. From Berlin this officer went to Holland on a falsified Dutch passport. He enlisted as a yeoman on a Dutch freighter plying between Harwich and Rotterdam. In England he left the ship and went to London, where he obtained reports from German agents of the British sea losses, returned later to his forecastle, and when the ship departed, his Dutch passport being in order, he sailed for Holland aboard the same merchantman that had landed him. The day after his return he made a full report to the *Nachrichten Abteilung* of the Admiralty.

(Continued on Page 58)



THE UNDER SIDE

By Lucia Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THE lawyer's eyes, gray, cool and smiling, encountered his strange client with a gleam of astonishment. She was very young—quite a girl, in fact—and not at all the sort of girl who comes alone to offices in search of advice. Rather the sort you might expect to see getting out of a private equipage on the upper Avenue, or coming toward you across the lawn of some country place—tall, slender, lithe; hair the true color of gold gleaming in the shadow of her severely plain hat; warm, white, magnolia-like skin; nostrils sensitively cut; delicate mouth; free unconscious carriage of head and hands—altogether a fine flower of petting and cultivation. And yet, at second glance, a flower that, for some reason, had been too long out of water.

There was a suggestion of nervous strain about the forehead; and the blue irises, shining between thick lashes, had a singular glint in their depths; a vague apprehension, as though they were constantly on the alert for something they dreaded to confront. Not Richard Harding's face evidently. They were fixed upon that with an eagerness, an intensity amounting almost to appeal. And it may have been this expression, all the more moving because it was evidently unaware of itself, that caused Harding to refrain from immediately making clear to her the several reasons why an eminent lawyer could not take charge of the affairs of a young person dropping in from nowhere, without introductions or appointment.

He merely remarked that he was sorry she had been kept waiting. He had been engaged; and he had understood from his clerk that her business could be discussed with no one but himself.

She nodded anxiously. It was one of those situations that couldn't be explained in two words—wasn't very easy to talk about in any fashion; but she thought he would understand. Ever since he had been pointed out to her at the theater one night she had been thinking that; and so now she had come.

Hadn't the clerk told her that Chase & Harding were corporation lawyers and didn't handle personal cases?

Personal?

Yes—for instance, divorce.

But she wasn't married. Hadn't he seen her card—Miss Golden?

Well, contested wills, then; or—breach of promise.

She smiled faintly. Her case, she explained, was exactly the converse of the last one mentioned. It was—well, in fact, it was this: She had been engaged; and then he had done something she designated only as terrible.

Criminal?

No; only—as between a person and his conscience—dreadful. She had broken with him; but he had refused to accept his dismissal. He still followed her—wouldn't let her alone; and she was afraid.

The lawyer did not smile. Possibly he had heard before statements as naïve and inconsiderable as this. He only inquired mildly:

"Of what?"

"Of him. You see, he threatens me."

"Your life?"

"That's what he means."

"What does he say?"

"Just that he'll make me sorry." Then, as he hesitated, nonplused before the cloudiness of it, she added: "I am afraid you'll think me a silly, nervous woman—but you don't know! If you could see him!"

Harding assured her patiently that he did not doubt she might have very real cause for alarm, and then proceeded to touch upon the nature of evidence that must be produced before the law can move in such a matter. If, for instance, the man had tried to extort money, or if he had made a definite threat against her life, or tried to do her bodily harm ——

"But he has done me harm," she interrupted eagerly. "Not bodily exactly—worse. He has lost me my place."

"Your place?"

"Yes. You see, when I broke with him I got a position here in New York as companion to an elderly lady, and everything was going beautifully when he came and made a terrible scene there in the house, right before her; and Mrs. Keddon said, under the circumstances, she should have to let me go. I don't blame her exactly—only she wouldn't give me a recommendation. I consulted a girl I knew, and she spoke of me to some friends of hers who wanted a nursery governess. I was to begin next Monday. This morning I received this." She drew out of her bag a folded letter and handed it to him.

A Step. It Paused. Then Again, Deliberately, It Was on the Porch. The Tap-Tap of the Cane Was Like a Signal

Harding opened it and studied it a moment keenly; then, transferring his gaze to the girl:

"This is a very disagreeable communication. I am sorry there is nothing in it to justify arrest, which, of course, is what you want. You think he will keep his word and appear Monday night?"

"I am afraid so. I don't understand how he finds out where I am. He does—always. If I take this position, you see, he will follow me there. I shall lose that. That's what he means—to persecute me until I have nothing left but him; and then, if I still refuse ——" She touched her handkerchief nervously to her trembling lips.

"But your parents?" he suggested.

They were dead. She had no near relatives. In response to several other questions she gave her age as twenty-two, her place of birth as Utica, New York; her present address as a number far west on Eighty-fourth Street.

"Now then," Harding began, leaning forward and taking into his own deep, cool gaze her vaguely haunted glance, "you want me to undertake this case?"

She inclined her head timidly.

"It's not exactly a case, you understand," he continued. "At least it hasn't developed into one yet; but, of course, we can't allow people to be persecuted in a free country. Are you perfectly sure you've told me everything? Nothing in the past—no appearance, however innocent in fact, that he could use against you?"

Her lips parted, hesitated, and formed the word:

"No."

"Very well. Now I am advising you as your lawyer. First, change your place of residence. I have an impression that my stenographer's sister lets lodgings. Leave your boarding house to-morrow and take a room there. Then, instead of one of these governess-companion positions, get a job in an office. In a private family, you see, you're worse than unprotected; you're suspected. The slightest incident outside the ordinary in your life, and they are all up in arms; whereas in an office all you would have to say would be 'I have never seen this man before'—and in two minutes there would be a policeman or a janitor to assist him downstairs. Your ex-fiancé knows this as well as I, and would probably leave you alone. Do you understand shorthand?"

She looked as though he had asked whether she understood hieroglyphics.

"Use a typewriter?"

"N-no."

"Would you like to learn?"

"You think I could?"

He glanced at her hands, ringless but fragile, white and delicate, lying in her lap like flowers.

"Of course you can," he said a little sharply. "Anyone can." After a moment's reflection he continued: "I know a woman who devotes a certain sum of money every year to helping self-supporting girls. Possibly she might be interested in your case. At any rate, I can put it to her. And now I will introduce you to my stenographer and you can make arrangements with her. This letter I'm going to keep for the present."

"You said it was of no use."

"Not now; but other evidence may come up that will make it valuable. I'll communicate with you in a few days."

After she had gone he looked it over again slowly, lingering particularly on the signature; then he put paper and envelope, together with some hastily scrawled notes, into a larger envelope, addressed the whole to Mr. Karl Joerns, gave it into the hand of his messenger to be delivered, and, taking the penciled list he had made of her answers, filed it away for reference, in Drawer 25 E. After which he touched a bell and inquired of a clerk: "Who is next?"

For two days the wheels of office routine revolved. On the afternoon of the third arrived two communications—one a note, small, like a white leaf among the legal correspondence: "I am nicely settled here—a charming, sunny room. . . . I can't be too grateful for all your kindness to me." . . . It was filed away in Drawer 25 E.

The other was large, and contained a number of inclosures, which Harding took in order as they were pinned, tearing them off, murmuring at each "Yes—yes—yes." Coming upon the last, he was silent.

Five minutes—ten minutes he sat with the complete, oblivious absorption of the practiced thinker, his eyes fastened upon the small square of paper. Finally, rousing with a decisive motion of the head as though agreeing with himself in a certain determination, he took the telephone and entered into a conversation with a monosyllabic voice at some unknown point of the city. "Just keep me informed," he ended; "and don't lose sight of him for a minute."

From the receiver he turned to his desk and made out a personal check for five hundred dollars, payable to Henrietta Grey Gorden—that name of names, great, unassailable: a name to head boards of managers, patronesses of benefits, newspaper paragraphs, sailing lists. He ran a blotter over it, looked at it and laughed.

The office machinery had shut down for the day; and presently the motive power of it all emerged, buoyantly serene, and took his way downward out of the building; and then was conveyed by a dark blue bolt of six-cylinder lightning up the long, long thoroughfare—hats raised along Park Row; canes and hands signaling at Forty-second Street; at Fifty-seventh, from the interior of gleaming vehicles, inclinations, smiles, eyes, sometimes beautiful, looking after him—the city saluting preëminence.

Arriving in the drawing-room of a house in a side street, he was received there by a rather terribly amusing old lady who called him, most disrespectfully, "Rick." And, on being presented with the check, she demanded to know which one of all her benefits to him came so cheaply as that! She laughed a great deal during his explanation, interrupting him occasionally with:

"Why my check? Why not yours? . . . Afraid she wouldn't accept it? . . . Fine feeling, and all that? You're in love, Rick!"

"Oh, very well!" she declared when he had finished. "I'll play the part of Fairy Godmother since you're too delicate to appear! And I'm to interview her to add to the verisimilitude? Three-thirty to-morrow, then."

Duly, therefore, at the appointed time the girl went to thank her supposed benefactress, sitting with composure

while the old lady's black eyes looked her to the bone. A check made out to Florence Golden and signed by Henrietta Gorden came quite properly through their lawyer's hands to the person for whom it was intended and was deposited to her credit in a bank; and on the following Monday the Commercial College students observed a strange bird in their midst—among them, not of them.

Even in a dark, plain dress, and with her hair brushed austerely back from her forehead, there was still about her the delicate exotic bloom that has nothing in common with the utilitarian business world. Her very skirts looked as though they had never brushed a dusty corner. And then—her hands! The perfection of her skin! Eyes were raised and heads turned as she passed. She seemed unaware of these glances; looked neither right nor left; firmly declined the manager's invitation to lunch. She was there, apparently solely for the purpose of learning the touch system; and upon that she had concentrated her faculties with an almost passionate fervor.

Her long fingers, surely never intended for such labor, wrestled determinedly. She knit her brows over the intricacies of shorthand. Even in the interval at noon she sat, quite alone sometimes, always apart and absorbed, filling her little book with endless notations, working with a certain breathless intensity, as though she were racing time.

Curiosity about her was heightened by the fact that on certain afternoons she was met on leaving the elevator by a man slightly gray, not so much by years as by experience, with a distinguished figure, a buoyant carriage, a cool smiling glance. The two would stand talking together for a few minutes, their conversation running somewhat in this fashion:

"Well, how does it go?"

"Oh, dreadfully! Those little curly things below the line—I shall never remember how to make them!" Or: "Better to-day. A whole page without a mistake! I really feel as though I were beginning to get the hang of it."

Then he would walk the two blocks to the Subway entrance, and there part from her. Occasionally she went with him in his waiting machine; but that only happened when another person was with him, an old lady with a terrifically quizzical expression; or a small gentleman who wore gold eyeglasses and had the air of a retired diplomat. What the Commercial College did not know, however, was that beyond its vision the mysterious couple had other places of meeting—Theballe's, for example, where they lunched, a restaurant so public that even a blind man would not have thought of hiding there; so packed with celebrities that a maharani might pass unnoticed. Or in picture galleries, usually at the hour when the greatest crowd was to be found; at the western entrance of the Park, late in the afternoon. The old shepherd remarked them there, encountering with a grandly accidental manner the girl's hair irradiated by the fiery light, a delicate flush on her cheeks, her hand extended hesitatingly. Three-quarters of an hour later the policeman at Fifth Avenue and Seventy-eighth Street saw her emerge alone and, with an apprehensive glance round her, hurry southward.

At rare intervals she appeared in the offices of Chase & Harding; and then, as the door marked Private stood always ajar, the clerk in the next room could hear Harding's voice and hers talking on and on—not about business. That much he felt sure of from the tone. But like friends, confidentially, probably about themselves and each other, breaking occasionally into a laugh, again dropping to seriousness. When she did not come there were notes, which Harding read in the privacy of the inner office, with a gravely judicial forehead. At least, it was so in the early days of this one-sided correspondence. Later the brows showed a decided tendency to relax, and the lips to smile with an expression sometimes amused, sometimes tender, as though that constant trickle of black ink on paper, like drop after drop of water, was wearing through the hard substance of reserve.

One of these same small white envelopes it was that altered this routine of events. It was handed in by a messenger one afternoon, dated from an obscure hotel; and, for the first time, the tone was peremptory.

Can you come here within the hour? I must see you. Important. FLORENCE GOLDEN.

To which he replied, as usual, over the telephone—only this time, strangely enough, through his secretary's mouth: "No; Theballe's—three-thirty; regular table."

She was already there, the sole person in the room when he arrived, and looking as white as paper, but holding herself resolutely calm.

"He has found me," she said, almost before Harding reached her.

"I thought it might be that."

He took the chair not opposite but next her, and busied himself for a few moments in ordering something they could eat and drink. Then, turning to her with his imperturbable, reassuring, half-humorous manner:

"Now tell me—where did it happen?"

"At the college—that's the worst!—downstairs, in front of the elevators. I was going in at noon, and there he was. He talked—not loud, not making a scene so anyone could hear, but just to me. He said—such things!"

"What sort of things?"

"About us." The words came from her lips hesitatingly, in jerks, as though she forced them out by sheer effort of will.

"How does he know about us?"

"How does he know everything? Saw me; followed me, I suppose. I told him he was mistaken; that a woman had made it possible for me to take the course, and you were only her lawyer, acting for her. He simply laughed. He said: 'Either you drop the whole thing on the spot, the man and the college both, and come back to me, or I'll find means to make you; and they'll be such that you'll regret them to your dying day—and he too.'"

"Nothing further?"

"No; but I'm afraid! The way he looked at me! It was wicked! I ran away from him and jumped on a car that was passing—he didn't have time to follow—and I've been riding round the city all the afternoon trying to decide what to do. Oh, he is in earnest this time! I know it! If only I could get away out of the city to-night!"

"Nothing simpler. Go back to your room; pack a bag ——"

"Don't you see? That's just the trouble. I should have to go back there; and I'm afraid to—I'm afraid ——"

The face turned toward his was blank, almost expressionless; but deep down in the centers of her eyes two sparks were alight—pure terror; the panic of the cornered animal.

"You—couldn't," she said in a hesitating voice, "come with me, could you, as far as the door, just to make sure he isn't waiting—there?"

"What door?"

"The room."

"No," Harding answered in a calm, conversational tone; "that would be a very bad plan. Don't you see, all these weeks I've been taking the greatest care that we shouldn't be alone together—except in very public places? And have you noticed that we've never gone into or left those public places together? Or ever gone into any building of any kind alone together? Merely to protect you if he should happen to see us. And now you ask me deliberately to run such a risk of compromising you—oh, no! We can't consider that for a minute. Haven't you anything better to suggest?"

"I am Afraid You'll Think Me a Silly, Nervous Woman—But You Don't Know! If You Could See Him!"

Even the fear in her eyes seemed to have disappeared. There was no expression at all—or, if any, it was a faint, almost impersonal expectation.

"Very well," Harding continued. "Then I'll make a proposition." He leaned forward until his body was between her and the greater part of the room. "In the first place, suppose you marry me."

She remained motionless, staring, her pupils dilating, her breast rising and falling rapidly. The color retreated from her very lips, and returned, flooding her cheeks.

"But you are married!" she burst out accusingly.

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Not in the least! What in the name of life put that idea into your head?"

She faltered:

"The paper. . . . He said the notice was there last May. . . . Richard Harding to ——"

"So that was one of the things he said! I'm beginning to understand. My dearest girl, last May my cousin, Edward E. Harding, was married; and the papers, with their usual brilliance, confused the names—got it Richard instead. I declined congratulations for six months. Sounds rather like the climax of a screen drama, doesn't it? If you don't believe me," he added gently, "you can look me up. Mrs. Gorden, any number of firms and persons will tell you; only—think a minute: What possible object could I have in misrepresenting myself to you? I'd risk too much—my reputation before the world, for instance."

"Your—reputation!" she repeated in a whisper; her eyes drooped before his and she seemed to shrink farther into her corner.

"Yes; I care almost as much for it as I do for you—and that is saying a good deal. I became wonderfully involved in the thought of you that first day when you came bursting into my office."

"You don't know anything about me."

"I know that you're a brave child who has gotten into a hole, and would like to climb out again. Am I right?"

Her head made a quick affirmative motion.

"Then give me your hand. One long, strong pull."

He stretched his own out toward her. Hers hesitated, trembling. "But he ——"

"Well, what about him?" Then, as she still sat speechless: "See here," he insisted; "why should you be afraid of that fellow? Is he so much stronger and abler than I that I can't protect you from him?"

She turned round upon him again as if with a sudden resolution.

"He ——" she began, and paused. Harding's face was very near, there was no mistaking the expression, the power, the tenderness, seeming to envelop her like sunlight. Her lips quivered. "I think you are the strongest, best, most wonderful person on earth!" she whispered.

This time her hand did not refuse his, but clung tightly. In a moment, from being a golden-and-white young sphinx she had been transformed into a mere girl, sufficiently normal, though somewhat overwrought and undernourished and rather terribly dependent. She seemed to have given up her will, along with herself. Where they were to be married interested her not at all; or when, so long as it was soon.

"Next week?" he asked.

Whenever he pleased—only, would he take her away then, from New York? . . . Far away?

Yes; for a long time, wherever she liked.

This seemed to content her. She allowed herself to be driven from the restaurant direct to Mrs. Gorden's house, without comment or protest; and existed there under that lady's quizzical oversight during the intervening days, subdued, silent, always uneasy except in Harding's presence, and manifesting strangely little interest in the fineries brought back from the shops for her inspection.

She herself had refused to set foot over the threshold, except for the procuring of the license.

The ceremony itself, performed at the house by a rather famous clergyman, was witnessed only by Mrs. Gorden and a small, retiring, middle-aged man in eyeglasses, one of Harding's numerous friends. A shoe of confetti was hurled after the limousine; and the couple departed westward, by train and steamer some thousand miles, into the lovely autumn of the Orient—from San Francisco to Yokohama, to Canton, and

thence down the peninsula of pagodas, with new sights, new forms, new colors; soothing influences, which blurred the past, making it dreamlike—gradually seeming to obliterate it.

Exactly a year from the time of their departure they returned, so quietly that even the papers failed to herald them, and for the rest of the summer took a cottage in one of the fashionable old-fashioned villages not too far from New York. Harding was to spend the first two weeks in the city, overwhelmed with the accumulated business of twelve months, while Florence Harding went about the affair of getting the house settled.

It was already furnished; nevertheless, rearrangements were necessary to accommodate the blue-and-white Chinese rugs, and certain pieces of bronze, lacquer and porcelain. Then there were the disposal of the silver to advantage, the proper light for the pictures; above all, the portrait of Harding himself. This problem absorbed her deepest thoughts for forty-eight hours. On the seventh of August, at five o'clock, the piano was in place, a last important adjustment; and after dinner she went through the living room, rearranging books on the tables, tossing the cushions to a greater appearance of carelessness, shaking flowers loose in their bowls—roses, asters, foxgloves. Her fingers caressed them with the passionate possessiveness of a woman who has never had possessions and has just awakened to the delight of playing with them. Then she smiled into the mirror. A vision in pale yellow draperies, with a yellow diamond flashing in the white hollow of its throat, smiled back.

"Tell Corder to put out all the lights except the one in the hall, Jean," she remarked to the maid who had followed, and now stood waiting. "Mr. Harding is coming down to-night on the nine-ten, and we want to surprise him—flash it on him all at once."

Passing on through the little room that was to serve as Harding's study, very plainly furnished—only the desk, a table, the safe, and one or two large chairs—she crossed the hall into the dining room and, after a glance here and there to make sure everything was in order, opened a door and stepped out upon the side veranda into the warm evening air.

Three low steps led down to a bricked path. She seated herself upon the topmost, arranged a cushion against the porch pillar behind her, and let her head drop back a little, dreaming up at the half moon. The color of her hair was only a little darker and less mysterious than the moon itself. Reflections of the peach blossoms of Kioto seemed to linger in her cheeks; the curves of her throat and arms were fuller. Her eyes, more warmly blue and deeper in expression, gazed peacefully and unfearfully—now at the treetops, spread like black lace fans against the gray sky, at the white climbing rose, and farther, past the elm shadows and across the lawns to the high privet hedge that inclosed the grounds.

From beyond it came the almost continuous noise of passing machines, a blurred throbbing and whirring, mingled with the hoarse cries of the horns; near, yet somehow far off, not infringing at all upon the quiet of the garden. The slightest movement here was audible—the dropping of twigs; the rustling of a toad in the leaves; the drip of water. All at once she bent her head, listening. There was a sharper sound. The gardener perhaps, crossing the path on his tour of inspection; still, that was not quite the note of a footfall.

Leaning forward she looked down the path that wound away between dark winglike masses of shrubbery in the direction of the gate. Something appeared to move—a vague shape dancing above the rhododendron tops. Again a sound, this time unmistakably a step—another, and immediately upon that a metallic click. She drew back, growing pale. It was approaching—step, step, click; step, step, click; step—click—leisurely drawing nearer. And as it advanced she began slowly to rise, with infinite precaution. One hand gathered her skirts, the other was already stretched toward the door. A dash would have carried her into the house, but she hesitated as if between two resolutions. A shadow, jet black, ran forward out of the rhododendron bushes. She faced about, straightening her body with a convulsive motion, and waited, leaning against the veranda post as the figure came into sight.

It was moving slowly on the dark side of the path, but the bushes were not tall enough for their shade to quite engulf him. The moon shone on a gray felt hat with the brim turned down, under which was visible a thin mouth and a long, handsome, heavy chin. Crisp summer clothes sat jauntily on his well-built shoulders. One hand was gloved. The other, bare, white and nimble, flicked a cane, cutting off leaves, tapping the path border. He came to a halt opposite her, leaning on his stick, and for a long moment the two confronted each other—a long, long moment. He was first to break silence.

"Well, Floss!" he said.

She moistened her lips.

"I beg your pardon!"

"Oh, so that's the game, is it? Don't know me! Never heard of me before! Mrs. Richard Harding is above such associations!" He crossed the path with his deliberate tread, pausing in front of her. "You did play me a dirty trick, didn't you?" he said in a low emphatic voice.

She stared.

"Come now!" he insisted. "Married Rick Harding and went off under my nose just as I thought we were reaching an understanding! Lord, it was damned slick! Never heard of anything slicker—couldn't have done better myself. Only place where you slipped up was in supposing I'd forgotten about it—in a year. You see, Flossie, you're not the kind of woman a man forgets. That's why I've been watching all the arrivals since you were advertised as having landed at Gibraltar, every steamer that came in; and I saw you when you got off that night."

It Was Approaching—Step, Step, Click; Step, Step, Click; Step—Click—Leisurely Drawing Nearer

A perceptible movement passed through her shoulders.

"Eh?" he drawled, putting his foot on the lowest step, bending toward her. "You don't like that? But I didn't step forward then, on the spot, did I? I didn't follow you up to the hotel and butt in there on your privacy—did I? No. I waited, out of consideration, for a whole month."

She had not taken her eyes off him for a moment since he had appeared, following his every movement as though he were a wild animal; but, except for a quicker breathing, there was no sign of fear in her. Her tone when she spoke was gentle, almost conciliatory:

"Well, and what can you gain by coming now? I'm married."

"So I've understood. And I can't say that my feelings are the same as they were, either."

"My feelings are exactly what they've always been," she returned quickly. "You know very well that I never pretended ——"

"All right, all right!" he interrupted with a flourish of his stick, seeming to wave aside the triviality. "All I mean is that, now you're married, you're his—see? Of course if I were the revengeful sort ——" His cane described a glittering arc, and for an instant there was visible the metal ring that released the sword. "But I'm a peaceable kind of chap; and really, Floss, I'm rather glad to see you so well fixed in the world. Sit down. Anyway, I'm going to, if you don't mind. I hoofed it up from the station. No automobiles for mine; no yellow diamonds."

Instinctively her hand rose to cover the pendant.

He laughed, settling himself on the upper step, his cane between his knees, his hat pushed back; and, glancing round him, remarked in a casual conversational tone:

"Nice place you have; nice old box hedge. I rather like that."

"You didn't come here this evening to compliment me on my garden, Harry. I don't know why you came; but, whatever it is, say it; get through with it and stop tormenting me like this!" She broke off, glancing involuntarily over her shoulder toward the white loop of the drive.

"Expecting Harding?"

The suave murmur brought her attention back to him with a start. Antagonism, defiance, the attempt to read what was in his mind under the question—the weighing of some uncertainty in her own—all passed in a flash.

"Yes," she said quite coolly, at the same time noting him sharply as if to see the effect.

"When?"

This time she was ready for him.

"About nine-thirty."

"Well, that's good!" he exclaimed. "You know, I've always wanted to meet him. Natural curiosity, I suppose, to find out what kind of a man succeeded in overcoming you."

"I can tell you beforehand: he is the kind who is too strong and too clever for you to do him any harm."

"Why, what's the matter with you, Floss? Here I drift round just to see how you are, as one old pal to another, and you call it tormenting. I say I want to meet your husband, and you talk about harm. I don't want to harm him. I only want to have a chat about mutual interests; about you—we'll say." He cocked a cool, impersonal eye squarely upon her startled face. "You know, Flossie, people who have just been married—well, at first there are apt to be misunderstandings—adjustments, I believe they are called—due to lack of knowledge of one another's character; and yours, I must say, is pretty complex. Now I, as an old friend, might be able to explain certain peculiarities of yours to him; clear up one or two little points, eh? Just think a minute. I might say to him that not so very long ago you had been my woman."

"I see! You are going to lie to him about me?"

"Perhaps." He appeared to dandle the idea. "Perhaps not. Perhaps I shall tell him the absolute truth."

"You wouldn't dare!" All her false calm was gone instantly, swallowed up in astonishment.

"Why not?"

"Because you ——"

"Now listen: What could he do to me? He couldn't arrest me on the spot. He has no warrant and no evidence. He might call me a few names; but those wouldn't be any harm. I could walk out of this place scot-free, as I came. You, on the other hand ——" He paused significantly, glancing up at her from under his brows.

She seemed to struggle with her situation as with a nightmare.

"But—but what would be the use?" Her voice broke into a wail on the last word. "It wouldn't do you any good!"

"No; and it wouldn't do you any good, either. And just for that reason you are going to persuade me to leave before he comes."

"To—persuade?" she faltered.

"Yes. Really, I'm not at all difficult; a little odd perhaps. Still, I have my vulnerable points. I can be managed; knowledge of character, tact—that's all that's necessary. I am waiting," he continued, leaning his head back and smiling up at her pleasantly, "for the greatest possible persuasion. You know! The only one that ever succeeds in persuading me!"

Her eyes opened slowly wider, as though taking in a strange, just-dawning prospect. Her eyebrows rose. Deep lines appeared in her forehead, giving her a grotesque look of age; her lips opened.

"Are you trying to—to do that to me?" she burst out. He made an involuntary gesture to hush her; but she ignored it. For the moment she was beyond any thought of precaution. "Me? Me?" she repeated in a rising tone,

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How Canada Cares for Her Own

By Maximilian Foster

ON THE day a certain grave historic event took place in the United States five men were seated in the smoking compartment of a Canadian railroad train. Four were men from the States; the fifth was a Canadian. Silent, imperturbable, he sat back in a corner puffing stodgily at his pipe—listening but saying nothing while the four Americans gabbled in true Pullman style.

A newsboy had just brought aboard the papers, and it was the news in these the four were discussing. In the midst of the talk the Canadian abruptly removed the pipe from his mouth.

"I beg pardon," he interrupted; "but did you say the United States was in it?"

Of course it was. Impressively the four pointed to the headlines they had been gabbling about. "U. S. Declares War!" ran the captions, and the Canadian smiled grimly.

"Yes, I saw that; only don't fool yourselves," he replied. "You're not in the war—you don't know what war means. What's more, you won't know it for a long while yet!" Another grim smile ended the speech; and the four from the States stared.

"You don't say!" retorted one. "And when shall we know, may I ask?"

The Canadian told him:

"When the first casualty list comes in—when you read the first roll of the dead and the wounded." Deliberately the speaker knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "It took that to wake up Canada, gentlemen; and if I'm not mistaken it'll take the same thing to wake up you. Until then you'll muddle along, just as we muddled along—blundering and mussing up everything. Then, when the jolt comes—that casualty list—you'll settle down to business. You'll know then, but not till then, you have a war on your hands!"

How the Dominion Woke Up

THIS belief, no matter how much we in the United States may resent it, is general in Canada. Whether right or not, only time can tell; but at the same time, until Canada read its own first casualty list—that first staggering toll of the dead, the wounded and the missing—the provinces at large looked at the war in the same way, relatively, that the United States still is looking at it; that is, as something detached and distant—too far off, in fact, to excite more than an abstract interest. Anyway, this was the feeling of the man-in-the-street there across the Border—the native-born especially. Europe might be fighting, but Canada, with the ocean between, hardly could be hurt. To him the war was still impersonal. A jolt, a catastrophe, was needed to bring the casual and the careless to their senses.

And Canada got it—got it just as we probably shall. The day the blow fell the writer was in Vancouver, British Columbia; and the grief and horror of that stricken town were comprehensive—the picture of an awakening that some day may befall any or all the cities here. However, the grief and horror of those first days, tragic as they seemed, were not without their benefit. Instantly Canada grasped the reality of what it faced; and with pluck and fortitude—with a clearness, too, it would do well for us to imitate—every province, from Newfoundland, in the east, to British Columbia, in the west, set grimly to work to tackle the war and its problems. And make no mistake: In Canada these problems have been innumerable, more numerous and perhaps more formidable than even those the United States will have to face.

Across the Border they are perfectly frank about this. No effort is made to hide past mistakes. All are freely aired, the idea being that the best prophylactic for blundering is publicity. The hope, widely expressed, is that in handling these problems we will be guided by their experience—not tumble blindly into the same pitfalls that got Canada at the beginning. The questions are the same questions we face—social, political, military; for at the outbreak Canada, too, was unprepared, unprepared as lamentably as we were. It was not only in materials, it was in having the right sort of men in charge. Over the Border, just as it is here, the self-seeking, the sinister and the incompetent had first to be reckoned with.

A few days ago a man prominent in Montreal had something to say about this. What started him on it was the fact that a certain politician, once a classic figure in the Dominion, no longer dared to show himself at the Valcartier camp—there or wherever else troops were congregated—for fear of personal affront, not to say bodily injury.

Said the Montreal man, speaking of this politician:

"Whenever I think of the fellow—of the fellows like him we had on our hands at first—I wonder how we managed anything, managed even to muddle through. You'll be fortunate over in the States, once you've spotted the same sort among you."

Fortunately, however, as the speaker added, it is much easier in wartime to get rid of the tricksters in politics; the public is too much aroused to submit to their usual methods. Canada, at any rate, made short shrift of its political cadgers. A few perhaps still remain in office; but, as the Dominion says, they have been made as harmless as a captive *Kamerad*.

But the cheap politician, venal or incompetent, as the case might be, was not the first of Canada's troubles; one of the earliest, the most difficult, came from a quarter where it was least expected.

In the first days of the war the writer made two trips across the continent, from Montreal to Vancouver. A sprinkling of men in khaki was the only outward and visible evidence of the war; otherwise all was as usual. Laborers were in the fields; railroads and street-car lines were operating as usual; shops and factories seemed just the same as ever. The writer happening to comment on this to a Winnipeg business man, the business man beamed proudly. "Yes," he remarked blandly, "our motto is 'Business as usual!'"

It was so. On every hand the effort was to keep business unaffected. Right, perhaps; but a fortnight ago the same Winnipeg business man hove into view.

"Business as usual?" inquired the writer; upon which a cloud obscured the Westerner's brow.

"Rot!" he growled. "In wartime business is not as usual! I'd hate to tell you, too, how much it has cost us to learn that!"

The remark may sound queer, yet the truth of it is undeniable. It becomes so, at any rate, once one has looked into the matter. At the outbreak of the war Canada went at its affairs, business included, with the same pluck and ready determination that have marked that pioneer land in every hour of adversity. The feeling was that business, whatever its form, was the lifeblood of the community. To disarrange business in any way was to imperil the strength of the community. Consequently the effort was to carry on business as usual. It couldn't be done. That was the snag. In short, business—that is, trade—was not paramount. The real business was the war. It was that first; business afterward. The man who tried to bull along in the old way, running business as usual, found ruin ere long staring him in the face.

Pride was the first pitfall. At the outbreak of hostilities Canada was in the grip of an extended commercial and industrial depression; the growing army of the unemployed already had become a problem; and with every facility at its command Canada was trying to struggle out of this slough when the other, the greater, blow fell unexpectedly. But the provinces did not weaken; there was no whimpering even in private, much less publicly. Retrenchment was made, of course; but this retrenchment trimmed only the edges. The feeling was that if business shut down hard—if it failed to hold on as usual—the readjustment would be hailed as a weakness, a confession that would give comfort to the Hun. So "Business as usual!" became the slogan. On every side the effort was made to carry on trade, commerce, industry, just as if the war did not exist.

Old Methods and New Conditions

THE result was obstructive. The business man who tried to do business in the old way found he was not only not doing business, he was creating confusion—waste as well, which is worse. Of course it is not meant by this that he should have quit—shut up shop; just the same, the business man who did not immediately rearrange and reconstruct his business to meet the situation did extensive harm ere the light finally dawned upon him.

Take the case of one big enterprise, a department store. As the concern is the only one of any magnitude in the town, it would be unfair to it to name the locality. However, at the outbreak of war the store manager took a look about him. Things seemed about the same as ever; there was no evidence of panic, of hysteria, to be seen; so the manager concluded that what was good enough for Great Britain was good enough for him. Up went the sign "Business as usual," and on went the manager, seeking superbly to bull along through thick and thin. A few days ago the writer talked with this individual, and he was now a sadder and a wiser man.

"I've learned," he admitted ruefully; "and the one thing I've learned best is that war changes everything, business especially." Then he went on to give his experiences.

When war came, because of the commercial depression the store already had retrenched. In other words, it had reduced its working forces to a minimum and was buying fresh stocks sparely and cautiously. Therefore there was no need for further retrenchment; nor was there need, figured the manager, to cancel or curtail the autumn and

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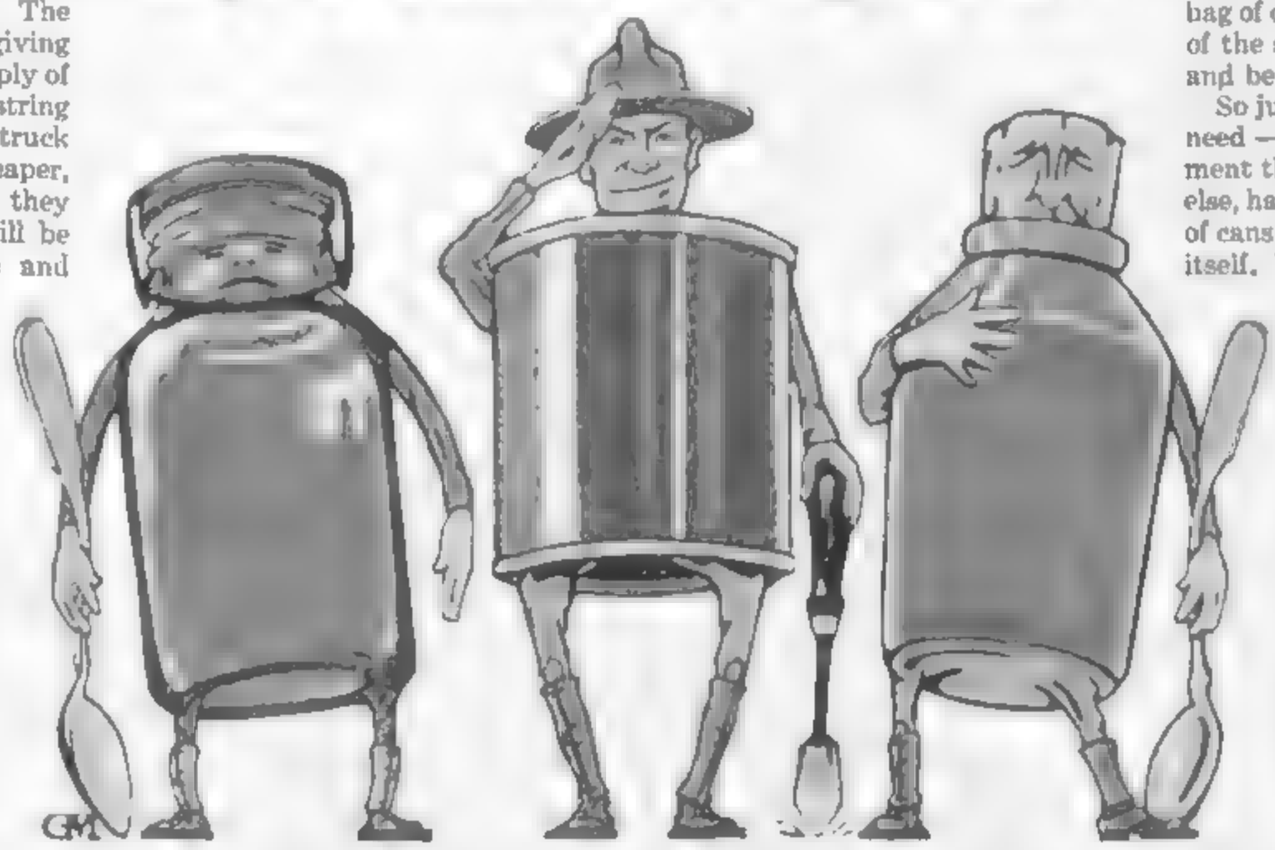
Photo by Paul Thompson, New York City

In Two Months After the War Began Canada Sent Abroad Its First Unit of Thirty-Three Thousand Fighting Men

Fighting the Kaiser in the Kitchen

By HERBERT QUICK



DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

BY THE time this is read some seventy-five million of us will be thinking that all this talk about a scarcity of food is piffle. The back-yard and vacant-lot gardens will be giving to thousands of tables their temporary supply of green stuff. Lettuce, radishes, green peas, string beans, new potatoes and all such summer truck will be more plentiful, and I suspect cheaper, in most parts of the United States than they have been in years. Market gardeners will be cursing the Department of Agriculture and the garden clubs for ruining business.

If these things are not true it will be because the great garden campaign of 1917 has been a failure. If they are so, they will prove that it has been a success—and they will demonstrate the fact that a campaign of that sort can do something to cut down the cost of living and mitigate a food shortage, since the stomach that is partially filled with garden sass will not hold so much bread or meat. But unless the garden campaign in city and country does more than this it will not have accomplished its objects.

The garden that is large enough to furnish all the peas, beans, radishes, green corn, tomatoes, beets, spinach, pumpkins, squashes, Swiss chard, eggplant, and the like, for a family or a small line of customers is always large enough to furnish a good deal more. The gardeners on the farms and in the towns and villages will have odds and ends of unused stock in these and dozens of other foodstuffs. Ordinarily these remainders are allowed by the average gardener to dry up and go to waste. The parsnip stays in the ground to no end save that of poisoning someone next spring. The radish swells up into a pithy pursiness and bursts. The tomatoes turn to a sickly yellowish red and spoil after the frost has killed the green leaves, with the exception of the really delicious green ones, which should be pickled, but, instead, turn black and rot. The ripened sweet corn molds on the rustling stalks. The garden is a total loss after the flush of summer is over.

This is only a part of the story of a national waste that is always a grievous one, and will be criminal if it takes place this summer and fall. The wild fruits and nuts are never half gathered. The waste of blueberries, wild plums, wild raspberries, dewberries, blackberries and grapes is enormous; while the loss of apples, peaches, plums, grapes, cherries and other fruits as well as of garden truck on the farms and in orchards is proverbially a national scandal. All these things are food. They are excellent food. And if in the months of this summer in which they are plentiful because of the increased plantings of this campaign year we get the idea that the food shortage is over, we shall be grievously mistaken.

In spite of any temporary foison poured from Dame Nature's cornucopia this summer, food is scarce. Preserves and canned stuffs will be scarce and high. Whenever you see a single pound of fruit, vegetable or grain going to waste you may properly mourn; for the world will need that food this winter and need it bitterly. The world is in a state of famine.

Waste in Famine Time

WHAT is famine, anyhow? Is it complete absence of food? Not since modern transportation came into being. Famine is such a scarcity as to force prices so high that the poor cannot buy sufficient food to keep themselves properly nourished. Famine is never in these later decades an absence of food. Famine is merely high prices. Food is exported even from famine-stricken countries under modern conditions unless the government stops its export. No matter how much food is exported from any country in these famine years of the great German War, famine may be said to exist wherever food is so high that any large number of people cannot buy what they need.

Is there famine in this country now? Go to any place where the poor buy their food and see the husband and wife strike from their list of things needed one article after another because it is beyond their means; watch them as they go away with what they can pay for; compare the contents of the basket with your own store—and answer the question for yourself. All I have to say is that there is such a demand for food that to allow the waste of which I have spoken to take place again this year is unpatriotic and criminal.

And yet many a housewife does not know what to do with this overplus of foodstuffs. We are growing the produce, and to a great extent we do not know how to save it. Goldberg might cartoon the American people embarrassed by a huge basket of perishable food under his old legend: "Now you've got it, what are you going to do with it?" And the American people must answer: "We are going to preserve it, store it, can it, dry it." They must so answer or we shall again prove to the world that we are guilty when it is charged that we waste seven billion dollars' worth of food a year, and that what the Americans allow to go to waste would feed the seventy million people of the Japanese Empire. Such waste may be a source of lordly satisfaction to some Americans in ordinary times; but at a time when we are carrying the burden of feeding not only our own people at home but our soldiers in the trenches and camps and the armies and peoples of our allies as well, to say nothing of the friendly neutrals, it should be wiped out as a national disgrace.

The canning and preserving season should be looked upon by the American people as a season of national test and trial. Let us not overlook the importance of the food supplies that are in peril every day. Many mickles make a muckle. The oddments and left-overs of the fields and gardens mount up into the millions of tons. I have just read a statement by a person who is supposed to know, that not more than a fifth of the perishables of the sort under discussion ever reach the table. This may or may not be correct, but it states a fact nevertheless—the big fact of culpable waste. This is no time for the housewife to take a day or so for the putting up of "enough to do." This is the year when the task of putting on the pantry shelves and in the cellar storerooms every bit of food on the farms and in the orchards and gardens ought to be made a part of the serious councils of every family, rich or poor, rural or urban, as an important part of the great task of the mobilization of our food resources for war.

The problems of the case are rather obvious. First, labor. This work is traditionally a part of the women's work, and the women must, as of old, furnish most of the skill and brains for it. But it is too important this year to be shunted off on the women as an addition to their everyday tasks. It is too important for economic reasons and for military considerations. On June twenty-third the Council of National Defense sent out an order to the canners of the United States that there be reserved for the Government twelve per cent of the peas and corn canned, eighteen per cent of the tomatoes and six per cent of the salmon. This was before the mobilization plans were fully developed, and there went with the notice a suggestion that with the uncertainty as to the actual number of troops to be called it was impossible to give an accurate estimate of the canned foods that the Government might require.

It is certain that the Government requirements will take in many things other than peas, corn, tomatoes and salmon. Jam and preserves are staple in the trenches. It is absolutely certain that for our own soldiers and sailors and for the millions of our allies in the field this country will be required to send outside the ordinary channels of the market an amount of all the staple canned and preserved goods that is sure to be incalculably large. Your home-canned foods may not go to the soldiers, or to the Belgians, the French, the British or the Italians; but every pound or quart you save will take the place at home of food that is more nearly standard and so put up as to be more easily shipped. The jelly cup in the pantry, the preserve jar filled according to grandma's old recipe, or the bag of dried fruit in the bin will be the rear guard of the supply line and worth much to the nation and be valuable in money to you.

So just go out and buy what cans and jars you need —— But wait! Do you suppose for a moment that War, which has disturbed everything else, has left the domestic or commercial supply of cans and jars where it was? Not if War knows itself. When the Kaiser let hell loose on the world he made it impossible for any of us ever again, perhaps, to live the old life. Never again, probably, shall we find ourselves able to do as nearly as we please as we used to do. He laid on us all burdens and fardels that will be for our children and our children's children burdens also. That is why he is doomed—doomed in many ways, but especially doomed to go down in history as Wilhelm the Accursed.

The burden of the people who must this year preserve this summer's plenty for the winter's scarcity lies in the fact that the basis of the war is steel, and that tin cans are ninety-eight per cent steel and the balance things still more precious in war than steel—lead and tin. The manufacturers of things in which tin foil is used for purposes not strictly necessary, like cigarette packages, are being urged to dispense with it. If you go to a pharmacy to have a prescription filled that is usually put up in a collapsible lead tube, the druggist will probably put it in a jar for the reason that he claims to be unable to get the tubes on account of the scarcity of lead. The demand for tin cans is from twenty-five to forty per cent greater this year than formerly, and the supply is smaller. The use of tin cans in putting up foodstuffs must be confined—or at least it should be—to the preserving of products for which tin only can be used, or to the uses of people who cannot accept anything else.

Home Canning Outfits

THUS the war reacts in every way against the welfare of the people. It creates famine, and fights against every effort to cope with famine. Says the Department of Agriculture: "Coöperation is necessary between the Government departments, the manufacturers of tinplate and substitute containers, the packers of foodstuffs and of other articles commonly put up in tin, and the general public, if the available supply of tinplate is to be limited to strictly necessary uses, and if, at the same time, the largest possible quantity of food is to be preserved against the special needs of the coming months."

What has become of the law of supply and demand? The cessation of supply has suspended it. We need not be surprised if the Government, through the food controller or otherwise, puts us on a strict war ration of tin cans, giving them out, like rations on a raft of shipwrecked castaways, to those who should have them, and refusing them to those who only want them. And yet there are people who do not seem to realize that we are at war!

The uninstructed eye will not visualize very keenly the use of tin cans in the private family. We picture to ourselves the housewife surrounded by glass jars and holding up to the light those that are filled for the pleasure of admiring the golds and reds and purples of the sunlight as it filters through those chambers of sweetness. But the teachers of domestic economy, the activities of the boys' and girls' canning clubs, and the propaganda of the makers of home canning outfits, of which there are many on the market, have taught thousands of families the virtues of the tin can and inducted them into the mysteries of the use of it. The tin can is now entirely practical for the home canning of surplus fruits and vegetables.

Wherever the canning is entered upon in a commercial way, involving shipments under ordinary conditions, the tin can is a necessary of the business. Glass jars are used only for products sold at so high a price that the cost of packing and the loss by breakage and leakage may be charged in as a part of the expense of a luxury. Tin cans are recommended to the home canner because their use simplifies the work of canning. Sealing them is a very simple matter. In the commercial canneries the cans follow a stated course through a line of automatic machines and seem to walk through the process of filling and sealing like things of life; but the cheap home-canning outfit is perfectly adequate for home uses. All that is required for sealing is a capping iron, a tool for tipping or filling

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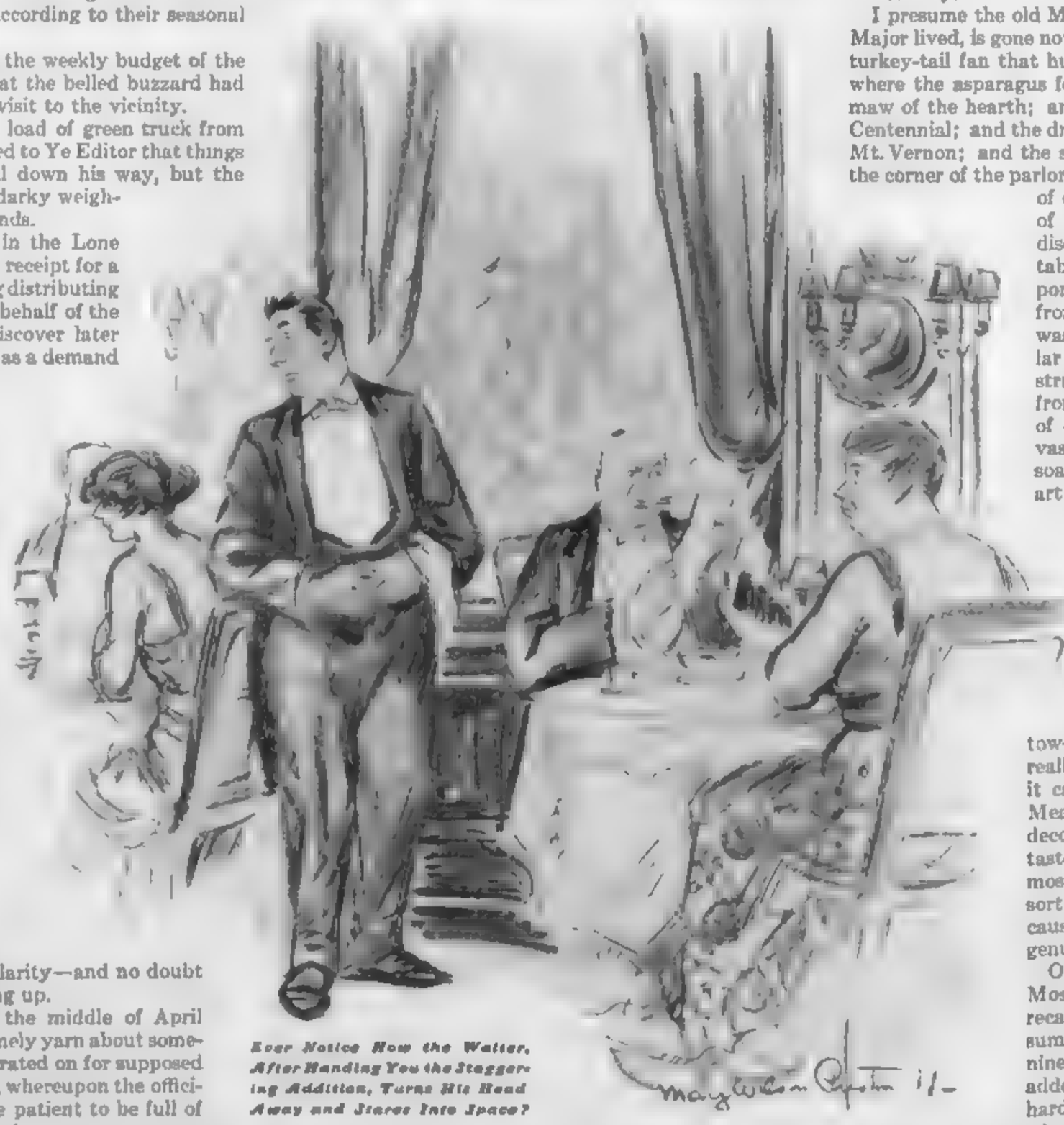
'Twixt the Bluff and the Sound

RATES EIGHT DOLLARS A DAY AND UP

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



Ever Notice How the Waiter, After Handing You the Staggering Addition, Turns His Head Away and Stares Into Space?

AT ALL seasons, but more especially in the springtime of the year, 'tis my delight to shuck the wrapper off the home paper and by a survey of its columns find out what the folks back in the old county are doing. Time was when I was reasonably sure of finding the same items repeated over and over again, according to their seasonal sequence.

For example, I would read in the weekly budget of the Gravel Switch correspondent that the belled buzzard had been paying his regular annual visit to the vicinity.

Job Fuqua, coming in with a load of green truck from the Madrid Bend district, reported to Ye Editor that things were progressing about as usual down his way, but the other night the boys lynched a darky weighing more than two hundred pounds.

Uncle Rufus Tarbutton, out in the Lone Elm neighborhood, had signed a receipt for a kindly gentleman who came along distributing Bermuda oats free of charge on behalf of the Federal Government, only to discover later that what he really had signed was a demand note for eight hundred dollars, and now the conviction was beginning to sink into Uncle Rufe that the affable stranger might have been one of those slick city sharpers.

While going through some old papers, Mr. Jubal T. Early Starchfield, our worthy grocer, had come upon a copy, in an excellent state of preservation, of the Ulster County, N. Y., Gazette for the date of January 4, 1800, giving an account of the death and burial of George Washington, and had put the same on exhibition at his merchandising establishment, where the public was invited to call and inspect this interesting relic of olden times absolutely free of charge. I wonder how many millions of those venerable counterfeits were printed; a good many millions, I guess, because down our way specimens used to turn up with regularity—and no doubt from time to time are still turning up.

Nearly always along toward the middle of April would recur the interesting and timely yarn about somebody somewhere having been operated on for supposed stomach trouble of long standing, whereupon the officiating surgeon had discovered the patient to be full of bleached but sprightly green lizards.

As a boy I always believed that tale. I remember how careful we were about looking out for frog spawn when imbibing creek water, and how, before taking a drink, we always blew up the handle of the gourd dipper that hung alongside the well bucket, because it was a notorious fact that those small nervous chameleons known in the vernacular as "scorpiuns" made a habit of lurking in the hollow tip of a gourd with intent to dash down a fellow's throat before he could say Jack Robinson, and start housekeeping inside of him right away. As though it were yesterday instead of twenty-five years ago I remember hearing that the wife of a presiding elder of the Southern Methodist Church made the mistake of drinking from a wet-weather branch in the spring of the year and a few months later was discovered to be quite densely populated by hop-toads—and, if you didn't believe it, why, you could go in and see the house where the sufferer lived. Nearly everybody felt sorry for the lady, but, knowing her as I did, my sympathies went out to the hop-toads.

What Major Burnbridge Left His Heirs

CORN would be backward, and tobacco, by all accounts, seemed peevish and out of sorts, but there was every indication that sassafras sprouts would make their accustomed good yield. Over in Calloway County a hoop snake had been seen while engaged in his customary pastime of rolling downhill with his tail in his mouth, and up between the rivers there had been a hailstorm with hailstones the size of pigeon eggs. Another large cache of arrowheads had been plowed up in the top of the big Indian mound down on the Terrell farm six miles from town, and the first green mint of the season had been brought in, to be greeted by eager purchasers at the market house. When the wild grasses grew lush in the low ground the mint would spring up too, being even better adapted for lushing purposes than the grass was.

When my eye fell upon that item I would have a mental picture of Old Major Burnbridge compiling the dedicatory julep of the young year, mixing it according to a formula that had come down in the Major's family from the time of the Revolution, and in some quarters was believed to have had a good deal to do with bringing on the Revolution. I could shut my eyes and see the Major turning back his coat sleeves and pounding up the lump sugar in a little water with a cedar pestle to make the sirup, and getting the battered silver mug down off the sideboard—how the sides of that silver cup would presently frost over and break out with perspiration beads of pure joy!—and I can see him, not bruising or crushing the mint stems after the barbarous Yankee custom—men had been shot in his time for less than that—but with a gentle hand breaking each fronded stalk, delicately, deftly, daintily. And I can see him cracking up the ice, putting one lump of ice into each glass, but saving out the biggest lump of all for use later, on the forehead.

That ancient ceremonial is all over and done with now. The Major is gone. Long ago he was gathered to his fathers, leaving his heirs little except his julep recipe and a chance to attend a funeral under the auspices of the Confederate Veterans' Association; and here only the other day somebody from home that I met on Broadway was telling me the Major's daughter-in-law—the one with the dominant manner and the full-rigged figure—is fixing to run for Congress on the Prohibition ticket just as soon as we have woman suffrage in the state, which, everybody thinks, will be before very long. I reckon they'll be having Prohibition, too, if they don't look out. Well, so be it. I rather imagine the sun will still shine bright on my Old Kentucky Home after things go dry, although possibly it won't seem to joggle so in the western heavens when viewed by a patriot returning at eventide from a Democratic rally.

I presume the old Mossley place, next door to where the Major lived, is gone now. I wonder what has become of the turkey-tail fan that hung alongside the ancient fireplace, where the asparagus ferns in the summer time filled the maw of the hearth; and the souvenir of the Philadelphia Centennial; and the dried leaf plucked from an oak tree at Mt. Vernon; and the stereoscope views on the whatnot in the corner of the parlor; and the family library, consisting of one Doré's Bible, one Foxe's Book of Martyrs and one volume on the diseases of the horse, upon the center table; and over the parlor mantel the portrait of a fabulous Uncle Jere, copied from a tintype taken while Uncle Jere was engaged in wearing his annual collar and suffering intensely from the strain of so doing, if one might judge from his expression; and the bouquet of dried pampas grass in the tall art vase—it took an incredible number of soap wrappers to get one of those tall art vases; and a couple of prime watermelons ripening under the company bed in the spare room; and, for the chief ornament of all, a haircloth sofa on which nobody, unless it were a knight in chain armor, could hope to sit down without being stabbed in at least nine thousand places at once. As for a medium sized boy who was wearing a pair of tow-linen breeches—well, St. Sebastian really had nothing on such a boy when it came to being tortured with darts. Measured by modern standards, these decorations may have been in poor taste, but the hospitality here dispensed most distinctly was not. It was of the sort that never gets old-fashioned, because it was natural and gracious and genuine.

On second thought I am sure the old Mossley place must be gone. I seem to recall that they had to tear it away last summer to make room for those extra nine holes that the new country club added to its links. They tell me I'd hardly know the neighborhood now, what with the summer park at the forks of the road just beyond where the district schoolhouse used to stand, and trolley cars running past every five minutes, and suburban developments springing up upon every side.

The Brilliant Career of Mr. Hustlebury

THESE times the tone of the news in the home paper is likely to be changed from what it was when I moved East. On the front page, where the editor used to run his country correspondence, are Associated Press dispatches from Europe and everywhere; and the young fellows of the city staff are more likely to be concerned with canning clubs and the progress of work on the new ten-story skyscraper and the plans for the proposed civic center than with arrowheads and hoop snakes and district conferences and such like. Probably none of the Boy Scouts who are going to Dawsmith's Springs next week for their third annual encampment ever drank out of a gourd dipper in his young life, and down in Madrid Bend the sturdy yeomen are so busy with their crop rotations and their intensified farming, they have no time for lynching bees.

There is one item, though, that always I look for and frequently find. Once in so often, among the locals, I happen upon a fat paragraph reading something after this fashion:

R. E. L. Hustlebury, of this city, who as traveling representative for the Great Northeastern Hosiery Co., of New York, Philadelphia, Bridgeport, Conn., and Paris, Fr., has by his ability and enterprise acquired a reputation second to that of no young man of his years in the entire Southland, is about to be the recipient of a promotion commensurate with his talents. Mr. Hustlebury has been offered and has accepted a position as resident sales manager for the Great Northeastern Co., with headquarters in New York, where the principal offices are located, and shortly will leave us to assume his new duties. We are

informed that his salary will be commensurate with the importance of the position. Undoubtedly, ere long, we may expect to hear that our gifted fellow townsman has made his mark in the teeming life of the metropolis of the nation. Our loss is the Atlantic seaboard's gain. We are informed that for the time being Mr. Hustlebury will make his home at the famous and palatial St. Crœsus Hotel, one of the most imposing caravansaries in that city. Good luck, old boy, and *bon* trip to Gotham!

I remember Lee Hustlebury. We went to school together. He excelled in mental arithmetic, but was no great shakes at history. And now, behold, his merits are to have their fitting reward. He is coming to New York to live; he has accepted a position in New York. Back home he held a job, but here he will occupy a position. And he is going to reside at the St. Crœsus too. That's very interesting. He is going to enjoy a large salary and he is going to live at the St. Crœsus. It is well to couple these two statements in one sentence. Having a large salary, he is going to live at the St. Crœsus. Living at the St. Crœsus, he is going to need the large salary.

Peering into the future, I think I see Lee Hustlebury's finish. The prophetic instinct, backed up by personal observations of a good many similar cases, tells me that he is going to become one of the permanent hotel-dwelling population of our fair city. I can trace the mental processes that, in his case, will contribute to that end.

To begin with, the St. Crœsus will offer, oh, such a gratifying, such a satisfying contrast to the run of the fresh-water hotels that enjoyed his transient patronage when he was on the road with a sample case! Bad country hotels are not so numerous as once they were in the interior of our continent, but still are reasonably plentiful, and I reckon always will be. Any man who has traveled extensively among what the theatrical profession calls the one-night stands harbors in his memory the record of a succession of painful experiences in connection with clapboarded nightmares that pretended to be suitable stopping places for human beings.

From Hardship to Luxury

VERY frequently the junction-town beanery goes by a high-sounding name. It is the Palace or the Fifth Avenue or the Occidental. In summer time it is local headquarters for all the flies that are not celebrating Old Home Week for Flies at the nearest livery stable. The literary ones drown themselves in the inkwells in the writing room; the morbid ones track about the dining room; the friendly ones buzz to and fro in the barber shop; the nervous ones rise at daybreak and stroll about on the drawn face of the guest who was kept awake until after midnight by a switch engine rehearsing just under the window; and the rest of them live in the kitchen. The landlord is the official fly-master, but his troupe is out of control.

In the winter the favored transient gets a bedroom that smells like a screech owl's nest. A death chill clings to its pallid walls, and at night he retires into a bottomless pit of a feather bed, where he dreams of being smothered to death beneath an avalanche of hens. To him is granted the exclusive use of a drum stove about the size of an old-fashioned dark lantern. This quaint toy has a capacity of one heaping dessert-spoonful of fine coal to be given every five minutes, coupled with a faculty for getting as red in the face as a tuba player, and a desire, when properly stoked with fuel, to draw itself right up the flue. But if the customary dosage is not administered at the prescribed intervals, if the operator so much as turns his back upon the patient, *rigor mortis* sets in almost instantly, and in a quarter of an hour that stove is the coldest thing about the place except the spot on the floor where the guest puts his bare feet when he gets up in the morning. The towel that goes with this apartment—in the ratio of one apartment one towel—has been treated with a secret process to make it impervious to moisture, and it would take a chemical analysis to get a trace of lather out of the official cake of pale-pink soap. Another peculiarity of this soap is that it smells the same way a dentist's fingers taste. The resident cockroaches do not hibernate, but remain active all winter, so that one does not miss the flies.

The Young Man of Fashion's Clothes Fit Him Without a Wrinkle, and His Brain Isn't Giving Him Any Trouble Either

At the St. Crœsus Mr. Hustlebury will find things very, very different. After some of the hotels in some of the towns in his old territory this grand, gorgeous, glittering, begilt, bedizened thirty-story mastodon will seem to him to approximate in its appointments and its service the summit and the climax of all conceivable luxury. To be a dweller beneath its gardened roof will appear to him the most satisfying of prospects, with guaranties of the maximum of comfort and convenience. I behold him, therefore, enrolled as a regular, renting his suite by the year—rates eight dollars a day, and from there on up, up, upward—and going through life dropping tips like a corn planter dropping seed corn.

I sometimes think that, more fitly than anything else, the typical New York hotel of the first size sums up and embodies in definite form the spirit that chiefly animates the town wherein it rears its lofty eaves. Even the fashion in which the heart of the hotel district marches uptown, keeping step with the heart of the theater district, must impress one as being symptomatic of the restlessness, the desire to be forever on the go, that marks the human side of the community.

No longer ago than fifteen years Herald Square was the solar plexus of things theatrical. Now the center of the bright-light section is well above the cross line of Forty-second Street and is creeping steadily northward. Gauging one's calculations for future progress by the past and the present, it is fairly safe to figure that another decade will see the Great White Way wearing Columbus Circle for its jeweled umbilicus, and unless Central Park, through the maladroit influences of its trees and its grass, should frighten the gay throngs away, Fifty-seventh Street and Fifty-ninth Street will both be chocka-block with clubs and with theaters, with expensive hotels and even more expensive cafés; while as far up as Seventy-second Street or possibly beyond, Broadway will blaze with the electrically begemmed fronts of restaurants and dancing parlors.

To be sure, the theater belt marches faster than the hotel belt does. Grand Central Station to the eastward of the main stem, and the Pennsylvania Terminal to the westward of it, will always operate, no doubt, as focal points to attract the builders of big hotels; but even so, the tendency of the tavern keepers is to keep on traveling northward, in order to catch the trade of the free spenders.

It is characteristic of this town that a place of public entertainment which stands at a certain point is regarded as being in the very midriff of pleasurable activities, whereas a similar establishment which, say, is two short blocks farther south—a matter of a four minutes' walk or a one minute's taxi ride—is by the strange whim of the populace spoken of as being away downtown and is held to be hopelessly out of it. In other cities a good restaurant continues to hold its clientele regardless of how old-fashioned and out of the way the district about it may in time become. The patrons will continue to go to it. Here, though, the business must go to the customer. This is truer of theaters than of hotels, but in a measure it applies to the hotels too. For you see New York doesn't have neighborhoods; or at least it has mighty few of them. It has vicinities, but not neighborhoods.

Openings for Hotels on Wheels

IN THE long run a hotel on wheels, which could be yanked uptown with the same celerity with which its proprietor is accustomed to jack up the prices he charges for his victuals and his drinkables, would be the most satisfactory of all. Since this kind of hotel is lacking, the consequence of the prevalent condition is that in New York there are always too many hotels, and there never are enough. Old established stands are being closed because of a falling off in trade; and newer, brighter, shinier, slicker, more centrally located ones are turning 'em away every mealtime and every night. This year the grill of a certain hotel is the most popular and the most populous spot of its size on the island. Next year its rival a block or two blocks away has taken the lead away from it, and the head waiter there must have a five-spot before he will hold a table reservation for anybody who is of lesser social importance than a wine agent, an opera queen, a movie star, a police inspector, a popular song writer or a heavyweight champion.

This helps to explain why New York has more hotels of the first class than any other city in the world, London and Paris not excluded; another contributory factor, of course, being that to New York flock more visitors than to any other like area on the earth's surface. Now this has its bad side as well as its good sides. Along with the other transients come the owners of lesser hotels in lesser cities. These men sample the elaborated and exaggerated conveniences of the typical big New York hotel; they browse through the yard-long menu; they observe the pains that are everywhere taken to make the traffic bear all that the traffic possibly can bear; and then they go back home, and in the running, and particularly in the cuisine, of their own hotels seek to duplicate the New York system.

In New Orleans, to cite a conspicuous exception among American communities, and in Baltimore and in divers smaller cities, notably in some along the Maryland coast and the Virginia coast, and in some over across the continent

(Continued on Page 77)

"I Was Just Thinking What My Dear Old Mother Out in Indiana Would Say if She Knew Her Beloved Son Had Just Paid Half a Dollar for Six Bottled Prunes!"

THE WHISPERER

By Sinclair Lewis

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

The Purdys Lived in a Shambling House, and Were Irritatingly Enthusiastic About Chickens and Gardening

THROUGH the office of the Bowen Drug Manufacture Company there was a rustling like the bird gossip and stir of trees that give to twilight its secure tranquillity. It was an honest business and a happy shop.

Purdy, the vice president and general manager of the Bowen Drug Company, talked frankly with the two superintendents; the superintendents were human with their stenographers; the stenographers were not too ladylike with the office boys; and the office boys could whistle in the hall without starting an avalanche. They all did their work; pride and loyalty they had, and eagerness in team play; and through the clatter of typewriters sounded a contented whispering — whispering—whispering.

Yet the Bowen Drug Company was being hard pressed by the Vanvick Pharmaceutical Supply Company, and at the weekly conference of heads of departments there was agitated discussion. Behind the discussion was an unexpressed fear of the power greater than Purdy—of Bowen, president and chief stockholder of the Bowen Company, a figure as gloomily mysterious to them as a Hindu idol looming beyond an incense-darkened corridor. Their purpose in life, aside from such insignificant personal matters as rearing families, was to make money for Bowen. But Bowen never came near the office; usually he was off in Canada, buying lumber lands. He let them alone, and it was Purdy, that stooped rustic with the pale blue eyes and the hesitating kindliness, to whom they turned for leadership in the war on Vanvick.

The Bowen Drug Company was not large. It was not a national concern, though it was popular among the druggists of six or seven states; and almost national was the fame of its hypnotic preparation, Hippogen, founded on the tri-chlor-tertiary-butyl formula. Now that the Vanvick Company was entering the Hippogen field with a rival preparation, it was agreed at the conference of heads to take more space in the local pharmacists' journals, featuring Hippogen, together with Bodent, the Bowen dentifrice.

Purdy was comforted by the cheeriness of the heads—the superintendent of the proprietary-medicine department, the superintendent of drugs and biological products, the treasurer, the sales manager, the purchasing agent, the chief chemist and the advertising man. But he was secretly perturbed, after the conference. He believed that Hippogen would never regain its lead. He saw future profits only in the ethical drug business. They would have to retrench.

Then came to Purdy's office an optimistic man who promised much gain and glory to the Bowen Company.

R. Chester Doremus, M. D., was that optimistic lad, that bringer of good news about making more money. His card announced that he was the editor of Therapeutic Tidings, and instructor in therapeutics in Minturn Medical College.

Doctor Doremus was as neatly engraved as his card—neat black hair parted in the middle, neat rimless eyeglasses on a silken cord, neat gray flannel suit, neat tan oxfords, and an enunciation as neat and bright and helpful as that of a popular duchess or even a telephone girl.

"Not going to bother you about advertisements or anything to do with the magazine," he chuckled, briskly producing a plain silver cigarette case. "Just been getting a couple of ideas, and I like your firm's reputation for square dealing, so I thought I'd hand 'em over. How would it do to use a cap on your Bodent tube with a glass jewel set in it? That might make it distinctive, and maybe rather attractive. Second thing is this—just a bit of psychology—great believer in applying scientific psychology to business: You know if a person is using a new brand of tooth paste, by the time he has finished the tube there's nothing but a roll of metal to show what kind it was. Why not print the name across the very top of the Bodent tube?"

"Well, that's worth thinking of," droned Purdy. He was always impressed by words like scientific and psychology. But he was not a rapid thinker, and, before he could digest the ideas, Doctor Doremus had popped out of his chair, grinned, and shot:

"Glad if they prove of any use, old man! Like your firm. Fine people. Be in to see you again some day." And was brightly, neatly, hand-wavingly gone.

Purdy decided to experiment with a limited number of the jeweled Bodent tubes. He sent a check for fifty dollars to Doctor Doremus, and asked him to call when he had any more ideas.

Now the doctor had for a month been planning to get a job with the Bowen Company, and he had twenty high-colored suggestions already cached. He brought them in, three or four at a time, and after a few months he permitted Purdy to hire him as assistant to Jordan, the heavy-handed superintendent of the proprietary department, and as general suggester to all departments. The doctor gave up his private medical practice, his editorship of Therapeutic Tidings and his instructorship at the medical college. He dived into business and came up wet and smiling.

There are two blighted beings who are lavishly hated by all regular office men, whereof one is the suggester, that person who sits in a padded chair, and out of the rich fullness of his lack of experience with practical details advises comic changes which the chief expects you to carry out at once. The other pallbearer is that outsider who is suddenly elevated above men trained in the business because he has a college degree or a beautiful handshake. Both of these was Doctor Doremus.

The bosses of the proprietary-medicine department Jordan, the superintendent; Zitterel, the chief chemist; and the advertising man, who was himself a prolific maker of typewritten schedules of suggestions calculated to upset everything in sight—received the doctor in the manner of three honest suitors being introduced by the beloved to a tango lizard. But the doctor was so sunnily deferential that they forgave him for being an outsider and began to accept his invitations to lunch.

After that it was easy for the doctor.

II

R. CHESTER DOREMUS, M. D., sometime Robby Doremus, was the son of a poor clergyman. He had been ambitious, and almost honest, at the start, and had frugally worked his way through college.

As a doctor he was a good salesman. While he was a young and poor general practitioner he had an itch for money and intrigue. He advertised himself by the free treatment of such poor patients as were certain to talk, by his small editorship and by his instructorship in Minturn Medical College, which is a diploma mill with evening classes for students who aspire to be quacks or fashionable physicians in second-class cities.

He was successful. His bedside manner was inspiring, and he was brilliant in the cure of those imaginary invalids who are the most demanding and most advertising of patients. He invested in suburban real estate, meddled in ward politics, and made trim semiscientific little speeches before conventions of undertakers, sportsmen, church societies, and earnest women.

But he wanted a larger field. He could not see a practice of more than seven or eight thousand dollars a year. He made himself honestly believe that he honestly believed that in business he would have more power for good. He tried to get the fast-growing Vanvick Pharmaceutical Supply Company interested in him, and failed, though he wrote the most intimate and informal letters on the stationery of Therapeutic Tidings. He planned a campaign to "impress his personality" on the competitors of Vanvick, the Bowen Drug Company, and came skipping in to see Purdy, as has truthfully been chronicled.

He was going to be an influence for pure drugs and ethical methods—and incidentally climb to a larger income, to be used for the most charitable purposes.

He glowed with loyalty to the Bowen Company, to Purdy, and to Jordan, his immediate superior. He told his shy, pretty, insignificant wife that Purdy and Jordan were the finest fellows he had ever met.

Doctor Doremus was not merely a suggester. Despite his medical prestige he had to become a practical part of the business. He was assigned to assist the purchasing agent in negotiations with new manufacturers of cartons and labels, and he was sent to the factory to study the processes of manufacture, packing and shipping. But he did make suggestions, and these he took to Jordan, and was not jealous when much credit shone round about Jordan by reason of them. He liked Jordan's bluff frankness; at all hours he was to be heard saying that it was an inspiration to discover an establishment where everybody thought for the good of the firm, and said honestly what he thought, and never held a grudge.

Despite a fair salary, Superintendent Jordan had no money to waste. He had a son in college, and he was paying for a farm. Doctor Doremus so frequently invited Jordan to lunch and, in his delight to be with the big man, he was so like a sparrow discovering a crumb that Jordan got into the habit of letting the doctor pay the bill—and manage the conversation. So Jordan was led to tell everything he knew. He not only hymned Purdy's glory and admitted how impressed he was by the doctor's ingenuity, but also admitted that there was one man he didn't like—Zitterel, the chief chemist, who might some day be a claimant for Jordan's job. Doctor Doremus purred, and encouraged Jordan to talk; made gibes at Zitterel's accent and pompadour hair; and finally whispered to Jordan "Why don't you get rid of him?"

"We-ull, I don't know—I don't know. Wouldn't want to bounce a man because I don't like him personally. Besides, Zitterel is a good chemist. Doubt if we could get another one like him. Besides, Purdy likes him, and he would have to O. K. my giving Zitterel the gate. Besides—— Oh, Zitterel is all right. . . . Here, it's my turn to pay the check. Well, since you have it —— But I pay for the next lunch, remember."

Then the open season on Zitterel began.

Jordan was not a large man; rather he was thick and lethargic, a thorough commercialist, and always one day behind a shave. But Doctor Doremus genuinely admired Jordan's strength. He felt toward his superior that patronizing affection which a wit may feel for the famous but stupid athlete whom he is towing about. He decided that

he had to save Jordan from the peril of Zitterel's rivalry, and win the lasting gratitude of his beloved chief.

Zitterel not only failed to worship good old Jordan, but also seemed to dislike good old Jordan's good old pal, Dr. R. Chester Doremus. The doctor had once tried to buy Zitterel a lunch, and learn his version of why Jordan and he did not get along so well as the rest of the heads, but Zitterel had snarled "We go Dutch in this shop!"

So the doctor made three hunting trips.

He informed Purdy, the general manager, that he was sorry Mr. Zitterel seemed to be unable to find time to take up the learned advice the doctor had given regarding the Bowen supply of a chemical in which the doctor professed the most passionate interest. That chemical was the universal parlor favorite, hexamethylenetetraminanhydromethylencitrate.

The doctor pronounced all of it once, and quite large portions of it another time. Purdy didn't pronounce it. He looked hot and awed. His favorite words were simple, pleasant ones like window-display. He remonstrated with the doctor for not appreciating Zitterel's virtues—but he listened.

Then the doctor went out to Minturn Medical College and persuaded the chemistry shark that academic work was ill-paid and dull, and that, by grace of Doctor Doremus' memory of his former colleagues, the chemist might some day be able to get a good job if he applied to Jordan, of the Bowen Company. The doctor had, as a result of his talks with Jordan, been able to draw up a little schedule of the mistakes Zitterel had made. This schedule he confided to the Minturn College chemist.

Finally, at another lunch, Doctor Doremus wailed to his big brother, Jordan, that he was worried about this man Zitterel. Zitterel was trying to block every suggestion he made; Zitterel didn't like him; Zitterel wanted to get rid of him. The big brother snorted: "Nonsense, doc! Zitterel's all right. He isn't after your scalp. You just get nervous and imagine things. You do too much confining work, and—if—I—caught—him at anything like that I'd break him! You don't want to be anxious about that chump."

"All right, chief. But, say, Lord knows I'm not a school tattler; but I will admit I was pretty sore last week when Zitterel looked over that new label from the commercial art company, you remember, for Sanisav, that you and Purdy O. K'd. Br'er Zitterel said he'd always realized he knew more about chemistry than you, but he'd never realized he had better taste too!"

Jordan's eyes pinched together, and he grumbled:

"Oh, he did, did he? Well, then, I just want to tell you a little story about Mr. Zitterel's beautiful taste! . . ."

They had quantities of French pastry, large cakes with garlands of brown sugar and pergolas of white sugar, and together they made fun of Zitterel. At the zenith of their confidences the doctor declared:

"Look here, old man; I don't suppose there'll ever be many changes in the Bowen Company, because there's such an *esprit de corps*; but if there ever should be any I want you to know that my biggest ambition would be to have a good solid alliance with you, so we could stand together through thick and thin."

Jordan was much moved; partly by three cups of coffee, and partly by such an expression of affection as had rarely come to him in his prosaic life. He thrust out his paw, shook hands and boomed:

"You bet, doc! You're on!"

That afternoon, when Zitterel came to Jordan yammering about the quality of the new supply of coconut oil, Jordan was curt with him.

That evening Doctor Doremus telephoned to his friend, the chemist at Minturn College, that it was time to drop in and see Jordan.

A week later Jordan noisily discharged Zitterel for refusing to O. K. a run of Hippogen, and hired the Minturn chemist, who was a talkative young man and believed that Doctor Doremus was a genius and the protector of the poor.

Purdy was sorry to lose Zitterel, he said. But he made Doctor Doremus a member of the weekly conference of heads of departments to replace the chemist, and when the publicity man offensively declared that they were making a mistake in letting Zitterel go, Purdy and Jordan looked angrily at him, and the conference was not so chummy as previous ones had been.

Now it has been noted that this same publicity man was a rival to Doctor Doremus in the making of assorted suggestions. Yet so generous was the doctor that it was he who most warmly agreed with the fellow.

Two months later this publicity man was discharged, for mistakes that had happened to come to the attention of Jordan. His place was filled by a newspaperman who had been of value to Doctor Doremus in the way of free publicity when the doctor had been a general practitioner.

Beecher Drew, the big surly treasurer of the Bowen Company, called the doctor into his office and privately thanked him for having helped to get rid of the former publicity man. The doctor denied having had anything to do with it; but Drew, who was an abrupt, canny man, said:

"All right, doc! Just the same, guess you're the only one here who was keen enough to see what a bluffer that fellow was."

Doctor Doremus was safely settled in his department, with no obstacle to helping his friend and chief, Jordan. If Purdy ever should want to give up the general managership Jordan would take his place, and the doctor would be in line for Jordan's position.

After that it was easy for the doctor.

III

DOCTOR DOREMUS was not merely an office politician—he was a hard worker by day and an extensive student during his evenings at home. Though the year following the removal of Zitterel was a bad period for the Bowen Company in general, with Vanvick competing savagely, with profits only a little exceeding expenses, and with rumors of thunderous memos. to Purdy from the absent Bowen, yet the sunny-natured doctor was philosophical about such details. He was happy in getting a grasp of the business, and in his assurance that he could trust Jordan.

McCabe Seemed to Appreciate the Sound Observations Regarding Scenery Made by the Doctor, Who Was Always Moved by Wild Roses, Children and Honesty

Play with Jordan he could not. On the one occasion when the doctor had taken him for a Saturday afternoon drive in his little roadster he had been bored to a shivering cold sweat by the boss' elephantine comments on mileage and signboards. But he could manage Jordan, and he loved power as well as the finer arts of diplomacy.

When he had learned all of Jordan's opinions about their fellow workers, and most of his plans for the business, Doctor Doremus began to wonder if he had not made a mistake in tying himself too closely to this lumbering fellow, and in not sufficiently appreciating his other confrères. . . . The doctor liked the word "confrère"; it had class, and was pretty easy to pronounce.

A narrow wrinkle began to reveal itself on each side of the bridge of his nose. That probably came from his increasing habit of scowling as he sat alone. They were the first wrinkles on his smooth face, except for smile furrows beside his mouth, which were less often to be seen now. The doctor was still a very cordial man, but his eyes became irritable immediately after a caller went away.

He was a success. But he had reached the limit of advancement in this job. He saw that a bright young man who desired to plow deep in this wider field of usefulness must learn a great deal besides correspondence and inspection of laboratory products. He must have an altruistic interest in all of his associates.

He began to notice McCabe, who was the superintendent of the drugs and biological products department, and, as such, of equal rank with Jordan. McCabe was a simpering, check-suited little man, with an imperial; bland and joky, but shrewd. Doctor Doremus felt that McCabe appreciated his scholarly references and sly humor better than did honest-dog Jordan.

He decided that it would be fairer to all concerned if he investigated McCabe's business methods and private morals before betraying affection. An earnest young worker could learn a good deal without exposing his yearning for knowledge to the rude public gaze. The doctor believed that it was dishonorable to read the correspondence of others; but after all, wasn't it his duty to know all about the affairs of his beloved firm? He found that it was easy to seize the contents of a letter in one glance, while he stood talking beside a man's desk. He found that if he was passing a door, and there was a discussion within, it was possible for an innocent lad to stop and blow his nose, and overhear half a dozen sentences without looking like a spy.

He also found a way to check up on Jordan and make sure that his chief was worthy of his trust. Their offices were side by side, and their telephones were on the same extension. If he lifted his receiver from the hook before Jordan lifted his, when the boss' ring was given, it was possible to catch a conversation without having Jordan suppose, from the betraying click, that someone was listening in—a supposition that might easily have led to a misunderstanding.

One result of the doctor's intensive study was a slight lessening in the ardor and volume of his compliments. At first he had gone bouncing about the office, chirruping his admiration of Jordan, but now he saw that he had been young and naïve; and sometimes, when Jordan wore a funny old hat or made a mistake in a manufacturing order, the doctor permitted himself to whisper to McCabe—oh, not in any condemnatory way, but just to let McCabe in on the humor of the thing. For the doctor had a sense of humor, and loved to share it.

McCabe appreciated these innocent little jokes. One day a sudden warmth of friendship came over McCabe and the doctor, and they made boyish caricatures of the heads of the firm. Bowen was portrayed as a savage peering out of his cave and brandishing a club; Purdy as a

chin-whiskered farmer; Beecher Drew, the treasurer of the company, as a wrinkle-browed bulldog; and Jordan as a traveling salesman anxiously inquiring of a druggist, "Say, do you know what this stuff is I'm trying to sell you? Darned if I do."

Doctor Doremus had a thought that he could add McCabe to the list as an old lady with a goatee, but he didn't suggest it—it might have hurt McCabe's feelings.

They giggled over their drawings, and whispered slyly.

Through corridors and offices, down factory aisles and round about the packing rooms, crept a faintly breathing ghost. Vanvick was getting their business; Bowen was not satisfied; Purdy was frightened; and somewhere in the Bowen Company they all felt, without knowing that they felt it, was a stealthy figure whispering—whispering—whispering.

IV

DESPITE the general bad showing of the Bowen balance sheets Jordan's department was paying expenses, thanks to the suggestions of Doctor Doremus. The doctor traced increased sales of Bodent to them—though apparently no one else did. It was Jordan who got the credit: Jordan whom Purdy thanked at conference meetings. The doctor was tired of this. It had been a pleasure to go trotting to his big brother with assistance, but after more than a year it was wearisome to have big brother think he had done it all himself. Jordan was as unprogressive as a tombstone. Not only did he fail ever to have a new idea for vitalizing his department, but also he failed ever to have a new way of remarking that the weather was too hot or too cold or too pleasant to stay in the office.

Doctor Doremus had learned his business. He was a better man than Jordan now, and he perceived that in merest justice to the firm he must not be fettered by Jordan. And it was not just to himself to be always going out to lunch with Jordan when he could enjoy himself so much more with McCabe.

McCabe was a little cricket of a widower and, as he himself admitted, a favorite with all women over thirty-nine and under ten-thousand-a-year. Doctor Doremus felt that the man had many of his own social graces. He sent his wife off to her mother's and invited McCabe out for a week-end. They drove seventy-five miles in the doctor's roadster. McCabe seemed to appreciate the sound observations regarding scenery made by the doctor, who was always moved by kittens, wild roses, children and honesty. McCabe praised him, and during their duet about the beauty of a rustic glade McCabe said that it was a pity they two had not become intimate earlier. The doctor agreed; and without apparent connection the talk drifted to Jordan.

For Jordan, announced the doctor, he had a loyalty so great that he could not express it; he admired the man's integrity, he was touched by his simplicity, he appreciated his knowledge of business, but as a lunch companion he did find him damnably dull!

"Yes; he sure is!" giggled McCabe; and they looked knowingly at each other and began to give the most generous encouragement and commendation to autumnal Nature.

On Sunday morning Doctor Doremus admitted that, with the best intentions in the world, dear old Jordan was making a mistake in introducing his new product, Saltylic, to a market already well stocked with standard preparations of acetylsalicylic acid.

McCabe yelped: "You're dead right! Saltylic never will be a profitable item, and even if it could be made to go it ought not to be put out by Jordan for popular counter sale; it ought to belong to my department. I've told Jordan so, and Purdy; but they won't listen."

Sunday afternoon Doctor Doremus made mention of the facts that the correct designation of Phytolacca was *Phytolacca Americana* Linné, and that *Xanthoxyli Fructus* ought to be spelled with a Z instead of an X. McCabe looked impressed. He had not, he fawned, known that the doctor was a botanist as well as a chemist. And indeed he ought to have been impressed. These stirring truths were not only sound but quite fresh, having been secured by the doctor only two days previously from a magazine article on the Pharmacopœia.

Sunday evening the doctor remarked to McCabe, as they sat on the porch, friendly and poetic in the dusk:

"Jordan says you are a crack chemist and manufacturer, old man"—McCabe made a pleased sound—"but he says you don't know anything about druggists. He claims that if you had your way you would compel them to stick strictly to filling prescriptions and give up soda counters and gifts, and incidentally about nine-tenths of their profits; and when I told him ——"

"Oh, he did, did he? Well, then, I just want to tell you a little story about Mr. Jordan's idea of increasing profits."

McCabe presented himself as one who had slaved and almost died in his devotion to Jordan, but who was beginning to see that Jordan was unappreciative, and ignorant of both drugs and the psychology of druggists. Doctor Doremus was grievously shocked by this attack on his friend, and defended him, retreating from each new position with a brave-hearted "Well, maybe that's so, but still ——" He called attention to Jordan's fairness, which merely roused McCabe to gossip about Jordan's stubbornness in the office and his stinginess outside.

When McCabe had told all the stories about Jordan that he knew, and had turned to the subject of the misty trees in the yard, Doctor Doremus broke in with:

"Well, let's not talk of Jordan; let's talk about the trees there, or something else that's pleasanter. Can you hear that robin? Drowsy little cuss chirping there! I'm a sentimentalist, I admit; but these poor weak little creatures somehow touch a man's heart."

"Yes; don't they! Yes; let's forget Jordan. I suppose he's had something of a struggle, with family sickness and expensive fool sons and all—though I must say I wish he wouldn't always be reminding the rest of us about his bloomin' heroism! But still —— Listen to that cricket! Lively little fellow. I'm like you, doc; I'm touched by the least hint of beauty or weakness."

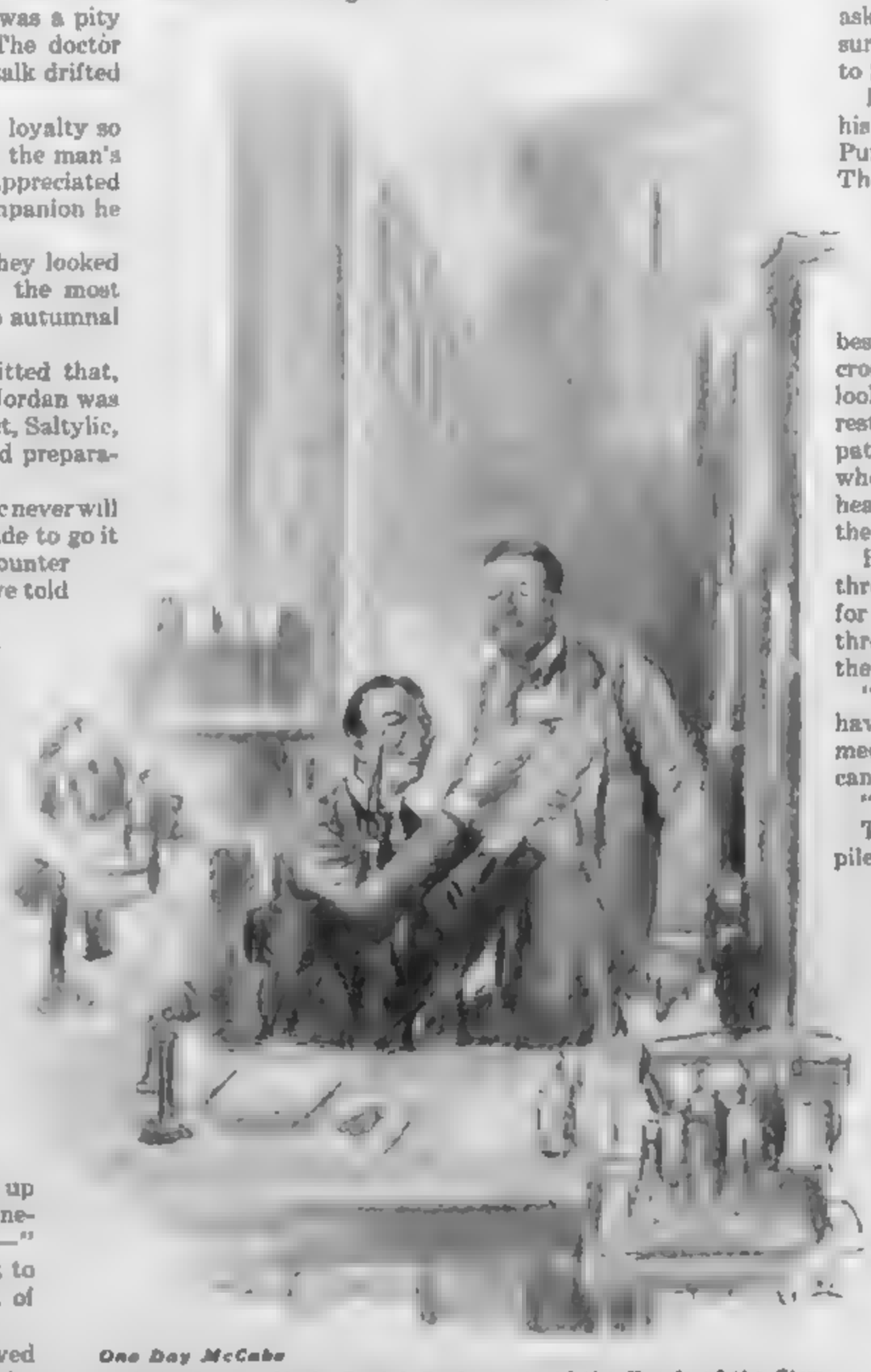
The two friends sat quiet in wicker chairs on the porch, rejoicing in their discovery of each other in this hard world. There was a feeling of fraternity that was audible as a whisper, and before them the trees whispered, the grass whispered, and through the tremulous night stole an uneasy whispering—whispering—whispering.

The chums returned to the office on the commutation train Monday morning, talking so intently that they did not notice the landscape. They hunched up with their heels on McCabe's suitcase, and smoked sulphurously, and pounded on the plush seat. The doctor seemed to be outlining a plan. McCabe listened, argued, but apparently he agreed; for as they got out at the city station, still so absorbed in their talk that they were unconscious of the parade of commuters in which they trotted through the ringing train shed, McCabe consented:

"Well, all right then! If Jordan thinks he knows so much about it let him try it and see where he gets off!"

V

MCCABE and Doctor Doremus must have been confused as to their opinion of the merits of Saltylic as a selling proposition, for certainly they had ridiculed it during their week-end drive;



One Day McCabe and the Doctor Made Boyish Caricatures of the Heads of the Firm

yet during the next week, when Jordan came to McCabe and inquired: "Say, Mac, I'm ready to take up Saltylic now. How about it? Still feel you got to hide it away in your dark and mysterious department, old hoss?" then did McCabe reply, in the same spirit of friendly jesting:

"Well, I don't know as my department is as mysterious as some I could mention, old slacker; but, seriously, I've been thinking about Saltylic, and if you want to push it go ahead!"

As for the doctor, when he was called in to talk over Saltylic he urged Jordan to make a big drive on it; to send it out liberally to the trade, on consignment.

The Bowen Company sales manager was only a record-keeping clerk. The superintendents of departments were the responsible sales heads. Purdy, who knew as much about Saltylic as he did about crocheting among the early Etruscans, O. K'd the reports of Jordan and the chemist whom Doctor Doremus had brought from Minturn College; and the Saltylic campaign was on. Thousands of bottles were sent on consignment, and were backed up by posters, window-display material, and by page advertisements in druggists' journals, medical magazines, and even in popular mediums. The Bowen publicity man came to his long-time patron, Doctor Doremus, with a worried query about the advisability of this extensive use of space at a time when the advertising budget was so low, but the doctor reassured him, and the publicity man said nothing to Purdy.

The first response to the campaign was a letter from a physician, in a medical magazine, complaining that Saltylic was an inferior preparation of acetylsalicylic acid, as well as an unnecessary addition to standard brands. The second response was the laconic return of five thousand bottles that a salesman had persuaded one of the jobbers to stock.

But most of the jobbers and retailers merely let their supply get dusty, and on worried inquiry from Jordan blandly reported that it was not moving yet.

About the time when Purdy began to ask where were all the nice little checks for Saltylic, Bowen returned from Canada to preside over the annual meeting of the board of directors—which meant a reunion of the Bowen family—and to look into the details of operation of the company. He did not go near any part of the establishment except Purdy's office, but everybody got strong telepathic currents from him.

Purdy postponed the weekly conference of heads. He asked for various detailed reports. Doctor Doremus made sure that, in his report of stock on hand, he gave full credit to Saltylic.

He went in to see Purdy two or three days after making his reports. He got there at twelve-thirty. . . . Now Purdy always went to lunch from twelve to one. . . . The doctor was quite willing to wait. He wouldn't go back to his office, because Purdy might come back early. He dismissed Purdy's secretary.

Purdy was old-fashioned in regard to desk order. He let his papers accumulate, and when he wanted one of them he dived into the mass. . . . The doctor sat beside Purdy's desk in a gracious pose, his trim knees crossed, his toes tapping. He lighted a little cigar. He looked benevolently at the door. His right arm carelessly rested on the edge of the desk; his right hand carelessly patted the pile of papers. He heard Purdy's secretary, who sat just outside the door, call "Yes, I'm coming!" and heard her hastening away. . . . Then he threw away the lady-size cigar and the benevolent look.

He snatched the papers from the desk and flipped through them, glancing at the bottoms of sheets, looking for that rough familiar signature, "Bowen." He found three such signatures. He yanked the three memos from the pile. Two sentences in them he studied:

"If the present staff can't even pay expenses you will have to make important changes; weed out the merely mechanical workers who, however faithful they may be, can't meet changing conditions."

"I like what you tell me about this new fellow, Doremus."

The doctor replaced the papers and reverently laid the pile back on the desk. His expression was more benevolent than ever. He strolled into the drugs department. McCabe had not yet gone out to lunch. They went out together. McCabe seemed frightened and obedient.

Next noon Jordan invited the doctor to lunch. Jordan did not mention business except to say:

"Well, old Bowen's here with his annual rumpus and four-flushing. I'll be glad when he goes back to Canada."

The reason for the lunch invitation seemed to lie in Jordan's desire to tell somebody about the record his son was making in college. The superintendent's dull eyes were wet as he said:

"I tell you, he's a great boy—a whole lot better than his big-footed pa ever had any reason to expect. I'm going to set him up in law if everything goes right."

"That's fine; that's fine, old man!" cried Doctor Doremus with that ready sympathy of his.

(Continued on Page 54)

THE RESCUER

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

EARLY July still left a little snow to patch the slopes round Tahoe, and the moon showed this above the broad glimmer of the lake and the petty lights of casual colonies flung here and there on the black margins. Michaelis turned from the pier and strolled up the terraced wooden steps toward the inn, with a candid yawn. Lake Tahoe was a disappointment. All the elements of a spectacle were there—thick forest, endless waters, mountains and morning mist that curled and planed through the truly gigantic cedars; but in five days no thrill had overtaken him. Possibly, he thought, eighteen years of classroom and examination papers had made him callous against anything but earthquakes or the disaster of war.

Meanwhile the hotel orchestra played violently in the waterside Japanese pavilion, as if to drown the thunderous bowling alleys. In the long French windows of the sun parlor he could see many ladies at bridge, and, scattering into the lit cedar groves, light gowns and cigarette sparks. The other guests were enjoying the cool lake.

Of three hundred and fifty souls only three attracted the Latin professor, and these from no novelty. He had seen them arrive by the morning train and had known the two ladies directly. The boy he recalled as a small, talkative person of six, amiably cared for by the whole first cabin of the Touraine, on a stormy September passage of ten years ago, when his very lovely mother was continuously ill and her English companion stayed in the smokeroom, sucking quarters of lemon. The boy had been called Charlot when his mother's French maid could find him, but the family name Michaelis had forgotten utterly.

He left the staircase, stripped of any mystery by electric globes, and wandered into a space of trodden grass set with deck chairs, overhung with drooping branches, and solemn in the mild glow of a single naked bulb. By daylight this place was popular and not a resort for meditation on unknown beautiful women. Here dwelt and darted a noble army of chipmunks, true Californians, curious and friendly. He supposed them now intimately housed in the cedars, but a young, desolate creature was sitting on the back of a deck chair, stupidly considering the nearest branch. It had the forlorn aspect of a freshman without friends, and the Latin professor pitied it, especially when he saw how bedraggled was its tail fur.

"Old man," he said courteously, "did you fall off the family tree?"

He stood speculating on marsupial social orders, and hunted in the pockets of his dinner jacket for a stray chocolate—provision against tasteless desserts. Another solid shirt front drifted out of the shadow opposite. Michaelis looked up and nodded.

"I don't suppose you've anything this poor wretch could eat?"

"No. They—they don't eat chocolate, I suppose?"

"Good heavens, yes! They love it. This little fool has lost his latchkey, I fancy."

The chipmunk accepted bits of chocolate bar with flakes of tin foil, and the tall boy laughed, studying Michaelis under his eyelashes very shyly. He had grown from a pretty child to a gaunt, handsome youth, and his mouth was grave. He seemed unduly timid for a being so well groomed and alluring.

"You came this morning," said Michaelis, "and I saw you trying to swim before lunch."

"Yes. Like ice, isn't it? Would you care to play bridge for a while?"

Michaelis and the chipmunk were both startled. The latter leapt wildly at the explosive question and fled up a tree. Michaelis lit a cigarette.

"I should be delighted. I've met you before."

"I didn't think you'd remember me, sir." The boy blushed and forgot to be shy. He beamed.

"Oh, come! Ten years isn't a century. But I admit I recognized your mother first."

"My mother? No. I was taking my preliminary examinations in New Haven—in June—and you were looking at papers. I asked you about something."

"I Was on the Touraine Again Last Summer, Coming Back From France After Trying to Drive an Ambulance"

"But I recollect you on the Touraine. Your mother and her companion were ill most of the time. You were called Charlot then. So your name's Charles—what?"

"Carrick, sir. You're Professor Michaelis. I asked someone in New Haven."

He followed the lad into the chintz-hung sun parlor, given over to bridge at night, and wondered, approaching this slender and charming tourist, why her hair should be twisted so as to display the white strands and hide the black, and why she was so plainly frightened.

"I've been explaining to your son," Michaelis said, saving time, "that I remember you very well on the Touraine years ago, although we didn't meet. But Charles didn't like the elastic on his sailor hat, and he wore socks."

"What a good memory! My companion—Miss Heath."

Miss Heath bowed. Her spiritual aura suggested that Michaelis make clear his position on the world war at once. The lines of her square face said almost loudly:

"I am a British gentlewoman. You are German or of German descent. Well?"

"I was on the Touraine again last summer, coming back from France after trying to drive an ambulance. But I wasn't much good at it. I'm forty-one and I need sleep."

"Still," said Miss Heath, relieved, "I'm sure you were useful. Shall we cut?"

She spread the cards with masculine swiftness and Michaelis found himself playing with Mrs. Carrick. The chatter of a dozen other tables came through clouds of cigarette smoke. He offered his case to Miss Heath.

"Thank you. No, Mrs. Carrick does not smoke—nor Charlot. Charlot, sit up straight, my dear."

Michaelis was sensitive to the woes of adolescence. He did not blame Charles for an angry blush. Miss Heath lit her cigarette with a patent machine from her black silk purse, and dealt rapidly. "So odd you should remember us," she went on. "So very odd. No bid."

In her presence gallantry withered. She had the manner of a displeased prelate, and Michaelis felt a certain awe of her reddish hair, arranged after the fashion made popular by Alexandra, Queen of England, Empress of India. But Mrs. Carrick had recovered by the end of the first rubber. She began to talk and even sparkled gently.

"California," she said, "always reminds me of a large country club which all the members think you should want to join. They point out all its advantages and won't admit any defects."

"Then you've been here often?"

"We travel a great deal," said Miss Heath, and added, "naturally."

"We don't do anything but travel," muttered Charles.

"Charlot," Miss Heath observed, "your elbow is ——"

"It's not in my way," said Michaelis, to spare another blush. "And where have you been at school, Charlot?"

"I haven't. I've had tutors."

He seemed to dislike the species. Michaelis chuckled.

"We travel so much," Mrs. Carrick explained; "Charlot is very anxious to have a year at a big school before he goes to college. But ——"

"We haven't decided," said Miss Heath, "that he is to go to college. Shall we make this the last rubber, Stephanie?"

"Great Cæsar!" Charles cried. "It's only nine-fifteen!"

"But your mother is very tired, Charlot."

Michaelis suddenly felt all the surprised shock of the sun when the voice of Joshua bade it stand still; but Mrs. Carrick proved rebellious.

"Perhaps we could play two more. I'm really fond of bridge," she stammered, and in her alarm Michaelis heard the accent of Philadelphia, which survives the grinding of all the earth's dialects. "But that's an admission of middle age, isn't it?"

"Maturity," said Michaelis.

"Still," the companion observed, "Charlot likes bridge, and he is hardly mature."

"Thanks, a lot," said Charles. "Let's go on playing!"

Among people so obviously gentle this sort of wrangling gave the Latin professor a thrill greater than that supplied by Lake Tahoe or the French ambulance. Apparently Miss Heath took a paternal place in the trio. She exhaled smoke from her nostrils and gazed at Charles coldly while Michaelis executed a little slam.

"How well you play!" said Mrs. Carrick.

"I should by this time. I'm a bachelor, and the game, they say, was invented for bachelors and widows."

"I must say," Mrs. Carrick smiled, "that I've found it useful for—a long time."

Miss Heath stirred in her chair and asked Michaelis for another cigarette. As he was opening his case, a fat towering virgin rustled up and bent over Mrs. Carrick's lavender frock like an inverted overgrown morning glory.

"I was wondering," she gurgled, "d'you remember me—Miss Schroeder? I met you in Japan in nineteen-ten."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Carrick faintly; "how—how d'you do?"

She pulled the gauze mantle, banded with dark fur, closer about her shoulders. Her throat seemed to swell as she shook hands. She was in great fear, Michaelis saw, and Miss Schroeder, not encouraged, moved away after stating that this would be her last night at Tahoe.

"That's all right, dear," said Charles. "She's going."

"Some acquaintances," remarked Miss Heath, "are so very troublesome!"

Michaelis pondered. Why this lady should shiver and lose her delicate unaided color for a dull acquaintance puzzled him. But Mrs. Carrick rose.

"I'm sure," she faltered, "you've been very kind. Good night."

"I'm anxious to renew the kindness—to-morrow night?"

"Perhaps," she hesitated, then swept off, drawing eyes after her gown.

"Good-by," said Miss Heath tranquilly. "Come, Charlot."

"Not yet."

"Really, Char——"

"Not yet," said Charles so emphatically that his fine jaw clicked. He sat, bending a stray card under a finger and staring sullenly after Miss Heath—an amiable boy badgered into rudeness, Michaelis thought; so he set out to soothe him:

"Miss Heath's been with your mother a long time. I dare say she forgets you're —— How old are you?"

"Sixteen. Yes, that's it," Charles said resentfully. "She's been with mother ever since father died—before and she thinks I'm—a sort of —— D'you play tennis?"

"Not badly. I'll take you on after breakfast."

"Oh, thanks! Do they play much at college?"

Michaelis dilated from tennis to the university, and discovered that the boy was widely ignorant of not only Yale but any other American seat of learning.

"My tutors were all French or English, sir. We lived abroad a lot till the war—or South in winter."

"Was your father a Yale man?"

"Why, no. Annapolis, of course." He paused, then grew very white. "He was Captain John Carrick."

Michaelis searched a retentive brain frantically for any recollection of this name, but found nothing.

"Shall we go down and bowl a little?"

"I'd like to, awfully," said Charles eagerly. On the way down to the pavilion he gave a mighty sigh and exploded, "Gosh! I haven't had a—a man to talk to for months!"

Next morning they played tennis, and Mrs. Carrick sat under a rose parasol to watch them, and permitted Michaelis to take her riding after lunch. He had a dizzy sensation of acting as a protector of this widow, who apparently traveled incessantly and certainly was surpassing good company for a rather lonely man. Charles galloped ahead up the trails of moldering leaf dust, but he took possession of Michaelis when they returned and clung, a most engaging limpet, until dinner time, when he shyly invited the professor to dine with them. The learned man was touched. He liked intelligence, and Charles showed symptoms of wide reading, besides a quick brain.

"Mother said I might ask you," he begged.

"That's a great compliment," Michaelis told him, and went up to dress, pleasantly warm. He had never grown to feel that boys regarded him as a natural enemy, and Mrs. Carrick, meeting him on the stairs when he descended, thanked him for his interest.

"He's an uncommonly fine lad," said Michaelis. "And he's inherited a great deal of charm. But how gorgeous you are!"

Mrs. Carrick stroked her gold tissues and smiled an apology.

"Charlot likes me best in pretty things. But do you believe in heredity?" she asked, so anxiously that Michaelis answered in the same key:

"Scarcely. My father was a painter, and I can't draw a respectable likeness of a cat to deceive even a small niece. My mother was by way of being a celebrated soprano—dogs howl when I sing. I'm color blind and tone deaf. No, I don't believe in heredity to any great extent. Why?"

"I merely asked." Mrs. Carrick was not a handy liar, he noticed. She flushed and looked away.

"Women," said Michaelis, "find it very interesting. Whenever my young nephew puts up a decent argument against being spanked, my sister always points out how he resembles his father—who happens to be a lawyer. She never remarks that his father was a perfect child and didn't need to be spanked. He was abnormal."

"Oh," said the lovely lady, lowering her guard, "you don't think that Charles seems rash, do you? Reckless? Impulsive? He—seems quite self-controlled and ——"

"I think that Charles is abnormally shy and mature for sixteen. I think—for his good—he should go to school for a year. Forgive me the advice! I see so many boys."

"I'm so glad you like him. You're going to dine with us, and he's so happy about that."

"I'm sorry the happiness doesn't extend any farther," Michaelis ventured.

"I didn't say so."

After three hours of bridge and conversation Michaelis came to a decision. Mrs. Carrick and her son were, he believed, sent by Heaven to fill his Georgian cottage on Prospect Street and help spend the income derived from Michaelis' Latin Prose and Michaelis' Notes to Cicero. He imagined that he could defend Mrs. Carrick against a prying world quite as well as did Miss Heath. He concluded that the late Captain John Carrick had not been a satisfactory husband. Boys do not usually turn white on mentioning fathers a long time dead. Philadelphians usually mention their city frequently. Mrs. Carrick, then, traveled to avoid a sad, possibly an odious memory. She was timid; she shunned past acquaintances; she roused his curiosity as she had ten years ago. Michaelis reflected a few moments over a cigar, then wrote a letter to his saintly brother-in-law who resided in Ardmore, a suburb of Philadelphia:

Dear Geordie: Please tell me all you know about Stephanie Carrick, widow of a Captain John Carrick, U. S. N. I hope you won't have anything painful to relate, as I've gone and fallen in love with her, and my sentiments toward her son Charles are positively paternal. My sentiments toward her English she-dragon of a companion, Miss Ada Heath, are not such as may be written on paper. She has smoked nearly all of my best cigarettes and lectured me on American neutrality until I am black and blue. Send me a special delivery to tell me whether Carrick beat his wife or forged checks or what. I want to avoid unpleasant topics.

He waited for an answer ten days and deployed what he considered his best features before Miss Heath, recollecting Ovid's theory that a lady's affections are most quickly gained when her maid has been conciliated. But Miss Heath, as a substitute for a maid, was not a success. She treated Michaelis in the spirit of a presentable fourth for bridge, and, when they were by chance alone, she was calmly silent. He felt that Charles, deftly handled, would tell him anything, but he shrank decently from that device.

The boy liked him. He roamed into Michaelis' room by night and sat on the professor's trunk, discussing travel and tennis and admiring his patron so candidly that the man of forty-one became quite inflated with pleasure and began to regard the Carricks as his property, until the eleventh night, when he happened to speak of his brother-in-law by name.

"Cawthorne?" quavered Mrs. Carrick, misdealing the second hand abominably.

"No, I Don't Believe in Heredity to Any Great Extent. Why?"

Miss Heath's pale-gray eyes closed for an instant; she looked very old.

"Yes. George Cawthorne—usually called Geordie. He lives in Ardmore. Do you know him?"

"I—think not," said Mrs. Carrick. Then she stopped dealing altogether, and Miss Heath gave a short, tired cough.

"Really, Stephanie, it's so very close in here. Perhaps Doctor Michaelis will excuse us?"

There was nothing to be said. Some safe wall had been broken. Michaelis saw the hunted look, so much beloved of the artist in fiction, grow in her pallid face. Mrs. Carrick rose, tearing her gown on a corner of the table, and walked hopelessly away from him beside Miss Heath.

"Oh!" said Charles drearily. "That's just my luck! I'd better go."

Michaelis strolled several times round the hotel lawn, stamping on the grass, furious at his own stupidity and wondering if he had set foot on ground sacred to a feud in the City of Brotherly Love. But he did not propose to be so denuded of his possible wife and his lovable stepson because the stiff-necked tribe of Cawthorne had some grudge. He demanded Charles' room number of the desk clerk.

"Better hurry if you want to see him," said the clerk curiously. "They're takin' the night train down to Truckee—goin' to San Francisco."

The rustic lounge of the inn rocked and the groups of gossiping ladies flickered.

"How long before the train?" he gulped.

"'Bout half an hour."

Michaelis forgot to thank the clerk for the news. He tore up the stairs. A log-burning engine drags and restrains a tiny train past the hotel lawn twice a day from Truckee Junction. If the Carricks intended to escape he could not prevent them, but he was hideously hurt, bitterly angry. He whirled into their corridor and slowed in front of the boy's door to get back a little breath. Then he heard the terrible noise a lad of sixteen makes when he tries to talk and weep at the same time—not a masculine art—and saw that the transom was open.

"I don't care! It's not our fault! Suppose he does find out! He wouldn't mind!"

"Charlot!" said Miss Heath. "If you can't control yourself better than this, what will happen when real trouble comes? Suppose that you do go to college and someone taunts you about your father? You've inherited his ghastly impulsive temper ——"

"Oh, Ada!" cried Mrs. Carrick, her voice rippling and piteous. "Please! Charlot, darling! The men will be coming for the trunks."

"All right," said Charles. "Get out while I change then."

Michaelis did not stop to blush for eavesdropping. He dashed down the hall to his own room and rang until a page came. "I want my trunk on the train, and tell the office to make up my bill and forward my mail to San Francisco."

"You can't get a berth on the train from Truckee," the page objected.

"Oh, I can't? All right, I'll sit up all night then. Get out!"

By an ingenuity hitherto untried Michaelis hid in the smoking car of the train to Truckee—an eyesore of crazy hotels even on a cloudy night—and he saw the three climb into the waiting express with a feeling of security. They should not discover him on board. He shared a stateroom with a mournful orange grower who talked about frosts and freight rates for three hours, while Michaelis plotted his second entrance on this distressed journey. He must contrive to be accidental somehow, and it was not easy. It was very hard to avoid them next morning when the ferry slid over from Oakland to San Francisco, and in the famous white fog he perceived Charles standing on the prow, a mournful figurehead, his hands linked behind his ulster, watching the mad city rise on the water, sun beating down the mist noisy with western gulls.

"Anyhow," thought Michaelis, "you're strong reënforcements. Drat your father anyhow!"

San Francisco has many hotels, but few, he believed, in which persons of their estate would be found. That afternoon, cautiously inquiring, he discovered Mrs. J. Carrick on the register of one of these, and went up the hill to his more remote selection contentedly, observing the melody of cables beneath the paving as cars squirmed along the tracks at an amazing angle. The gay town set his imagination to work, and the fog lurking in the windy valleys made his blood pulse foolishly. He decided to marry Mrs. Carrick here instead of in the sedate East, and fancied Miss Heath as a bridesmaid. Charles could give his mother away and, if the lady wished, they could be united by a Chinese priest. Nothing was impossible in a land where oysters are served by fifties and have the size of juvenile Atlantic clams.

He met Mrs. Carrick face to face the following noon as he was walking down to her hotel. She was fastening her veil, standing on the step of a drug store. She gave a smiling gasp, and the sweet peas fluttered on her breast like settling butterflies. He saw that he was welcome.

"Oh," she said, "when did you get here?"

"I've been here some minutes. Where's the nicest kid that ever lived?"

"In there, buying soap."

"And Miss Heath?"

"She has neuralgia. She's asleep at our hotel."

Charles ran out of the store and gaped idiotically, dropping his parcel. Then he laughed and blinked and forgot to pick up the soap until Michaelis beckoned a motor car advertised for hire at the curb.

"If Miss Heath isn't feeling well, why disturb her? Let's go out to the cliff and see the sea lions ramp. I believe they do."

"I've always wanted to see something ramp," said Mrs. Carrick. "I don't see why we shouldn't, Charlot."

"We've got to," Charles said desperately.

The seals slid graciously from their theatrical rocks into the spray for Mrs. Carrick's pleasure, and Michaelis fancied a note of applause in their barking. They seemed to gaze up at her, bent on the railing, her veil afloat in the sunny wind and the gown blown close about her.

"The dear things! Now can I have an earthquake, a very small one?"

"Wouldn't Miss Heath dislike it? It's not an Anglo-Saxon institution." Charles had wandered off along the terrace. The professor spoke quickly: "Doesn't she dislike me?"

"Oh, no! Not at all. She likes you very much. We all do."

"It's consoling to hear so. Would she ——"

"I say," said Charles, trotting back. "What about lunch, sir?"

"My poor child—of course! We all need food. Let's find a place to get it." After all, he thought, a proposal in a place so public might seem too casual.

But Miss Heath appeared at dinner, and she was almost cordial when they had supper after the play. Indeed, for

(Continued on Page 45)

THE SOURCE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

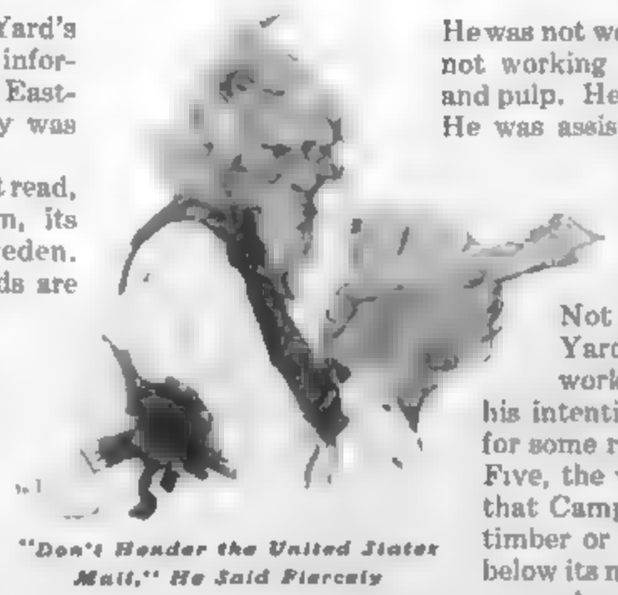
ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

VI

BEAUMONT'S reply to Yard's telephone request for information concerning the Eastern States Power Company was prompt.

"The Power Company," it read, "was financed by Ekstrom, its president, largely in Sweden. Sixty per cent of the bonds are owned there and probably a third of the stock.

Four members of the board of directors are Swedish-Americans. They show a marked preference for employing Swedes in various positions. We have a lawsuit against them for damages caused by flowing our timberlands when the dam was built. The attitude of the concern toward us is not friendly."



"Don't Hender the United States Mail," He Said Fiercely

Yard's reply to this was:

"Buy and ship to Camp Eight a motor boat. Anything with an engine that will pull will do."

So, in due time, a thirty-foot boat came up on the narrow gauge, carefully covered with canvas so as to pass unrecognized, and was stored in a shed at Camp Eight.

Yard went to Nord, too, in the matter.

"I want to make some transfers among the men," he said. "Gradually I want to get picked crews in Seven and Eight—the cream of the men."

It was all preparation against a possibility, preparation by guesswork against an attack that might not come, or that might be delivered by some adversary not entering at all into Yard's present calculations. But it was all he could do. He must be ready for the expected and the foreseen; at the same time he must take such measures as his intelligence indicated against the coming of the unforeseen emergency; against the unexpected shock of attack by an unsuspected enemy.

As matters stood Van believed the machinery of the Power Company would be at the disposal of the Swedish manufacturers. It was ready to hand; its strategical position was little short of overwhelming. But that a concern of its pretentious character would strike openly, save in face of necessity, he did not believe. Therefore, it was not against the closing of the dam, the flooding of the railroad, the shutting off of water from the East Branch that he must guard at the beginning. There would probably be more subtle maneuvering. It was not the large thing he must fear, but a multiplicity of small things which, each contributing its bit, would hamper the work of the camps, curtail their output, and turn the flow of logs to the mill into a trickle.

Now with the leaves not wholly fallen from the trees and with snow many weeks distant it was a trickle at best. Logging without snow, especially in that rugged, uneven country, was no joyous labor; it was drudgery. The cold of winter was not there to push the men to effort. When the thermometer stood at zero or below the labor contributed by each man would increase by a third. But most heartbreaking of all was "snaking" the logs to the skidways. Four horses panted and snorted and slipped where two horses would haul with ease over an iced road. Wheels were an impossibility. A couple of logs would be chained to a sled at one end, leaving the other ends to drag eccentrically on the ground, and so the sweating teams would be forced to drag them over roads that were no roads at all, jutting with bowlders and stumps, down mountain grades to the hungry skidways. The labor that in winter brought five logs found it not easy now to account for one.

Then there was the matter of labor, that shortage of man-power which had brought Yard, unwilling, to the woods, and to what with honesty might be called his resurrection. Men were hard to come by, and their quality was what Sim-sam called "number three common and culls." Weekly there arrived consignments of bums from the city, of the sweepings and scourings and refuse of humanity, who looked upon the work with wry faces and silently faded from view.

It seemed to Van there was a constant procession of men "going out." Yet always there remained a sturdy, dependable nucleus of lumberjacks, some indigenous to the locality, others imported from Quebec, New Brunswick, even Minnesota and Michigan. These men knew their work, and what was of infinitely greater value, they knew loyalty to their employer. They were the backbone of the organization. Without them it could not have persisted.

Van threw himself into his endeavors, sparing neither body nor mind. He became obsessed with his work. In one thing he differed from the most faithful employee of Big John Beaumont—his work was a religion to him. He was not working for Beaumont; not working for wages; not working merely to supply the mills with hardwood and pulp. He labored with the art of the sharer in creation. He was assisting to bring something into being—a new industry. He felt himself to be important in it. He felt the forests to be overwhelmingly important. To him they were, in the new industry as they had been in the old, the source.

Not long after he had taken on his new duties Yard began to realize that an insidious force was working against him, a force that seemed to know his intentions as soon as they became intentions. If, for some reason, he desired to push the work at Camp Five, the work at Camp Five declined. If he required that Camp Five should turn out a certain quantity of timber or pulpwood, that was the very camp that fell below its normal output. Mysteriously there would be an exodus of labor. Teams would go lame. Quarrels would arise among the men. Everybody would find fault with the cook. Once, in Camp Six, the men awoke in the morning to find the cook vanished wholly, and no one to get their breakfast.

Each thing was tiny in itself, but when bulked they made for inefficiency. It was not that the things occurred that troubled Yard so much as that they occurred in the manner they did. Whoever was working to bring them about apparently knew Yard's plans. Gradually he became convinced that there must be someone somewhere in a place of trust who was giving information to the invisible enemy.

In November, Yard was in the village. At noon he lunched at the hotel with Big John, who asked few questions because he knew that, were there information to give, Van would produce it. That was his way. When he trusted a man he trusted him. He not only trusted him so far as concerned his moral equipment, but with respect to his common sense as well. Which, after all, is a rarer confidence.

"We've got to have more men," said Yard abruptly. "I'm sending in an average of two dozen a week."

"I said men," replied Yard with no thought of brusqueness. "Every time one of those bums quits it's an improvement."

Beaumont smiled quizzically.

"Some of 'em turn out pretty fair," he said.

Yard looked at him blankly, then smiled the shadow of a smile.

"I'm losing my sense of humor," he said. "But, Mr. Beaumont, I've found out one thing about myself: I wasn't even a *bona-fide* bum; I was an imitation."

"It was a darn impressive performance!"

"About those men?" Yard persisted.

"I'll do what I can—I have been doing what I could."

"Thanks. Somebody's not playing square. Somebody close to me. The other side know what I plan as soon as I've planned it."

"Hate to hear it. Who do you suspect?"

"Everybody," said Yard gloomily.

Beaumont looked at the young man's face. It was tired, older by days of labor and nights of anxiety, but its most notable change was to be found in its austerity, its asceticism. At times Yard's eyes glowed with the fire of one who marches forward with a new creed. Big John Beaumont had seen such a look before on the faces of workers—but rarely. It was the face of a man to whom his work had become a religion.

"What do you want?" Big John asked.

"I want what the old Romans used to give a selected man when the state was threatened."

"That was when they created a dictator?"

"Yes."

Beaumont considered. "You want to replace Nord?"

"No, there's no reason for that. But I want the power to replace him if I need to. Give me a letter to Nord, and to everybody it may concern, saying that the ultimate authority back there in the woods belongs to me, and that I may hire and fire from top to bottom—that what I say goes without appeal or reference to anybody."

"You're asking quite some mouthful, young man."

"I tell you," said Yard, "that I can't trust anybody. I shan't use that letter unless it comes to a matter of make or break. It may be Nord need never know it exists. I hope so!"

"Why?" The fervor in Yard's voice aroused Beaumont's curiosity. "Do you like the man that much?"

"Like Nord?" Yard said, bewilderment in his eyes. "Why, I've never thought about that. But it would break her heart!"

"Oh," said Beaumont, openly grinning now, "it would, would it? Well, well! Philandering with Svea Nord, eh? Look out, son; heaps of boys have tried it. She doesn't seem to take to it."

Yard would have replied, but his attention was arrested by the stare of a man at a table across the dining room. The man was small, blond, with whitish hair parted down the middle and flattened to his head. He was dressed and pressed and manicured. One foot protruding into the aisle was clad in patent-leather shoes and gray spats. Yard thought him the most perfectly insignificant looking individual he had ever seen.

"Who," he asked, "is that man? He's been staring at me ever since we sat down."

Beaumont glanced over his shoulder.

"That's Holmquist, Ekstrom's fixer. Little pussy cat!"

"Looks like a parlor pet."

"Don't imagine he shoots a very big bullet," said Big John, with the genuine contempt which his sort must always hold toward the Holmquists of this world—an undervaluation often to their undoing.

"I've got an appointment," Beaumont presently said. "You sit here and finish your lunch in comfort. Haven't taken much time for meals lately, have you? Drop in the office before you go out. The letter will be ready for you."

Beaumont had been gone from the room but a couple of minutes when Yard looked up from a cup of first-rate coffee and a piece of superlative apple pie to see Holmquist standing beside his table, wearing a smile that verged upon a simper.

"Mr. Yard?" he asked, mincing his words.

Van nodded.

"My card," said Holmquist, presenting a correct bit of engraving. "I've heard—er—considerable about you of late. Glad to have an opportunity to know you. May I sit down?"

Van nodded again.

"Not many personalities hereabouts," said the man, at each word becoming more objectionable to Yard, "so when a new one—er—arises, we have to know him. Eh? Pretty near right, what?"

"I suppose so," said Yard.

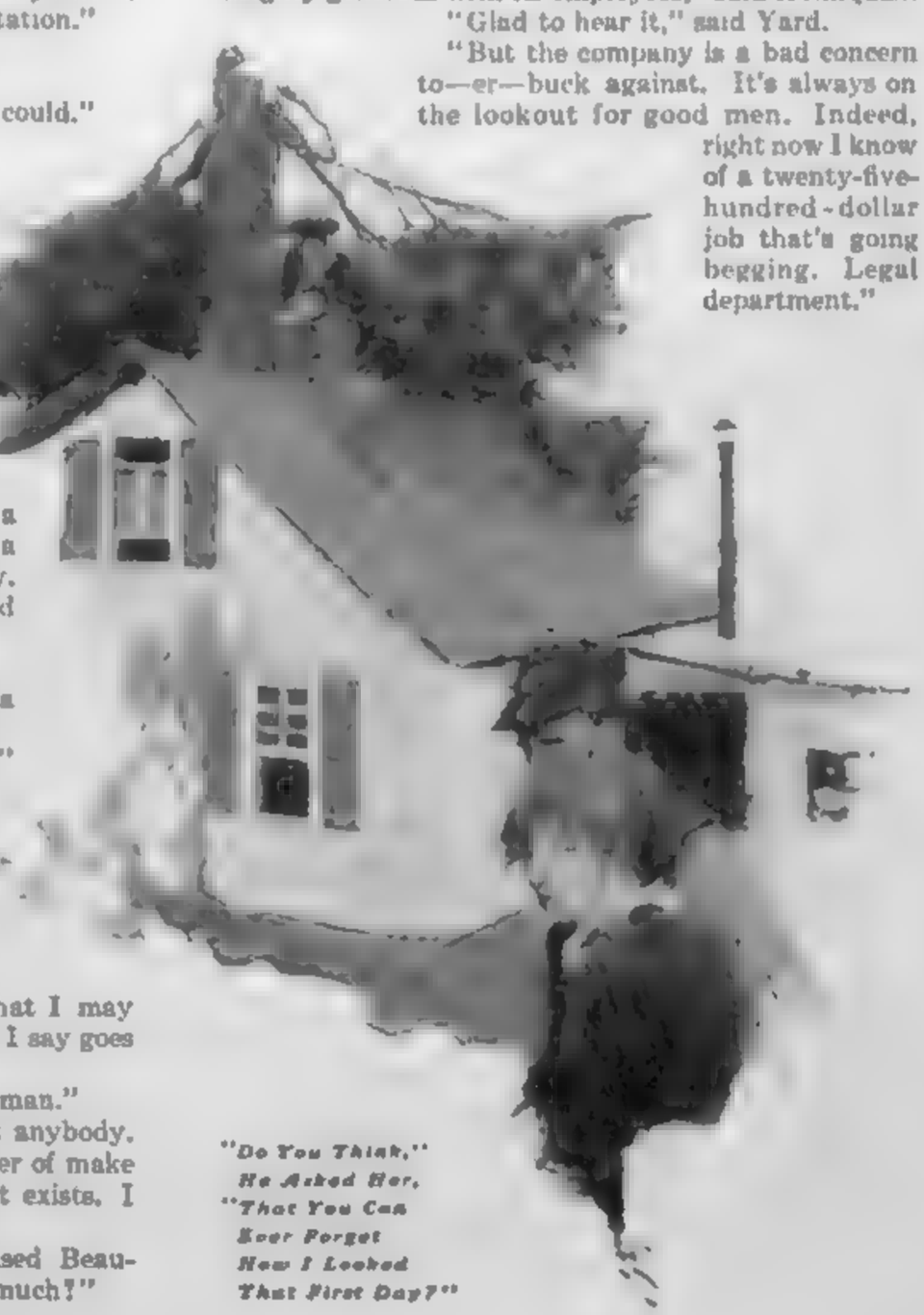
"I'm in the employ of the Power Company—field work, you might say. Big concern."

"Yes," agreed Yard. He felt as though the man might commence to pur and put out his head to be scratched.

"Mighty generous with its employees," said Holmquist.

"Glad to hear it," said Yard.

"But the company is a bad concern to—er—buck against. It's always on the lookout for good men. Indeed, right now I know of a twenty-five-hundred-dollar job that's going begging. Legal department."



"Do You Think," He Asked Her, "That You Can Ever Forget How I Looked That First Day?"

"I hope you succeed in filling it."

"Yes, oh, yes! To be sure. I think we shall. We—er—have our eyes on a man—twenty-five hundred dollars a year. And chances." Holmquist rolled his eyes as if overwhelmed by the thought of the chances. "Studied law yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes."

Silence ensued.

"Couldn't recommend anybody offhand, could you?"

"No."

"Could you at—say—three thousand?"

"No," said Yard impatiently, "nor at thirty thousand."

"The company might pay a bang-up, first-class man as high as thirty-five hundred."

Yard found no reply necessary.

"Thirty-five hundred. Headquarters in Boston. Some different—er—from sleeping in a bunkhouse and eating beans in a lumber camp."

It was apparent to Yard that Holmquist considered beans as an article of food not to be undertaken by a gentleman.

"Look here," said Yard, "I don't know whether I understand you or not. Are you trying to offer me that job?"

"Er—why, not exactly. Not precisely. Merely er—sounding you out, as it were. Sounding you out."

"Such thirty-five-hundred-dollar jobs," said Yard, "are offered only when the men like you want to buy, not hire, men like me. If that's what you're trying to do, it may not gladden you to know that I used to put the shot, and that on a bet I could probably put you through that window. It isn't more than ten feet away. If you're not trying to buy me up, why, I apologize for boasting about my athletic ability. Sit down!"

Holmquist complied with promptness.

"It looks," said Van, "as if the Power Company felt—er—unfriendly toward Mr. Beaumont." His imitation of Holmquist's mincing speech did not draw so much as a glare from that gentleman. Certainly he made no reply.

"I've had a fat, well-fed suspicion of your outfit," Yard went on, "but I needed confirmation. I'm indebted to you. Now then, you may trot back to your master and tell him from me that if he ever sends you to me again with a message like this I'll—I'll drown you in a pail of water. And tell him that from to-day our camps are closed to outsiders, and our woods become a private park. Anybody found trespassing, who can't hand in to teacher a mighty substantial excuse, will have imperative cause to hunt for a bone-setter. Now get out!"

Holmquist departed, not hastily, in no panic, but treading daintily like the most aristocratic of pet kittens.

"Anyhow," said Yard to himself presently, "I know now who's going to hit, and how much of a punch he carries. But when and where will he land on me?"

It was a question which was to remain unanswered for some time.

VII

ONE of the things the woods end of the business had to accomplish was to accumulate in the big pond beside the mills sufficient pulpwood to run the mills through the winter, with what might be dribbled down in addition on the rails. It must also pile on rollways and skidways and landings a matter of eight to ten million feet of hardwood for the saw mill; and haul out to the skidways and to the river and cut and pile enough spruce to equal thirty thousand cords when cut to four-foot lengths. The first requirement must be fulfilled before ice covered the pond, so the bolts could be barked in the big barker and piled ready for winter use. The whole winter lay before to meet the other two demands.

To do this would require the labor of upward of six hundred men—and Van Yard found the camps a hundred men short. Everywhere the work dragged. Nowhere did the men exhibit that loyalty of thought and effort necessary to the best results. The whole woods machinery was inchoate; it rattled and rumbled and groaned. Camp bosses failed to work together.

"The woods are disorganized," he said to Nord in his intense way. "The camps are like a bunch of raw football men—they don't play low and charge together. It's every camp for itself; and everybody goes at his work as if he were bored. Can't they see? Can't they understand what this thing means? Or don't they care?"

"Forty a month and board is all they care for," said Nord.

"I'm going to tell them," said Yard, "try to make them feel that they're not working just for wages, or just for Mr. Beaumont and the Pulp Company. They're giving

Steadily, Unremittingly, Unpityingly Those Calm Voices Beat Against His Will

something to our country. I can't believe that patriotism is dead among such men—among any men. It must be there. It lies dormant, but the spirit that fought our Revolution, that carried men through Valley Forge and that urged them into the Civil War to hold the nation together, must exist. We're in another war for independence, Mr. Nord, commercial independence. Our chance has come. Why, can't you see that every new industry like this one is adding a new star to the flag? That's what I'm going to tell the men."

"Might as well talk astronomy," said Nord.

"I don't believe it, and I'm going to try."

He did try. Night after night he sat in this bunkhouse or that, preaching his gospel, and because he talked plain language well he was listened to. But that seemed to be all—he was listened to, the conditions continued as they were.

Beaumont kept a stream of men flowing toward the woods; something that Yard could not explain kept a counter stream surging out again. He was facing a condition that every employer of labor from ocean to ocean was facing. For the first time in many years labor could pick and choose where and how it would work. Wages were high, which in the case of thousands of common laborers meant, not greater earnings and greater comforts and greater savings, but days to lay off. If, a year before, a man could live on a dollar and seventy-five cents a day, working six days a week, now he could live on two dollars a day and work only five days. When there are more jobs than men labor becomes independent. That labor should be independent, Yard recognized, was just and good; but that labor should feel no responsibility to employers was neither just nor good.

In the old days lumberjacks would work without food or sleep to accomplish a feat of labor. They labored that they might boast of their accomplishments, and the wage was a small matter to them—a thing to be carried in the pocket till spring came, and blown in a single night or week of wild dissipation. It was the work itself they loved. The breed is well nigh extinct. To them Yard could have talked as he talked to his men, and they would have followed him into battle joyously. Eighty per cent of Yard's men were lumberjacks only in name. They were common laborers who worked in the woods—that was all. Many of them would have been more at home on a railroad grade, in the trench of a sewer with a pick and shovel. But there were some of the other stripe, and gradually Yard concentrated them in Camps Seven and Eight, where he worked upon them mightily.

Sometimes he found time to talk to Svea Nord about his work, and found her interested. It was his part to do the talking, hers to do the listening, but it was plain to Yard that his point of view pleased her. She responded to it, not with external show of enthusiasm, for that would have been impossible to her, but with quiet, steadying approval. That was a word he applied to her in his thoughts many times—steadying.

When he talked to her he took care neither to exaggerate nor to underestimate—to tell the thing as it was. He did not seek to put himself forward, to magnify his importance, or to impress her with his ability. Somehow he was certain that she would satisfy herself on those points, and would resent keenly any direct effort on his part to give himself stature in her eyes.

True and trustworthy—that was what he had to become: and if he succeeded she would know. He knew she would know, and the matter gave him no worry. What troubled him was, would she care? He had not the slightest knowledge of how he stood in her sight, whether she liked him, for himself, or whether she allowed him to talk to her because she was interested in him as that curious thing, a man resurrected. She was always courteous. When she had a word to say it was said plainly and directly, and after thought. Serenity was another attribute of hers. She was steadying; she was serene.

His first sentiment toward Svea had been profound respect; his second, reverence such as men sometimes bestow upon a mother; his third, worship. Then came love, delight in her beauty, a desire to have her for his own, sustained by an unflagging determination to stand the test in the laboratory of her heart, and to assay high in truth and trustworthiness.

Elsewhere he forgot, forgot for days at a time when he mixed with men and labored, what he had been a little while before. With Svea the memory stood always between himself and her, a veil separating them from each other. He could not see her save through its obscurity.

"Do you think," he asked her one day, "that you can ever forget how I looked that first day you saw me?"

"No," she said.

"That," he said, quite unable to conceal his pain, "is not pleasant to hear."

"Why should I forget?" she asked, looking at him with eyes that told of some surprise.

"Because ——" he began, then clamped tight his jaws, for a flood of words surged to be out, words that would lay bare his heart, and he knew the time was not yet when he might speak to her of love.

"There are worse things than being a bum," Svea Nord said after a pause. "For instance, cheating another, or not being true to a trust, or accepting a bribe."

"Could you"—his voice was strained—"could you ever trust or respect a man who had once been what I was?"

"Perhaps," said she thoughtfully, "more than one who had not. Don't you think it requires greater powers to climb up from the depths than it does just to remain safely on the heights? I do."

His eyes shone. "Svea!" he said, and stopped.

She appeared not to have heard him. "In your case," she said impersonally, "I think I should be rather proud that I had had the strength to get up again. Yes, that is the way I should feel."

"Do you mean you could ever be real friends with me?"

"Of course," she said. "Why not?"

"Miss Nord, I want to tell you something, and I want you to listen and to remember. I am asking nothing. The time may never come when I can with decency ask anything. This is just so you will know. Do you understand what I mean?"

"I think so," she said without embarrassment.

"When I got off that train here and lay with those other men beside the track, I had no idea I should ever be anything but what I was. I didn't care much. Then a girl came out of the house and passed me and went into the garden, and I watched her. That made me see things. I was a man at the bottom of a well looking up at a star. It made me do more than see things—it made me want things. For the first time in many months I had a desire that could not be expressed in terms of material wants. I wanted, Miss Nord, to be again fit to look into the eyes of such a woman, and have her eyes look back into mine without abhorrence. It was not a resolve then, merely a wish."

Yard paused and looked at her as if for permission to proceed.

"Yes," she said quietly.

"You were not you that day, you were merely a sign that stood for something. But when I got back there in camp I thought about you a great deal, and when I thought about you the wish became stronger. It became a wish to look into your eyes unafraid. So I made my effort. It was not easy going. You think you know what it is to be a bum, but you don't. Before anything else such a man is contemptible. He has no courage. I knew that until I could take fear and hold it at arm's length, I couldn't rise an inch. You saw me once when I was afraid."

"Yes."

"So I had to show you there was some man left in me yet."

She nodded understandingly.

"Then I knew I could do it—and I have done it. I am not a bum to-day, and I shall never be one again. Because I have found two things to love—a woman and my work."

Svea did not answer, but her eyes did not leave his face. They seemed to study him rather than his words.

"That is what I wanted to tell you—that I have found a woman to love." He had been speaking with his eyes on the floor. Now he lifted them to her face. "You know the woman?"

"Yes," she said simply, without pretense.

"I think that is all," he said. "I wanted you to know. I wanted you to know that you are the most important thing in the world to me.

Svea Nord was silent some moments, then she spoke.

"We shall not speak about this again, shall we?" she said. "But I shall think of you, and I shall think of what you have said. I shall be thinking a great deal."

The telephone rang in the next room. In a moment Nord called to Yard that he was wanted. It was Sim-sam, calling from Camp Four.

"Mr. Yard?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Hustle! Somebody's give the boys booze—by the barrel. Whole camp's lit up, from Langlois to the cook, and they're bustin' her loose. There won't be no camp left if you don't hurry."

"Where are you?"

"Locked in the cook shanty, and they're tryin' to bust in the door—there she goes now!"

Indistinctly Yard heard sounds of violence, and judged that Sim-sam was enjoying ungentle attentions. At the same time he heard the front door of the house open, and was conscious that someone had entered and was being received by Svea. He went into the next room.

"Haven't meant to neglect you, Svea," a man whose back was turned to Yard was saying. "Been pretty busy. But I'll make up for it. Here's a box of flowers I had sent on from Boston. Thought you might like 'em now your garden's gone for the year."

"I do like them very much," said Svea. Then she saw Yard and turned to him without flush or embarrassment.

"Mr. Yard," she said, "this is Mr. Holmquist, a very old friend."

It was Holmquist, the Power Company's "fixer," the man who had tried to bribe him with the offer of a doubled salary. Yard advanced mechanically and bowed, but did not offer his hand.

"Mr. Holmquist and I," he said, "have met. I'm sorry, Miss Nord, but I have rather a troublesome situation in one of the camps, and I've got to go. Good night."

He said this so coolly and formally that Svea allowed her gaze to rest on him a second longer than necessary.

"Hope it's not serious, Yard," said Holmquist.

"It is," said Yard, "very serious. And I intend to find the man who's to blame for it!"

Then he went out abruptly.

■

VAN had more time than was comfortable to think while his gasoline hand car carried him to Camp Four. The thing that most occupied his mind was not what would happen to him when he got there, but what Holmquist's call upon Svea meant, and how much it meant. It did not seem possible that a girl like Svea could be attracted by Holmquist's type, but Yard knew well that types which men abhor sometimes hold their appeal to women. Also, the man might exhibit a counterfeit front to her which would deceive her.

Of one thing Yard was certain: if Holmquist was there he was there with a purpose—a purpose not connected with the courting of Svea Nord.

That he should appear on the moment of the first serious trouble in the woods bore no resemblance to coincidence in Yard's calculations.

As he approached the camp his thoughts turned to the immediate dangers that he faced. He was alone. The night was black. He was urging ahead into a very real danger, and a situation which his training, or lack of training, had not prepared him to handle. It was a splendid opportunity for a man to lose his courage—Yard thought he had never seen a better opportunity. Frankly he did not like it. Equally frankly he was afraid. Any human being with the power of reason in working order would have been afraid. Ahead there were seventy-five men, drunk, doubtless savage, undoubtedly reckless and riotous, and not likely to regard with satisfaction an interruption of their orgy. The mathematical chances were overwhelmingly in favor of an unpleasant outcome, so far as he, Van Yard, was concerned.

He considered going for help, but recognized this as merely an excuse to keep out of the thing himself. He even considered allowing something to happen to the mechanism of the motor car so he could not get there. But he allowed nothing to happen to it. It was not lack of fear that restrained him. He knew he was afraid and was afraid of his fear.

Gradually the crisis took shape in his mind. He saw himself, not as a mere woods boss going out to prevent damage to property, but as one of the leaders of an army on his way to combat a stratagem of the enemy. He saw himself serving, not Big John Beaumont, but American Sulphate Pulp—a cause. His duty was a duty to his country, as he perceived it. He was fighting to retain something for his country as important to it as territory. He knew he was serving his land as well to-night as he could serve it by fighting in the trenches against a foreign invader.

But still he was afraid. There crept insidiously into his mind the thought that he might revert, might in emergency become once more the coward he had once shown himself. He shut his eyes and sank his teeth into his lip. One often sees more visions with the eyes closed than with them open. Perhaps that momentary action was the salvation of Van Yard; perhaps he did not actually stand in need of salvation. At any rate he saw suddenly, as plainly as though she stood before him, the calm, dependable face of Svea Nord.

Her eyes looked into his without question, without doubt. There was trust and confidence in them.

"True and trustworthy," he said aloud, and opened his eyes. "You've done your part," he said to her. "You've steadied me. Thank you, my dear; now you may go back home. I shan't need you again to-night."

He was still afraid; he still appreciated the danger he was to encounter; but he did not fear his fear. He knew he could push it aside, for Svea had given him the strength to that end. Yard stopped his car at the end of the bridge and walked rapidly across to the camp. Then for the first time he thought of Mrs. Billings. He went at once to the walking boss' house, past the deserted cook shanty, disregarding the din of hilarity and riot ripping forth from the bunk house. Billings' house was dark. Yard walked round to the back door and knocked softly.

"Who's there?" challenged Billings

"Yard. Just got here. Mrs. Billings all right?"

"Yes, and she'll be all right as long as this shotgun holds together."

"Good boy. What's happened?"

"Somebody sneaked in enough booze to drive logs on. Every man has a bottle and I guess Langlois has two. There was no concealment about it. Everybody was drinking in the cook shanty at supper. The excitement started up right after."

"Any idea where the stuff came from?"

"None at all, but there must have been a wagonload of it. Listen to that! They're tearing things to pieces all right."

"Well," said Van, "I'll go over and see what's to be done."

"How many men you got?"

"Men? None." Then he remembered that he had forgotten to tell even Nord what was wrong, and most positively it had been Nord's right to know, for this was his business as much as Yard's.

"You came batting into this alone?"

"Yes," said Yard, not feeling easy in his mind.

"Wait a minute, I'll go along."

"You'll stay right where you are. Mrs. Billings needs you. Your job is cut out for you. I'll tend to the rest."

(Continued on Page 65

Logging Without Snow in That Rugged, Uneven Country Was No Joyous Labor; It Was Drudgery

What You Will Find When You Get to France—By Frederic Coleman, F. R. G. S.

TO THE YOUNG AMERICAN WHO MAY FIGHT IN EUROPE

PORTRAITS BY FRANCIS DODD

THE strange sights and the unfamiliar scenes that will greet the American soldier when he comes to France will make his initial days on the Continent an enviable experience.

The general geography of France is easy to learn, and the amount of time required to become reasonably familiar with the course of the most prominent waterways and the location of the most important cities of France will be indeed well spent. The French roadways that have escaped the ravages of war are efficiently marked with signboards, giving the distance in kilometers between small hamlets as well as important towns. To remember that every eight kilometers means five miles is useful on occasion, though many a kilometer that the soldier covers in France he would swear to have been well over a mile in length. A cheerful chap who had made a considerable study of footwork over French roads told me once quite seriously that he had made the discovery that every billet was placed at the farthest possible point between two railway stations.

Major General Sir T. D'O. Snow, K. C. B., K. C. M. G. (Temp. Lieut. General)

Weather in France is like weather everywhere else—it varies. Augusts are hot. I fear no contradiction on that head. Septembers are hot, too, if you have hot work to do and the sun is shining. But September nights begin to be cool, and if you are wet and getting wetter a September night may be uncomfortably chilly. Autumn rains, that might be enjoyable under some circumstances, are not greatly appreciated in the trenches. When October likes it can be glorious in France. I vote it the best month of the year. Still, mid-October nights in 1914, enveloped in Flemish fogs, made many a joint stiff among the elder officers. Those who grumbled at the weather in October, if such there were, loved November less. Nights grow really cold then, and mud underfoot seems come to stay for the winter. Fogs are frequent in Northern France and Flanders in November. Most November days, even given a sun, make one bless an overcoat. About midmonth comes the snow. Blizzards alternate with days of thawing until the fields are almost impassable with mud. Movement of troops across the open country becomes impossible.

The Useful Mud of Flanders

MUD in Flanders is awful stuff, but it has its uses. Who that has tramped the three miles or so from the walls of ruined Ypres to the line that stretches from Hooge, in front of Zillebeke, to Hill Sixty and beyond, has not blessed the mud? All across the muddy fields, slipping, sliding and plowing along, we used to follow no pathway, avoiding when possible fields where enemy shells were falling. Then came, sooner or later, the inevitable droning, rushing sound, to grow into a shriek as a big Boche shell came over.

One was thankful for the mud, then, for the advice I will give to a man under such circumstances, unless his job is such that delay must be avoided, is to go down flop! quick! into the mud. The quicker and the more flop and the more mud the better. That is my way of looking at it. Once you are down all your worries are over. Let her come! If the shell lands on you there will not be enough of you left to do any worrying with. If it does not land on you the odds are overwhelmingly in favor of your escape from all injury. Many a lad has lain flat in the mud when a big "Black Maria" landed near and dug a hole into which you could put a couple of taxicabs, and never been a bit the worse for it. Yes, the mud has its uses.

That same shell, one of the big H. E.'s, as the high explosive shells are called, might land in a town you happened to be passing through, and be a very different matter. Those big 'uns chuck the towns about so—anyone is likely to get a good bit of the town on him. And the way they dig round for you, those shells, make cellars themselves useless as protection sometimes.

General Sir Herbert C. O. Plumer, Who Commanded the Successful Attack on Messines and Wytschaete

Even shrapnel is not so uncomfortable as H. E. shell. Shrapnel has hundreds of bullets to the projectile, but all of us who have been at the Front have seen, more than once, Hun shrapnel burst in what looked like a fatal spot for a group of men, and seen very few drop. You will become impressed with the great fundamental fact about shell fire. That is that you occupy a comparatively small space out there in France. There is a lot more space all round you. It is marvelous how many bullets can go into that space. The percentage, too, of shells of all kinds that come over from Brother Boche and hit no one, go nowhere, except plump into the mud, would cheer up the most pessimistic of mathematicians.

By December, winter has the Western Front in its grip. The damp cold of the lower levels and the dry cold of the higher parts of the country are real cold. January is cold and wet too. Farther south, below Soissons, it is less wet than to the north. February brings snow, which seldom stays long, but is soon absorbed by the coverlet of black mud. March, too, is trying. On most March days I have seen in France it rained and blustered, while at night snow fell, and the wind howled unceasingly. This alternated with hard frosts. Toward the end of the month bright sunshine and spring zephyrs one day and snow the next, and more than once snow and sunshine alternating throughout the span of a day mark its passing. In April the days grow warmer, though rain falls with sufficient frequency to keep the fields deep with mud. Trenches are still cold and damp at night, though morning suns are divinely warm. May is fascinating with her bright sunshine and blue, cloudless sky, though both May and June can produce plentiful showers. June warms things sufficiently to prepare one for July heat, which is much the same as July heat in temperate zones the world over.

Taken by and large, a healthy specimen of American youth need fear no particular hardship from the weather in France.

The countryside delights the eye—well back of the line. The horrors of war are very real. Those who see smashed France will not quickly forget the sight. But such of France as has not seen the Hun is a fair land—save for its black country, and even that is not ugly. Some of Flanders is not beautiful. Roadways near the seacoast run between sluggish, morbid-looking canals and flat, dispirited fields—a sad, soggy, flabby land, in very truth. But that is Belgium, not France.

The Fine Spirit of France

THE people of France that the American soldier will see and quickly grow to like immensely are simple folk for the most part. Like simple folk the world over they are mostly God-fearing. Those who have not seen France since pre-war days would not know her now. France has undergone a change indeed as regards her attitude toward religious matters. France, fire-tried, knows God to-day as she never knew him before her day of tribulation. France has passed through the Valley of the Shadow, and it has made her faith sure. Save for those in the army the American soldier will meet few Frenchmen, except very old ones. The women, he will find, have taken the places of the men to an astonishing extent. The women of France become mothers, sisters or sweethearts to the Allied soldier as though he were French born and bred. It will not take the American soldier long to learn the worth of French womankind. What he will see of women in France will make him more proud than ever that he was born of woman.

Lieut. General The Earl of Cavan, K. P., C. B., M. V. O. Haig's Foremost Brigade Commander

To some folk France, antebellum, might give promise of femininity attractive to the eye, gowned fetchingly, smiling bewitchingly, truly entrancing. Such Frenchwomen there are still, perhaps, in the large cities, but the somber colors and severe simplicity of their frocks are their chief characteristics to-day. Years may still press lightly on many pretty French lasses, but though the Hun cannot altogether blight the high spirit of healthy youth in France the war has made a difference that none may miss.

It is the bent, seamed, weather and storm beaten women of France that the American will remember long. No man can go through France to-day and not marvel at the spirit of the women and at their untiring energy. They are keeping France together while the blue wings of her armies are protecting her from the further ravages of the Hun invader. No work is too hard for these magnificent mothers and daughters of France. Many who never knew what labor meant have become toilers. Just as the hospitals see blessed nurses who lived lives of gayety and frivolity one day in the past that seems so far back of us, so village belles and the girls of the prosperous French of the provinces have taken up what burden they can carry, gladly, cheerfully—but with sober faces, nevertheless.

I was billeted in the home of a charming Frenchwoman, a fine musician, who would not open her piano. "My husband, thank God, is yet alive," she said, "but many a neighbor within hearing has lost someone from the home. The battalion from this town has been completely wiped out three times and filled again, until the homes that have not lost dear ones can be numbered on your fingers. No, it will be long, I fear, before we shall play and sing again."

Then, too, I saw in June, 1915, the seventeen class, as they were called, leave their homes in Northern France. They were the lads of seventeen, who would be nineteen years old in 1917. They were called to the training camps two years ago. That wrung the hearts of Frenchwomen, while the bravery with which they met the call was the admiration of every man who saw them.

The American soldier, when he comes to France, will see all this, and learn to be patient with somewhat amateur girls in little shops, with something a bit less well done than they might think it could be done. Their hearts are big French hearts, and they will always be thinking that the American boys have come from mothers and dear ones left at home—come to fight for France. Treat them well, boys. Be kind and patient with them. Your coming means more than all the world to them. They will do for you what they can. Sometimes it is pitifully little, but the will to do is great. Your going across the water will save France her flag and her freedom. Do not forget always to have a cheery word and a bright smile for the splendid women of France. They need it, for they have suffered as we may well and earnestly pray that our own mothers and sisters may never be called upon to suffer.

Why the Bread Was Bad

THE division to which I was attached was the first to occupy an unhealthy locality called Ploegsteert. It deserves its name. Our trench line runs through the edge of it to-day. I called there many months after our original occupation of the town. At luncheon the mess president of the brigade holding that part of the line was cursed for the poor quality of the bread. I volunteered the information that the bread of Ploegsteert in my day was excellent. I purchased bread for my mess, and knew. That brought still more curses, loud and deep, on the poor captain who catered for the brigade mess, who in reply swore that he would change his baker if possible.

Major General Fred Ivor Maxse, Who Campaigned in the Sudan Under Kitchener

After luncheon he and I walked through the town, which was partly in ruins. I questioned an old French lady who was standing in a doorway.

"We have been here through it all," she said. "We go into the cellars when the bombardments begin, and when they end we come out and go about our work. What else could we do?"

Some townsfolk had been hit, but few killed, she continued. The merry baker, whose brown bread I remembered so well, had been hit by a shrapnel bullet but a few weeks before and killed. "His wife is running the bakery still, though in but a small way."

I looked at the mess president. "Glad I heard that," he said. "Wait till I tell those grumbling beggars. That will be the last kick that will be heard about that bread!"

His baker was the poor little widow. If that brigade is still in Ploegsteert she does not lack for custom.

The French soldier will at first amaze his American comrade. Seen in their trenches or in billets not far back they are frequently a tough-looking lot of customers. A bit nondescript as to uniform, and universally campaign worn, unshaven and perhaps mud plastered, they always look stout and fit for anything.

It must be remembered that all the manhood of France is in her armies, men drawn from every class of the community. A more friendly lot of men one would never wish to meet. They are universally respectful to officers, either of their own army or of the Allied forces—a fact that speaks not only of good discipline, but of fine French traditions of politeness.

French soldiers as a class do not pay the same attention to cleanliness of uniform and kit that is given to such details in the British and

Major General Sir Thomas Morland, the Great Trench Tactician

American armies. They care less for smartness. An English battalion relieved from muddy trenches at once smartens its external appearance to a degree that must be seen to be believed.

Another thing that will surprise the American soldier is the amount of equipment, and its variety, that the average French foot-soldier straps upon his back. I saw a black-bearded *poilu* start off with his company for a long, long march, with a typical load, literally as much as he could pack about him, fastened securely by ingenious means. Over his shoulders were straps supporting two canvas haversacks, one on each hip, both bulging with food. To his belt were attached two ample cartridge pouches, one in front and one behind. A water bottle dangled against a haversack. His principal pack, hung at the shoulder, was, he told me, full of spare clothing. A blanket, rolled in a sheepskin jacket, surmounted this and towered above his cap. A cooking pot adorned the back of his pack, while to one side of it was strapped a tin cup of ample dimensions, and to the other a loaf of bread. A bundle of firewood at one side and a roll of clothing—holding an extra shirt or two—at the other, flanked him.

My examination of his equipment concluded, he said he must be off, and picked up his rifle with a cheery smile. A comrade rushed up and handed him a sort of leather portmanteau. He grabbed it without a word, threw the strap over his head, settled his various pieces of baggage into place with a strenuous shake, and stamped away sturdily, with a firm step and head held high.

With all that, boys, the French infantry soldier can make marching time, day in and day out, of which any army in the world would be proud.

For the most part the French soldier is just a hard fighter and a good fellow, unusually hospitable and generous. I found an evening spent among them when on duty was sometimes great fun. They sang songs, from *chansons d'amour* to grand opera, from popular ditties from the Paris halls to swinging marching airs of older wars.

Major General Trenchard, Known as "Birdman Trenchard"

Many of the French troopers possess a suspicion of the grand air when drinking a toast, caroling a love ditty or roaring out a rousing chorus. Once in a while you may meet a veteran that might have stepped from a volume of Dumas. I remember three—an oldish one, who was a bachelor of arts and science, a man of studious and thoughtful mien; another a true Gascon; and the third a fellow blessed with powers of mimicry that made us laugh long and loud before the night was over.

English for Frenchmen

SOME of the French soldiers are very keen to learn to speak English. Conversation books were often hard to get in the early part of the war, though now they abound in France, and the United States will no doubt soon be flooded with them. Good ones are helpful. An improvised one made by an English Tommy for a French *poilu* caused a brainstorm. The poor Frenchman had a fair start until he was presented with that booklet. Then he began to progress backward. Examination of a sentence that seemed wrong somehow showed that the voluntary teacher, in a spirit of devilment, had produced the following:

"Question: Where is the cat of my mother's aunt?

"Answer: No, but the kittens are drowned."

Other sentences were in the same vein.

Never forget that every French soldier is to-day a veteran and has forgotten more about actual war than anyone coming fresh to France will know for the first few months at least. He will appreciate the respect that such knowledge will engender, and the American boys will ever find him quick to help them in any way that lies in his power. He is without vainglory, and is not puffed up, though he knows himself to be a sound fighting machine.

He could, though he never will, take lessons from his Anglo-Saxon comrades as to outward appearance. His uniform and kit, however, do not encourage him in that regard. He is brave as a lion and takes fighting somewhat seriously. That is, perhaps, the greatest point of difference between the *poilu* and the British Tommy.

The degree to which the present-day soldier becomes acclimatized to shell and rifle fire is remarkable. Those who have come into constant touch with the wounded or have seen much of the British soldier on leave in England have all noticed an attitude on the part of Tommy when he speaks of front-line dangers that would lead the average hearer to think Tommy was assuming a nonchalance at home that he would hardly feel when in the trenches. That is not so. The careless attitude toward the menace of shells, bombs, Mauser pellets or whatnot is not assumed for the benefit of the folks at home. It is real. It is acclimatization to fire. It does not come to all. It comes to some quicker than to others. Personally I was cursed

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 11, 1917

Free Speech

A COUPLE of well-advertised anarchists were imprisoned the other day. They chose to spout opposition to the selective draft law, and were promptly and properly locked up.

Normally we can well afford, as a sort of general proposition, to let anybody say what he chooses. Just now we are sending a million men to the trenches—which entirely alters the case.

Here is a city street. Thousands of people are moving along it, each bent on his own affairs. An eccentrically dressed person runs along the curb attracting attention. He may be advertising a soap or proclaiming a new religion. The crowd notices him, smiles, goes its way. That is normal United States. But in the same street the same crowd has assembled in ordered ranks to perform a solemn function of the highest import. The eccentric person who butts in there will get a sharp reminder that the crowd is in no mood for eccentricities.

It is a matter of self-respect, of insisting upon decent decorum. We are sending a million men to the trenches. Nobody is required to like it; but everybody who would like to hinder it is strictly required to mind his speech and manners carefully. Any tolerance of active opposition would be insufferable.

Many things go by the board in war. Lives, limbs, hopes, peace of mind, wealth—all those things go into the red pot. Free speech goes too. There must be no freedom for the speech that counsels resistance to war laws. For it a quick route to a stout jail.

Crop Acreage

WAR prices have increased the acreage of the chief cereal crops nine per cent. For some years before the war good prices and an energetic propaganda operated in the same direction. Thus, in the last census period acreage devoted to cereals increased only three and a half per cent, whereas from 1909 to 1917 it increased nineteen per cent, half the increase coming since 1914.

This is an important gain, yet it brings out that agriculture is and must always remain the least mobile of industries. For example, two years of war prices has nearly doubled the output of steel and iron. It is quite impossible for agriculture to respond to the stimulation of high prices in any such fashion.

The great gain in acreage since 1909 has been in corn. Compared with all other cereals put together, the largest total gain since 1914 has been in corn—partly accounted for, of course, by the great loss of wheat acreage through winter-killing this year. Better cultivation has been very industriously and extensively preached, yet it can hardly be said that a definite gain in yield per acre has occurred. If there has been, on the whole, better cultivation untoward weather conditions have offset it, and the average yield the last three years was lower than a decade ago.

Necessarily the industry as a whole responds very slowly. There are six million independent proprietors. Their skill and diligence are always subject to unguessable contingencies of weather and pests. To get a given result more power must always be applied to agriculture than to any other industry. The many good agencies that are working for agricultural improvement have a permanent occupation.

Wartime Sacrifices

WE'VE taken much satisfaction in the expansion of peaceful foreign trade—particularly to South America. We seemed to be achieving that which had long been an object of national aspiration, upon which the greatest pains had been spent.

Now the exporter to South America—in some cases when his goods were actually on the dock and in process of lading—finds the ship seized by the Government. He has contracted to deliver the goods. The South American purchaser demands delivery. But it is doubtful whether he can get transportation. He sees all his carefully nourished South American business in danger of going to pot.

It's hard on him, hard on the country. Commandeering of ships for the North Atlantic may proceed to a point where trade in every other direction is shot to pieces. That would be deplorable. But when anything whatever interferes with vigorous prosecution of the war, that thing simply does not count. War needs have the right of way everywhere. Whatever equitable sacrifices that involves must be borne.

When it hits you—in conscription, in cost of living, in detriment to your business or pleasure—do not grumble.

A New Order

WHEN the League of Nations is formed its endurance and efficacy in maintaining the peace of the world will depend upon whether citizens of the several nations forgo something of their old exclusive patriotism and attach themselves with real loyalty to the broader organization.

The Pennsylvanian prefers his own state to Texas, yet has a lively sense that the people of Pennsylvania get greater benefits from heartily coöperating with Texas as to broad interests that affect both than they could get from standing alone, so his loyalty to the Union constantly balances his local loyalty. One sentiment is as lively as the other.

If the League of Nations is to be a bloodless, parchment affair its fate may be dubious. It must get itself a living body of sentimental attachment. It has always been the habit of war to appeal to exclusive, invidious, truculent patriotism—the sentiment that is most inimical to lasting peace. We consider it a great thing in this war to hold up the idea that American soldiers are fighting for something bigger even than the United States.

A New Sea Flag

IN HIS latest book Prof. Thorstein Veblen suggests neutralization of shipping as a means of preserving international peace.

The time is fairly at hand when far the greater part of the world's shipping will be pooled in the service of the Allies. Invisibly but effectually the flag of a common cause will fly above nearly every national emblem.

If a warm and lively sentiment of loyalty is to attach to the new international organization it ought to have a tangible body and a symbol.

Instead of neutralizing shipping we would put it under the flag of the League of Nations. The only objection is a sentimental one growing out of invidious patriotism, and that is a sentiment which needs diminishing.

It is well known that before the war most American shipowners chose to operate their vessels under a foreign flag because that was more profitable. There would be no material injury to anyone if ships hereafter sailed under a common flag of international peace. Profits would go to individual owners. The capital investment and the profits would be items in the wealth and income of the respective nations just as at present. The only injury would be to invidious national complacency or conceit.

The world's merchant fleet sailing under a common flag of world peace would assist powerfully in consolidating loyalty to the new order.

Wanton Slaughter

GERMAN apologists are always saying there is no moral difference between dropping bombs on English women and children and cutting off food supplies from German women and children. But there is all the difference in the world. From immemorable time blockade has been a recognized and sanctioned device in warfare, because it is a means of reducing the enemy to subjection. If the Allies can reduce food supplies to a point insufficient to sustain the population Germany must surrender—and the war is over.

If the German Navy were capable of maintaining a legitimate blockade of the British Isles, thereby starving England into submission, nobody would think of denying that to do so was strictly within its belligerent rights, though that might entail much civilian suffering. In the Civil War the North blockaded the Southern seacoast and would unquestionably have maintained the blockade in the strictest possible form, even though that had cut off the South's food. But Zeppelin raids, as conducted by Germany, have no military value. Killing a hundred British civilians, including women and children, does not reduce England's fighting power. It is purely wanton slaughter.

One hears with misgivings of demands for reprisals in kind. Reprisals in kind would ill become the Allies. Let Germany have a monopoly of this brutish business.

Profits and Production

WITH big profits industry expands rapidly; with small profits it stands still; with no profits it declines. As regards the operation of this rule, ownership of the industry is immaterial. It operates the same way whether it applies to a million farmers who increase their acreage when prices are high or to a factory owned by one nabob.

The country cannot make all the steel it ought to have this year, though its steel-making capacity is much greater than it was three years ago. It is greater because steel mills made big profits in 1915 and 1916, much the larger share of which was put back into the industry in extensions and improvements of plants, and because, enticed by high profits, steel mills called in new capital for extensions.

In various lines of manufacturing, tremendous profits were realized in the years named. Examination of the reports of representative concerns will show that much the greater part of these profits went back into the business, increasing capacity. The United States has more than three million automobiles, or many more than all the rest of the world put together, because the industry earned great profits that went back into the business, multiplying productive capacity. Often members of Congress talk as though big industrial profits were so much dead loss to the community—that many dollars drained off into individual pockets—but mostly they go to increase production, so the community is not without benefit from them.

Railroad Rates

APPARENTLY the Interstate Commerce Commission will not grant a blanket increase of railroad rates in any case. Twice the roads have applied for such an increase and made out a very good case. In the first instance the commission refused the appeal, and its decision in this recent case seems clearly tantamount to a refusal.

Though doing a greater volume of business than ever before, net income of the roads of late has been on the decline, due to a tremendous increase in cost of operation. That this situation adversely affects railroad credit and the ability of the carriers to attract capital for extensions and improvements seems quite certain.

In the first half of this calendar year all the roads in the country absorbed only three hundred and eighty million dollars of fresh capital—nearly half of that by issuing short-term notes that must be paid off in a year or two. This indicates a lower rate of expansion in transportation facilities than the country ought to have.

Application for a wholesale horizontal increase in freight rates naturally attracts the attention of the entire country, and in spite of all intentions to the contrary becomes a matter of politics.

Apparently the roads may as well give up that method. Applications to raise particular rates will involve fewer political considerations and will probably be more hospitably received.

History

IT WOULD be rash to describe a century which contained Shakspere, Molière, Newton and Descartes as benighted. But in the last quarter of that century a celebrated historian published a once-famous History of France. The kingdom was founded, he explained, by Noah, who for that purpose gracefully assumed the name Gallus; hence the Roman designation Gaul. Jupiter, Pluto and Neptune were early monarchs. The Vandals appeared there in the year 3464 after the creation of the world. About the same time one Alexander the Great cut quite a figure in Asia, but while conquering everybody else he never dared attack the Scythians, because they were a colony of France. The English were also a colony of France, deriving their name Angles from Anjou.

For a long time thereafter historians wrote more accurately, but not much more profitably. The writing of real history is virtually a modern art, or a modern revival. Voltaire pointed out how it should be done. "I wish," he said, "to write a history, not of wars, but of society." Again: "My object is the history of the human mind and not a dull recital of petty facts. I am not concerned with the history of great lords who made war upon the kings of France; but I want to know what were the steps by which men passed from barbarism to civilization."

But to write history that way requires immense pains and the highest intelligence. A junk heap of mere political events is far easier.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Herbert Johnson—Himself

By Himself

A MOVING PICTURE is created by the joint efforts of a literary person who writes the scenario; a director who supervises the action; a photographer who films it; a costumer who dresses it; and hosts of people who act it. A cartoon is a similar literary, pictorial and dramatic goulash—created, assembled and condensed by one person. Analyze any good cartoon and you will find all the ingredients—story, action, character, dialogue, costumes, scenery, and—if it is really a good cartoon—plot and moral as well.

A cartoonist owes his origin as such to a combination of aptitudes, opportunities and reactions resembling the mixing of chemicals in a laboratory experiment. The result may be a loud report or a harmless smell; but in either case it is not to be measured in the terms of any one art. Of course drawing of some kind is fundamental. Good drawing is desirable, but it must not hog the scene or be so natural as to be out of character. In my judgment the tradition of London Punch is the sanest and soundest for cartoonists to follow.

I began as assistant cartoonist of the Denver Republican when I was about eighteen, after the usual experiments in other employments, such as clerking in a country store, stenography and bookkeeping. I have had no formal art education and have held four jobs as cartoonist—one in Denver, one in Kansas City and two in Philadelphia.

Twelve years ago I came from New York with a commission to do a week of horse-show sketches for the Philadelphia North American, which week developed into a seven years' engagement. Five years ago I gave up daily newspaper work to join the staff of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My ideal of a cartoonist is one who owns a nice farm and doesn't have to draw. I smoke a pipe in moderation and plant trees to excess. My favorite book is any within reach. My favorite Old Master is Arthur B. Frost, and I have no pet aversions except congressmen and rose beetles.

Lois McFadden

THE modern Bo-Peep shown at the top of this page with her flock has carried off many prizes at the International Live Stock Exposition. She early took an interest in the sheep on her father's stockfarm, but her first venture on her own account was in 1911, when she requested that one carlot of sheep be turned over to her care. Miss McFadden not only took entire charge of the animals but determined how much and what they should be fed; and that year her sheep were first-prize winners at the International. Since that time she has annually fed one or more loads for the show, besides several loads that have been sent to the regular market. Animals of her feeding have several times topped the market, and only once has she failed to feature prominently among the winners at the Stock Show. Though she took up sheep feeding as a pastime rather than as a business venture, she has proved to her own satisfaction that it is an occupation that women should find interesting and profitable.

Jane Rippin—Herself

By Her Husband

WORKS . . . . . Most twenty-four hours a day
Favorite outdoor sport . . . . . Gardening
Favorite indoor sport . . . . . Double solitaire
Favorite food . . . . . Candy
Personal domestic relations . . . . . Easy
Ambitious to learn to swim, to be a lawyer, and to see every little thing done well. Believes that Theodore Roosevelt is the greatest living American, that the Allies will win the war and that clothes help to make the man.

So much for Mrs. Rippin as she is seen at home. Many readers already know of the big things she is doing outside her home as chief probation officer of the Juvenile, Misdemeanants, Domestic Relations and Criminal Divisions of the Municipal Court of Philadelphia. People, as a rule, find the solving of one set of domestic problems about all they care to tackle, but Mrs. Rippin solves them by the hundred; and thousands of children come under her care through the Juvenile Court. She has a pet idea that she hopes some day to see in practice—a Family Court, which would really be a combination of the present Domestic Relations and Juvenile Courts, where the problems of the grown-ups and of the children of a family would be threshed out under the same set of probation officers and the same set of judges.

Paul S. Reinsch

THOSE who have not already read it would do well to look up an article by Samuel G. Blythe, which appeared a few months ago in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, entitled The First Time in Five Thousand Years. It will give them a good idea of the type of man who is representing this country in China during these difficult times. Doctor Reinsch, who is shown below seated at his desk, has made international and public law the chief study of his life. His interest in the Far East began in 1898 when the "battle of concessions" in China was attracting public attention, and when in 1913 he was appointed Minister to China he took with him to his new work a sense of acquaintanceship with that country and a deep interest in its civilization and progress. He, perhaps, more than any other man, is responsible for bringing China into line at the time that President Wilson broke off diplomatic relations with Germany, and his method of handling that situation showed him to be a skilled diplomat as well as a resourceful leader.

The recent disturbance in China has, no doubt, offered him opportunities to write more brilliant pages into his record.

A PERIL TO GERMAN POWER

By A. CURTIS ROTH

Former United States Vice Consul at Plauen, Germany

GERMANY is slowly disintegrating. The fearful stresses and strains of the war seem to have loosened the bolts of the wonderful German organization, until but a shell of the organism is left—the army and navy. Military and naval Germany are still in position to cause the world much trouble; but the effective power of civilian support is on the ebb.

On the other hand, the menace of a miserable, underfed populace is approaching the flood tide. There is needed only a leader in Germany to-day to give the widespread, dull-aching protest against further useless sacrifices a resistless momentum.

Liebknecht was too incautious, Philip Scheidemann apparently lacks daring. There are, however, innumerable lesser leaders, who are carrying on local propagandas, circulating literature of a near-revolutionary character from hand to hand, and stimulating the miserable discontent among the working people in quiet gatherings. Revolutionary ideas find ready acceptance and ready expression among the wives of the soldiers in the field. The men are far more circumspect than the women; but I have heard, on many occasions, German workmen give vent to ideas that opened my eyes to the miraculous changes that war sufferings have worked in the well-disciplined German masses.

Women Risk Their Lives to Bring Goodies to the Soldiers in the Trenches

War began in Germany a great national picnic. I shall never forget the flower-bedecked, capersome and wildly vocal troops that went hurtling through my district to the Western Front during the first two weeks of war, one such troop train every fifteen minutes. In those early days half of the people in the small Saxon city where I was stationed thronged the railroad station, in holiday temper and attire, from early morning until far into the night, to cheer the soldiers going out to victory. The spirit of festival was in the air; and, though the eyes of some worried wife or mother dimmed with tears of misgiving here and there, those eyes soon brightened again in the general contagion of enthusiasm. My friends all bade me "Good-by until winter!"

Before the year was out the spirit of festival had fled from Germany never to return. The news from the Marne drifted back with the gray-clad private on furlough and the holiday mood of the people changed to grim determination. Confidence in the army was unshaken, but enthusiasm waned in the face of the terrible costs of war. The bright-faced girls and young women, who had gayly banded together at the beginning for the lark of national service, now found upon their hands a world of saddening work to do. The hospitals were filled to overflowing with wounded, and death struck right and left among the families of the land. There was, however, still plenty of food on hand, and life back of the Front still went on in a fairly normal tenor.

Rich Germans in Comfort

THEN hopes for a decision in Russia, in Serbia and at Verdun were disappointed. The Italians entered the war against their former allies. The terrifying food shortages developed. The casualty lists grew and grew. Old people died of starvation and babies died for want of proper nourishment. Women became the sole winners of their families' miserable daily bread, and were forced more and more into the grind of an unaccustomed drudgery. Poverty, hunger, want and heartbreak settled like a blight over Germany. The atmosphere became dreadful to endure in its misery. And, long before the great General Staff made an implied admission of the failure at Verdun, the ferment of despair among the people was giving rise to numerous warning indications of the disintegration of the organized German people. To-day there is rebellion in the hearts of millions of German men and women back of the Front; but—such is the German organization—the leaders are all with the Government and the army is loyal to the leaders.

The German classes were welded into a marvelously well-coördinated organism before the war. These classes are now drawing apart. The great mass of the people have come to feel that their interests no longer go hand in hand with those of the land barons, the bureaucrats, or the great manufacturers and merchants, with the financiers and shippers, or with their ruling families. A great, great number of the people are panting for peace at any price. Their endurance has been tried to the breaking point. They want a rest from war; must have such a rest soon, or they will turn savage in their misery, as did the German peasants once before.

Since my return to the United States I have read many reports, with considerable interest, to the effect that the splendid German social sense has brought about an equitable distribution of the burdens of the war upon all classes of the people. These reports deal with theory, not with fact. The wage-earning class in Germany has staggered under such an unequal load of war burdens that it has become restive and rebellious. A description of how the severe food shortages have been borne, in theory and in fact, will best illustrate the point.

Staple foods are distributed to all the people by means of a card-rationing system. High and low receive weekly cards entitling them to purchase the same quantities of bread, meat, butter, potatoes, sugar, and other staples. Though the rich are able to enjoy fully their allotted rations, the poor can only afford to buy the bread and the potatoes, their butter, egg, sugar and meat ration cards being little more to them than a mockery of their necessities. Moreover, game, domestic fowl, fish, and other foods coming under the head of luxuries, can be purchased in any quantity the individual pocketbook can stand. Thus, there has been little cause for the well-to-do to learn the bitter sufferings of famine.

The food situation offers material for the explanation of but one of the phases of the unequal war hardships borne by the wage-earning class. Theirs has been the cup of special bitterness. The men of this class have marched away to the battle fronts, and the wives and daughters have been forced to take up all manner of rough, brutalizing work, from street cleaning and the digging of mains to labor over the metal forge. The mothers and fathers of the poor have fallen victims to improper diet; to a war diet too coarse and scant for aged organs to endure. The babies of the poor have died for want of milk.

The small savings of the wage-earning class have long ago been consumed. In short, the German wage-earners have become little better than the chattel slaves of a most unfavorable circumstance. When one remembers that the wage-earning class in Germany before the war was, in many respects, the best-cared-for in the world, one is able to form a somewhat vivid picture of the bitterness and dumb anger in the hearts of these people to-day.

The war has manufactured Socialists in Germany on a great scale. A friend of mine—the owner of a large dress-goods mill—returned from his first six months' experience in the trenches with such radical political ideas as fairly to take my breath. He inveighed bitterly against the brutal and unfeeling conduct of the officers; more especially against the insolent aristocratic fledglings fresh in commands. He told me that those cases were rare in which officers and common soldiers were held together by bonds of sympathy; and he characterized the overbearing consciousness of caste on the part of the officers as one of the greatest weaknesses of the army.

I have listened to innumerable complaints on the part of the men against their officers. Of course in the German Army there obtains a more rigid discipline than in any other army in the world, and this discipline is bound to give occasion for more or less dissatisfaction. There has emerged, however, this fact, with an increasing clearness as the war went on, in my conversations with privates: The gulf between the officer caste and the common-soldier caste has steadily widened during the war. The same drawing apart of classes has taken place upon the battlefields that has taken place back of the Front; and this forms another indication of the disintegration of the German organization.

One young man, who had spent several years in America and who had his first papers, put the case to me one evening very bluntly—and possibly much exaggerated—when he said that three-quarters of the soldiers of the Saxon regiments would lay down their arms and desert to the enemy trenches were it not for the fact that they remembered all too well what they had seen in Belgium and France.

The rebellious spirit broadcast among the people back home has exercised and is still exercising a most potent effect for the promotion of sullen discontent in the ranks of the field armies. The soldier who, while baring his breast to all of the devilish terrors of the modern battle for the glory of his country, knows that wife and children back home are dragging out miserable existences on starvation rations, coarsened by the roughest kind of debasing toil, wearied in spirits and broken in health—that soldier loses his ardor for the fight; loses confidence in his leaders; loses all patriotism in the hopelessness of his grief.

The Pitiable Plight of the German Poor

THESE women and children of the wage-earners are the discontented—or, from the Prussian point of view, the malcontents—who, I firmly believe, will sooner or later goad the army to open rebellion. I have seen these war-harried women get out of hand a number of times in food and fuel riots. I have seen them rough things up in a way that boded ill for German officialdom once they are able to win their menfolk to their side. And the stern methods of repression and suppression that had to be employed on those occasions only went to distill a greater bitterness, a greater hatred in the hearts of these sufferers.

Many times I have heard the women of the poor denounce their Kaiser in the roundest terms of deep personal hatred in gatherings round the vegetable or dairy counters in the poorer quarters. And—what will astonish those who knew the Germany of before the war—I have seen the police turn upon their heels and walk out of earshot rather than arrest these women!

Toiling like slaves by day in ditches, foundries, sweat-shops, and at all manner of heavy labor, and eating their hearts out with anxious care by night; suffering the pangs of slow starvation and watching their children suffer; deprived of all creature comforts—not to speak of their harmless amusements of better days; and seeing no end of their misery, nothing but an endless round of toil that leads to naught, of hunger, of want, of death—is it any wonder that these women are rebellious, that they hate war and war lords with a savage hatred, that they no longer respond to the phrases of Pan-Germanism, that they are of a temper to turn and rend things?

When the soldiers go home on furloughs they listen to the outpourings of wrath and suffering of their womenfolk. During the early months of the war soldiers back on leave were talkative, cheerful, optimistic. Now they go about the streets or cluster about the tables in the cafés and beer gardens in taciturn, dark-browed groups, short and sullen in their speeches, and heavy and hopeless in their spirits.

There is, of course, in Saxony—where I was stationed—an added sense of wrong and injury among the common people. Saxony is the stronghold of the German Social Democrat. It is a great industrial country, depending upon the output of its factories for the feeding and clothing of its people. Dress goods, piece goods, manufactured laces, pottery, leather goods, iron and steel goods, and innumerable other staple products of the factory and forge, were produced in Saxony for export until the outbreak of the war.

Thus, Saxony is primarily a land of wage-earners. Moreover, it is thickly populated; and so its markets are

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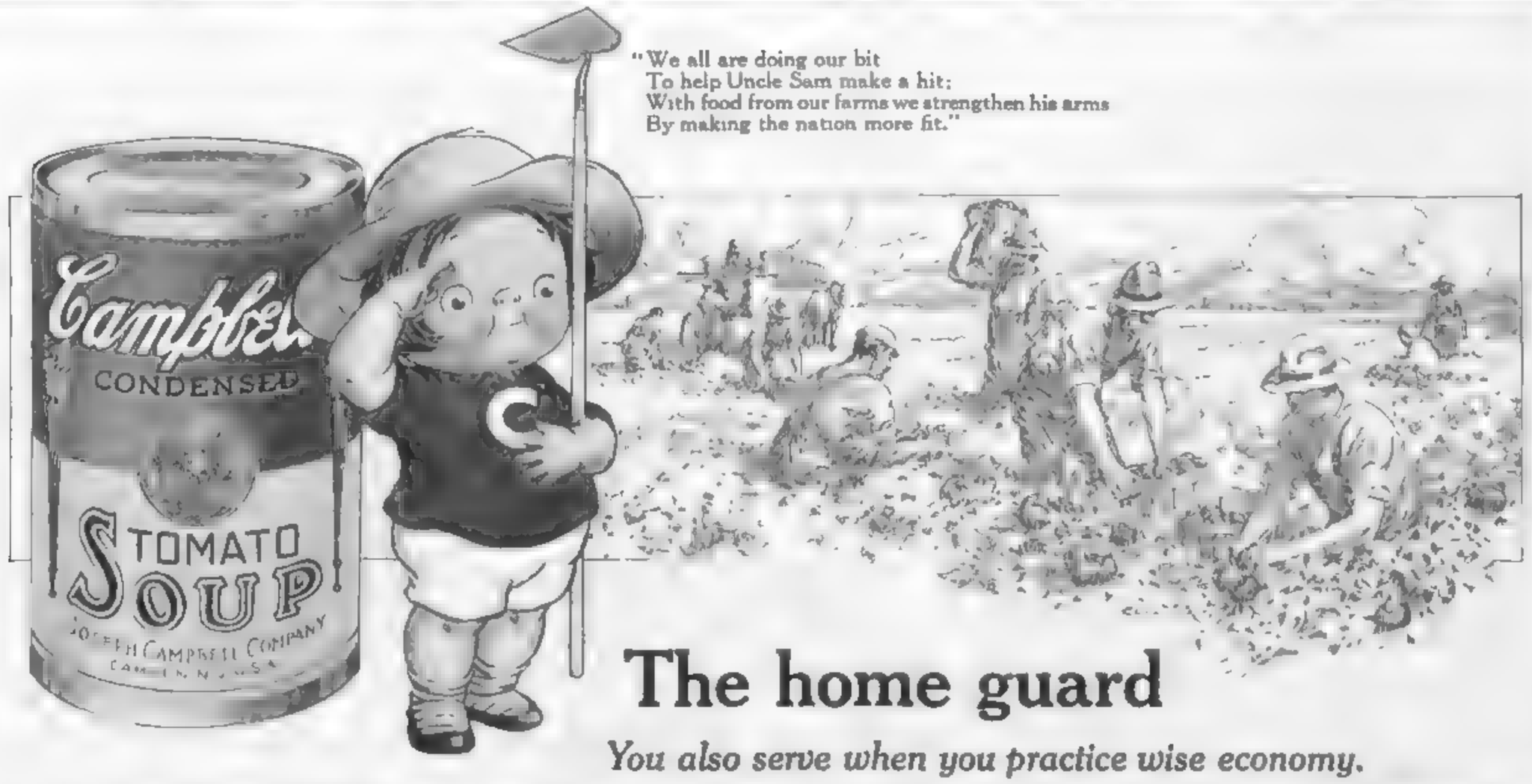

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As President Wilson says, you thereby "put yourself in the ranks of those who serve the nation." And economy does not mean denying yourself plenty of wholesome food. On the contrary it means having and enjoying such food to the full. But it should be provided in a sensible practical way, without extravagance or waste. And this is what *Campbell's* nourishing soups consistently help you to do.

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The fresh vine-ripened tomatoes are gathered in perfect condition and made into soup without delay.

By the improved Campbell method we retain all their delicious natural flavor and valuable tonic properties. We blend the pure juice with other choice ingredients, making a soup that is wholesome as well as tempting.

As an opening dinner-course it strengthens digestion, makes the dinner more palatable and more nutritious. Or serve it with milk added—according to the simple directions on the label; or with boiled rice or noodles, and it becomes in itself the best part of a pleasing light meal—easily digested and completely satisfying.

It comes to you perfectly cooked and prepared—all ready for your table. This saves your materials; *saves your fuel.* You have no spoilage nor waste to pay for. You have the benefit of what is practically a great community kitchen—the most completely equipped soup-making establishment in the world. You have the benefit of quantity buying and judicious selection, all done in the season of full freshness and abundance.

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Asparagus	Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mock Turtle	Pepper Pot
Beef	Clam Bouillon	Mulligatawny	Printanier
Bouillon	Clam Chowder	Mutton	Tomato
Celery	Consommé	Ox Tail	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Julienne	Pea	Vegetable
			Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 26)

sensitive to every upward tendency in price. Therefore the Saxons, producing but an insufficient supply of food on their own farms, have felt the terrible German food shortage far more keenly than any other German people. They have suffered, too, more heavily under the extreme rise in prices caused by the war.

Again, their factories, formerly doing business with every corner of the world, dependent to a large degree upon foreign orders, have been forced to shut down by the score, throwing tens of thousands of people out of work. Plauen, where the consular office for southwestern Saxony is situated, derives the greater part of its income from machine-made lace. Practically all of this city's world-famed lace factories were compelled to close down by the war.

War has laid an unusually heavy hand upon the Saxon people. Their hardships have been greater than those of any other German people; and they stand to win the least from a successful conclusion of the war. The Prussians and the Bavarians, the leading spirits in the German Confederation, have crowded the Saxons on one side; and the result has been an intense reawakening of a sense of Saxon nationality among them, in contradistinction to a sense of German nationality.

But the chief feeling of resentment among the Saxons is due to a cause other than the blighting hardships they have been called upon to bear. The Saxon soldiers—and many officers among them, as well—insist that wherever there has been especially dangerous work to do, wherever the toll of death has promised to be most heavy, there the Saxon troops have been stationed. This, they say, has been the policy of the war lords, because of the widespread socialism in the ranks of the Saxon regiments. The Saxony soldier feels that he is being ruthlessly and purposefully sacrificed; and he has grown morose and rebellious in these thoughts.

Whether there is any justification for this belief of the Saxon soldier or not, I cannot say. It is, however, held everywhere among the people and in the army. I do know that the Saxon losses have been terribly heavy; that there was hardly a family in my district which had not lost one or more in actions on the Fatherland's many battle fronts. The regiment stationed in Plauen, at the time I left, had already been entirely wiped out seven times! Of all the gay, ardent, dashing young officers, with whom I dined, hunted and gamed before the war, not one was left to bid me farewell upon the day of my departure. All had met their deaths on the various battlefields.

The spirit of revolt among the poorer people is not peculiar to Saxony alone, however. It reaches throughout Germany. The wage-earners have borne about all they are able to bear; and wherever one goes in Germany to-day it is, indeed, a rare thing to hear a patriotic or enthusiastic word from the lips of one in the ranks of the common people. On the other hand, one hears angry and rebellious speeches almost as often in Berlin as in Leipsic. There is necessary only a successful spark to fire the mine, and the German masses will make a short end to the régime that has caused them so much suffering.

The Revolutionary Spirit

The causes for the breaking up of Germany's wonderful organization have been many. This system was one brought into a delicate balance before the war. The junker, the land-baron class, was opposed to the rich merchant and industrial class in many lines of interest. Both of these groups, favored by fortune, were opposed to the wage-earning class in many other lines of interest. By reason of the delicate adjustments the German workingman was able to secure many advantages from the Government. The Agrarian and the Labor interests, working together, secured many benefits for Labor; and Labor and the Industrials, working together upon occasion, added to these benefits.

The war has completely destroyed this equilibrium. It has slowly reduced the position of the German worker to one little better than slavery. It has largely exhausted his savings, thus minimizing his old independence of action. It has increased the prices of all necessities to a point that forces him to an unremittent breathless grind in the endeavor to earn enough to cover outlays for the barest fundamental needs of life. It has taken away from him all of those creature comforts that stimulate the ambitions of men. It has saddled him with a growing and an appalling burden of taxes. It has completely broken up his home life, driving his wife and children into the hardest forms of toil. It is making his future, day by day, one of darker and darker probabilities.

And the wage-earners recognize this. They fully realize that they stand to lose everything through a continuation of the war. They are becoming more than sullen—they are becoming restive and frightened.

On the other hand, the war has greatly strengthened the economic position of the Agrarians, the manufacturers and the big merchants. In political parlance the war has established all the reactionary elements in Germany so fast in the saddle that they no longer need or seem to care about the support and good will of the people. The great landowners have made great fortunes out of the war. The steel and the staple textile industries have profited enormously. The war has worked out in such a way as to give the reactionary elements in Germany a vast mortgage upon the future of the masses, reducing a former important political factor in the country to a place little better than one of involuntary servitude.

This economic feature of the war has brought about a sharp rift in the German organization. It has brought about a condition of affairs that fully justifies the distinction made by President Wilson between the German Government and the German people. The interests of the German masses and of the German leaders no longer go hand in hand; the German people are facing a future, through continued warfare, of staggering debt, debasing poverty and political nonimportance. The German leaders, on the other hand, are developing an autocracy more powerful, both politically and economically, than ever was the Slav autocracy in Russia. The President, in giving voice to the distinction between the German people and the German leaders, gave voice to a distinction that the German people themselves are coming to realize more and more clearly with each succeeding month of the war.

The leaders of the German Social-Democratic party have long since recognized the menacing trend of the war. For more than a year and a half they have been exerting themselves to force the Government to declare peace conditions acceptable to the Entente Allies. Their opposition has been restrained, however, by a haunting fear that victory by their enemies must mean the economic destruction of Germany for all time—the destruction of Germany's factories, of her trade and of her political unity. Thus they have felt themselves to be between the devil and the deep sea. They fear and hate their Government, but they fear the enemy more; and the Government has left no means untried to impress them with the terror of an Entente victory.

The Socialist leaders, therefore, have kept a damper upon the growing revolutionary spirit among the people, and have restrained their own efforts to the continual insistence that the Government shall define its peace terms; and that it shall make these peace terms such as can be accepted by the enemy alliance. It is more than a year now since Philip Scheidemann made his famous address in which he endeavored to commit the Chancellor, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, to a program of peace upon the basis of "no annexations; no indemnities."

Von Bethmann refused to be committed. The German reactionaries took the bit of Government in their teeth and made a headlong career for the full realization of the Pan-German program. The people, however, are not prepared to follow them. With an uncompromising discipline ingrained in their very souls, with a hopeless lack of leaders and an equally hopeless lack of capacity for breeding leaders from among their own ranks, with danger threatening every step toward organization, and with the machine guns, the jails and the organization all in the hands of their opponents, it is little wonder that the German people have been slow to give expression to the true conditions of mind that animate them to-day. But sooner or later these people, already goaded to desperation by the burdens they have been called upon to bear, will inject their bitter spirit of revolt into the ranks of the army, when the present German Empire will bring up in chaos.

Mathias Erzberger's recent attempt—backed by a majority of the Reichstag—to commit the Government to a declaration of "no annexations; no indemnities" resulted in the retirement of Von Bethmann. Whatever may be the policies of his successor, the attitude of the Reichstag indicates the temper of the German people.

Those of the middle class still wear a stanch patriotism to the view; but they, too, are oppressed with a fear that all their sacrifices have been in vain; that German arms can never prevail. When Rumania entered the war a state of mind bordering on panic took possession of most of my friends. Many of them, clamorous patriots, expressed to me the fear that Germany's fated defeat was made plain by the entrance of Rumania.

Considerable disintegration has taken place in the material organization of Germany as well as in her spiritual organization. The German railroad systems not only have been greatly disorganized by war but have suffered a significant deterioration. It has been impossible to keep the roadbeds in repair, to replace the worn rails and switches, and to renew the rolling stock. The result is, the railroads are no longer the efficient roads they were at the outbreak of the war. The trains now are invariably from one to three or four hours late, and it is impossible to move troops to-day on the schedules that prevailed in the early part of the war. This, of course, is a very real factor in the reduction of Germany's military efficiency.

General Deterioration

It has been impossible, too, to keep the great state roads—the *Landstrassen*—in repair. Those roads, which in former days were the envy of motorists from all parts of the world, are now worn deep with ruts and fretted with hollows. Thousands of Russian and French prisoners have been kept at work upon these roads; but, so heavy have been the traffic requirements of the armies at the Front, it has not been possible to keep pace with the amount of repair work necessary. Superior means for communication has been a prime necessity in German strategy, and it is the deterioration of her state roads and railroads that has, to a great degree, lamed the striking power of her armies.

There has been an increasing difficulty in the replacement of the machines used in the various metal-working industries. Many of these machines were formerly imported from England and America, and the German forges have been hard put to it to make up for the lost import. In some of the factories turning out metal manufactures not used in the arts of war the machinery equipment has fallen into such a state of ill repair as to cause the closing down of the shops. The Vogtlandische Maschinen Fabrik, which made wonderful automatic lace machines in the pre-war days, has entirely given up this line of manufacture and now turns out nothing but shrapnel.

Disorganization in German industry has been complete. For example, the German building trades have had practically nothing to do for the last two years. The construction of dwellings, office buildings and public works has been brought to a full standstill by the war. The vast army of workers engaged in these trades has been drafted into other lines—into the mines and the munition factories. The manufacture of many lines of luxuries has been forbidden, thus shutting down another important factor in the German industrial world that formerly gave employment to tens of thousands of workers. The manufacture of staples and war materials runs at full blast day and night, while the strength of the peace industries ebbs and ebbs, and while the host of workers for the Interests of a world organized for peace starve as unskilled labor in the roughest lines of endeavor.

The signs of physical decay on every hand; the worn, rubbly streets; the buildings grown dingy and out of repair; the miserable broken-down and antiquated conveyances that make up the traffic on the streets; the unkempt, desolate parks; the closed stores and the meagerly filled show windows of the stores still open; the

(Concluded on Page 31)

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Lifter Ice Cream Co.
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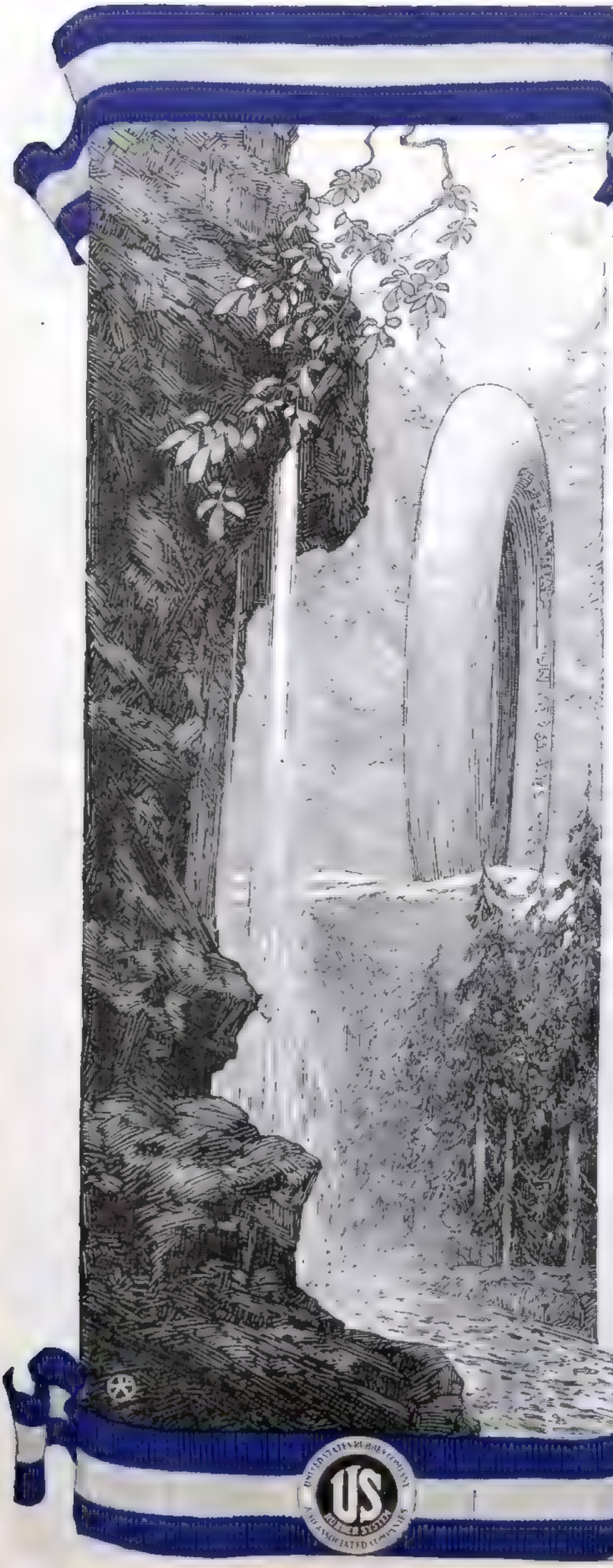
and is guaranteed for one year

Although the TRUXTUN complete costs less than any truck of the same capacity, it is built with internal gear axle, shaft drive—just as the highest grade standard trucks are.

Shaft drive was adopted for the TRUXTUN because truck manufacturers and users have proved it to be the simplest, most efficient and economical form of drive. Chain drive has been superseded until now 90% of all standard trucks operate by shaft drive.

The TRUXTUN has the additional advantage of a solid forged nickel steel axle which gives it much greater strength and durability than the built-up, cast and bolted casings used on many moderate priced trucks.

TRUXTUN



Amazing Mileage of United States Tires Based on Sound Plain Tread Construction

Sound plain tread construction is the real basis of tire endurance.

The anti-skid tire is essentially neither more nor less than plain tread construction, plus anti-skid qualities.

* * *

All that vast experience and knowledge can do,

—all that mechanical skill can produce,

—all that the most carefully selected raw materials can give,

—all that the soundest, time-tried principles of construction can accomplish,

—are put into the building of the *United States 'Plain' Tread Tire.*

The *'Plain' Tread* is made with this result in mind,

—that the *United States 'Plain' Tread Tire* shall endure as a rock endures;

—that the *United States Anti-Skid Tires*—the *'Nobby'*, *'Chain'* and *'Usco'*—shall have all the endurance of the *'Plain' Tread*, plus the extra wear of the anti-skid treads.

* * *

But just as dropping water will wear away a stone, so will roads wear away tires.

Some tires wear fast; others wear slower;

—but—*one make of tire* must last longer than any of the rest,

—and we honestly believe, on the basis of past performances, that *United States Tires* are the one make of tire that lasts longest.

* * *

Everything points that way:

—the steady falling-off of demands for adjustments;

—the use of only the finest rubber and fabric along lines of sound scientific construction;

—the *United States Tire Company's* exclusive patented vulcanizing process which toughens without hardening the rubber;

—the amazing and consistent sales increases of *United States Tires:*

—all these reasons and many more point the way clearly and unmistakably to the superior service-giving qualities of *United States Tires.*

United States Tires Are Good Tires

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use
'Nobby' 'Chain'
'Royal Cord' 'Usco' 'Plain'

United States TUBES and TIRE ACCESSORIES Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme

(Concluded from Page 28)

frayed, unattractive clothes of ancient style displayed by the people on the streets, and the weariness, sorrow and suffering in the faces of these people—all these elements go to make up an environment that is sapping the resolution and the will of even the most patriotically inclined.

Before I left Germany, a tinge of sadness and of doubt had crept into the *Wir müssen durchhalten!*—We must hold out!—of those among my friends whose confidence in an ultimate victory for the German arms had never wavered in the face of most severe personal privations and trials.

It is the state of mind among the German people, I believe, that furnishes the most significant ground for the hope of an early victory for our cause. Despite the weakening of her material strength, Germany could fight on for years; and, once behind the powerfully fortified lines of the frontier, they could defy the world to dislodge them through a generation. There would be sufficient man power forthcoming to stem the onrushing tide of a whole world drawn up for attack. Nor would there be any lack in the department of munitions of war.

There would, also, be sufficient stores of food to support life and fighting strength. The Germans have built up great food reserves to meet the contingency of a disastrous harvest, and the annual crops are sufficient to see the people through with a sufficient though monotonous and scanty diet. But the German state of mind will never endure this uttermost trial.

There is little or no chance that the battle lines in the East and West will ever be broken by frontal assault. There is still less chance that the German North Sea coast can ever be successfully approached, because the Germans have made this coast well-nigh impregnable through unremitting labors of fortification during the last three years. During the entire course of the war armies of German engineers and laborers have wrought upon the defenses of the whole German frontier, strengthening the existing fortifications, building new defensive works, sinking lines of communication to safeguard them from enemy fire, constructing elaborate systems of entanglements, and—above all—establishing a formidable hedgework of guns along the entire line.

One of my friends, a Staff officer, giving free rein to his enthusiasm and admiration for the work that has been done, assured me that "Even the German Army could never hope to pierce a line so mightily fortified as is the line of the German frontier!"

When the People Rise

The same friend told me that the General Staff has been busily building up great surpluses of munitions throughout the war to meet the demands of the "supreme hour." This may well be true; for I can testify that thousands of factories and forges have entirely given up their pre-war lines of manufacture to work upon army contracts. I also know that the Vogtlandische Maschinen Fabrik kept such pace with its war orders that its warehouses were continually filled with shrapnel to the limits of their storage space. In short, I should say that in actual military and naval power Germany has made vast gains, rather than losses, during the last three years.

If Germany is to be defeated in the not-too-distant future, she must be defeated by reason of actions from within. There is no threat of defeat from without the long lines of trench and naval patrol. These lines might be swept slowly backward for years, without a break occurring anywhere in all the defensive Front.

The High German Command—and I have heard this assertion thousands of times from men of responsible military rank—is thoroughly confident that Germany can fight on for fifty years in a purely defensive warfare against the combined forces of the world, if necessary. The one weak link in the chain, the Balkan frontier, is now being strengthened, under the direction of German and Austrian engineers, with a view to making the entire frontier of the Central-European-Asia-Minor block impregnable.

There is, however, one important flaw in the German armor for defense, one important element that the German High Command has neglected in its calculations—and that is the will of the people. The German people will not fight on for fifty years. I doubt very much that they can be held to their bitter task for another year. The great mass of the people are rebellious in their hearts and they are only awaiting an opportunity to express their rebellious feelings in deeds.

Moreover, the German middle class, the backbone of Germany's strength, though still making a brave show of its devotion to *Kaiser und Reich*, is becoming more and more disheartened; more and more convinced that final victory cannot remain with the Germans. The ardor of this class has cooled long since, and its will to maintain the terrible contest is slowly but surely yielding.

During my last year in Germany there was considerable talk among the working people concerning the German Republic. There were circulated furtively stray propaganda sheets which told the people that their enemies would never make peace with the present German Government; that the people could expect no surcease of their sufferings so long as their Kaiser and his junkers ruled. Lloyd George was quoted, and the quotations made considerable impression upon the minds of the suffering workers.

Words Stronger Than Armies

I have no doubt the same efforts are being made to circulate the words of President Wilson among the working people, and that such an accomplishment will hasten the day upon which the masses of Germany will take matters into their own hands and offer their enemies peace through the emissaries of the German Republic.

Though the talk about a German Republic was indignantly met by people of the well-to-do middle class in the beginning, there were not wanting those who played with the idea and speculated upon it when the sufferings of all began to prolong themselves into a seemingly endless vista after the definite repulse of the German arms before Verdun. The feeling that the outlook is utterly hopeless for the realization of the Pan-German program has made many recruits among all classes to that great army of Germans which to-day is clumsily feeling its way toward some means for bringing about a restoration of peace.

German officialdom is on a headlong course to destruction. It has strained the bonds that formerly bound it to the people until those bonds have broken. The process of disintegration, which began after the defeat upon the Marne, has reached such a stage that he who runs may read the certain story of impending revolution. The people look with sullen suspicion upon their Kaiser and all their present rulers, and they are being taught that all their hardships would cease, once they can rid themselves of those rulers.

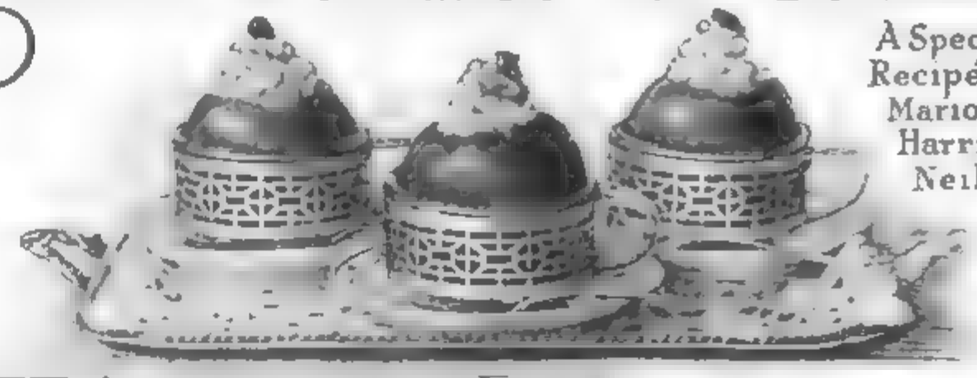
Seditious talk has been common and very pointed for some time in Germany; and so widespread were the indications of the approaching storm that the astute Liebknecht believed, more than a year ago, that the time was ripe, and sought to fire the blast by an open call to revolution made upon a public place in Berlin. Liebknecht left out of consideration the inertia of a people so thoroughly disciplined as are the Germans. He failed; but the leader who follows him will sweep away the present régime in a flood of anger far more destructive than was that flood which made Russia democratic.

It is not the breaking down of Germany's military power, the attrition of her men and materials, that will win this war. It is the breaking down of the German leaders' hold upon the people that will win it. And I, for one, am firmly convinced that President Wilson, by making his wise distinction between the German Government and the German people, and by his frank declaration of purpose to aid these German people to free themselves from the bonds of autocracy, has enlisted a psychological factor to fight upon the side of the Entente Allies of more significance than the Fleet of England or the Army of Russia.

I believe that President Wilson's words will hasten the day of peace by strengthening and stimulating an irresistible movement for freedom among the miserable, embittered German masses.

Tomatoes stuffed à la Gulden

A Special Recipé by Marion Harris Neil



HERE'S a dish you will often serve after you try it once. Stuffed Tomatoes—with the rare flavor and zest that only Gulden's Mustard can give.

The purest of grain vinegar, selected mustard seeds and pungent spices are skillfully blended in Gulden's, producing a flavor that has been an American favorite for half a century.

Also use Gulden's Mustard with meats, fish, sandwiches, etc. It makes favorite foods taste better and is the most economical, most delightful condiment you can buy. At your grocers or delicatessen.

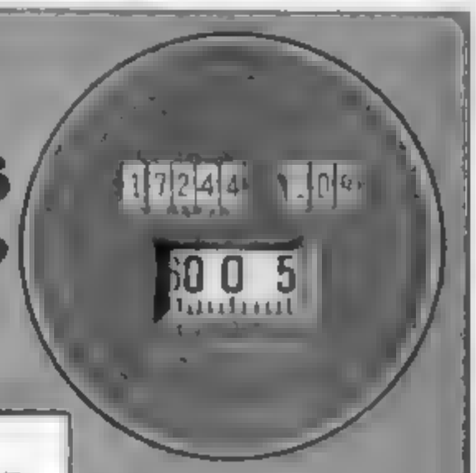
CHARLES GULDEN, Inc.
40 Elizabeth Street, New York City

STUFFED TOMATOES

6 large tomatoes; ½ cup boiled rice; ½ tablespoon Gulden's Mustard, 1 teaspoon salt; ½ teaspoon paprika, 2 tablespoons chopped cooked ham; 1 teaspoon chopped parsley; 1 tablespoon sauce, or gravy, 1 shallot, chopped, 4 tablespoons butter. Wipe tomatoes with a cloth, remove stalk and cut round piece neatly out of top of each. With a teaspoon, scoop out inside, and put in bowl, be careful not to break outside skin. Melt butter in saucepan, add shallot, ham, seasonings, pulp, and gravy and cook for a few minutes. Then fill the tomatoes with this stuffing. Put some rice on top of each. Place in greased fireproof dishes, cover with greased paper and bake in a moderate oven until tender, but not broken. Serve hot.

GULDEN'S MUSTARD

How Many Miles This Summer?



ARE the brakes on *your* car in good condition? Do they hold, or is the lining worn after much use—this summer?

Perhaps the brakes require new lining—*good* lining. Raybestos lining. There is no shoddy in Raybestos. It has the hardness of stone. Get Raybestos. It may cost a little more, but it *wears*. And remember that it is guaranteed to give service for one year. Over 12,000 supply dealers sell Raybestos to discriminating motorists who realize the importance of brake lining that *wears*. Buy—

Raybestos BRAKE LINING

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WEARS

Up-to-date System for Retail Stores

Electrically Operated National Cash Register

Greatest labor-saving machine for retail merchants.

It does 15 things in three seconds.

It does quickly what clerks can't do.

Tells which clerk sells the most goods.

Advertises your goods direct to your customers.

The New N. C. R. Credit File

Cuts out all bookkeeping of customers' accounts.

No customers' ledger, blotter or daybook.

Every customer's account balanced to the minute.

Complete record with one writing.

Saves time and work for clerks.

Customers like it; it saves their time.

Prosperity is increasing. Freight congestion is growing greater. Hence don't delay.

Order now and get the profits which our system will make for you.

It more than pays for itself out of the money it saves. Sold on small monthly payments.

Adapted to retail stores of all kinds, from the smallest to the largest

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To Dept. A, National Cash Register Co., Dayton, Ohio

Please send me full particulars of your latest model cash register and the new N. C. R. credit file.

Name _____

Business _____

Address _____

Get the benefit of these prosperous times.

Cut out this coupon and mail it today.

WHAT YOU WILL FIND WHEN YOU GET TO FRANCE

(Continued from Page 23)

with an utter inability to attain it, so perhaps I can the better appreciate it. "Pip-squeaks," "Marias," "Johnsons," "Whizz-bangs" or just a simple little "Blighty" one—all were the same to me. I was born nervous of all projectiles. I might explain in passing that Tommy has adopted the term "Blighty" as meaning England, home and beauty. Therefore, a Blighty one is one that means the victim will be sent across the Channel in consequence thereof.

I could not tell you how much scorn a soldier put into a remark concerning a pal whose wound had been slight, but who had been sent back on account of it. "'E stopped one. But not proper—only with his 'and!"

The game is so big, so terribly fraught with consequences if an imaginative man lets his mind dwell on the possibilities, that it is nothing short of a blessing that the average human being is so constructed that he ponders little over what may happen, but rather engrosses himself in more useful occupation. Just what it is that makes Tommy so really thoughtless about the dangers of the firing line it is difficult to say. Doubtless his lack of worry comes from his good common sense, for of all the futile things a man can do when in the firing line or near it nothing can be more utterly without comfort or other blessed effect than to anticipate the worst continually.

True it is that humanity becomes used to any environments, any peculiar conditions that are imposed upon it. Acclimatization to Hun efforts at his individual and collective destruction does undoubtedly come to the man who experiences much of that sort of thing, whatever form the devilment may take.

That very getting used to things is a very real danger to every man in the line. No generalization as to the sort of individual action that may be brave or foolhardy, as the case may be, can be made. Circumstances may change the viewpoint from which such incidents should be judged. But every man should bear continually in mind that long immunity from accident is more than likely to induce carelessness.

I knew a lad, an officer in a very famous regiment of Hussars, who seemed to bear a charmed life. From Mons on he had held a staff position that was no sinecure. Time and again he came through a fight in a way that seemed little short of miraculous. He was a very gallant officer. He did not seem to me to be in the least foolhardy. He did not go out of his way to look for trouble. Time passed, and he went to the Dardanelles. He was given a very dangerous billet. He distinguished himself. Many of his companions fell as the days passed, but he still seemed unusually fortunate.

Odds of Five to One

He came back to France in due course, and went through the Battle of the Somme. His command lost heavily. He was in the forefront of the fighting, but his luck held and he came out unscathed. On May 23, 1917, that boy was killed. In a little further time he would have been through three years' fighting, bravely, unshirkingly, continuously. I sought news of the manner of his death. I found that he had taken a sniping shot at a Hun sharpshooter from the front-line parapet. His shot seemed to have reached its mark. Grabbing a pair of field glasses the boy raised his head over the trench top for an instant to see whether his bullet had done the work required. At that moment a Mauser bullet from a Hun rifle tore its way straight through the lad's forehead, and he fell back dead.

"He was looking for it, and he got it," said an old hand at the game, who knew the details. No, he was wrong. That boy was no daredevil in that sense. He had merely been at the game so long, and for so many months had seemed immune from hurt, that a moment came when his watchfulness took precedence no longer over his curiosity—and he paid the extreme penalty for that momentary lapse.

America wants live, virile soldiers. Some must pay the great price. All of us know that. But I always felt that there was one epitaph no one would write over my grave. That is "He looked for it." That never means "He chose a task that led to sure death." No, that peculiar "He looked for it" is never used at the Front in that connection. It implies carelessness, and is always accompanied with just a little note of criticism, along with the regret.

Carelessness is a bad trait in any walk of life. In warfare it may be one of the least forgivable errors—regardless of its consequences to him who allows himself to be accused of it. Risks may be quite justifiable. Be sure they are before you take them. Do not let it be said of you, when you stop one, that you looked for it. Remember that bravery and foolhardiness, courage and recklessness, have very different meanings when applied to a unit in an army.

Tommy Atkins needs no praise of mine to tell the American soldier how good he is. Most people who speak English have heard of his prowess. The men in the First Expeditionary Force, that went to France in August, 1914, under Sir John French, were among the very finest soldiers that the world has ever seen. In numbers the small contingent might well be referred to by the Kaiser as "French's contemptible little army," but it held on against five Germans, and more sometimes, to one Briton. Further, the Germans were the pick of the Hun horde.

His One Recollection

What the American will notice first and like best about the English soldier is his ever-present, saving sense of humor. When things are so bad that the ordinary mortal might be thinking of desertion or suicide, Tommy Atkins comes into his own. Given nothing to worry him, he is a chronic kicker. Real worries dissolve his complaints into thin air. He can see something funny in everything with which he comes into contact.

On May 13, 1915, dawn was the signal for a Boche howitzer bombardment of the Ypres salient that surpassed in intensity and duration any previous gunfire during the war. From four o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon it drifted from one section to another without respite. I was one thousand yards behind the trench line, which all forenoon was covered continuously with a heavy pall of smoke, as if a well-fed conflagration were raging beneath. The flashings of bursting shells in that smoke cloud were so numerous that no human eye could follow or count them, even in a most restricted range of vision. The sound was one grand, incessant roar. All the thunderstorms of time, crashing in splendid unison, would not have made a more magnificent din. The ear could not intelligently record so tempestuous a maelstrom of sound waves, and the brains of those in the midst of its wildest fury became numb and indifferent to the saturnalia of explosion.

For our part, at headquarters in the support dugouts, we could not distinguish the separate detonations of the shells for the greater part of the morning. One regiment, the Queen's Bays, held a bit of shattered front-line trench magnificently. Its right and left were in the air once, but it held on like grim death. It suffered heavily. German attacks swept up to that little band on several occasions, only to be hurled back with heavy losses.

I talked that night to one of the troopers who had been through that hell. His only impression was the recollection of a fat German observation officer who obtained a place of vantage in a shattered farmhouse near the Bays' line. No amount of sniping could dislodge him. Up came an armored car. The Hun officer in the farmhouse noted its approach and fled up the road as fast as he could run.

"I had to laugh so much at the funny figure the little fat chap cut, with the tails of his long gray coat flapping straight out behind him as he ran," said the trooper, "that I swear it did in any chance I had of hitting him. He got back to his own lot safe, I think, but he did make a holy show of himself doing it!"

That was the one thing that trooper remembered of that awful day.

It was this same sort of man that had come out with the First Infantry Division under Sir Douglas Haig, now Commander in Chief. In August, 1914, the First Division was fourteen thousand-odd strong.

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Women are entitled to own a Frantz Premier. How does your wife clean *your* home?

Nine Pounds of Sterling Quality!

We have branches and dealers nearly everywhere. Our price is modest—time payments if desired. Booklet on request.

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Many women have acquired the art of looking cool these August days by frequently using

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For the Complexion

Use this powder generously on face, arms and shoulders—it isn't expensive. Doesn't rub shiny. Stays on until you want it off.

Five shades—white, pink, flesh, cream and brunette. Carry a box with you.

Every druggist sells it.

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Are Two Wheels of Your Truck Loafing

IF the front wheels of your truck are merely carrying part of the load, they're *loafing*. They should be pulling. On the F-W-D Truck every one of the four wheels works. The strains and stresses are divided and distributed. So the F-W-D lasts years longer. It keeps ON the road and OUT of the repair shop.

We are the largest manufacturers of four wheel drive trucks in the world. The reason is evident when you understand the exclusive application of this principle in F-W-D Trucks. Make arrangements for demonstration. Write for booklets and descriptive catalog.

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The one that is up against the annoying and costly flooding with oil—

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You'll want SPLITDORF Plugs in the other cylinders too, when you see the difference in the firing and when you realize how the imported India ruby mica core overcomes all trouble through cracked porcelains.

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SPLITDORF
SPARK PLUGS

In six months its casualties—total lists of killed, wounded and missing of all ranks—had reached thirty-four thousand. Filled up more than twice with reserves. After twenty-eight days of continuous fighting, such of its regiments as the Queen's—West Surreys—came out of the firing line with but fifteen men and no officers left out of the battalion. The Black Watch mustered only sixty men and one officer, and the Loyal North Lancashires but one hundred and fifty men and two officers. Such battalions as the First Coldstreams, the First Cameronians, the Second Wiltshires and the Second Royal Scots were wiped out to a man—no one left to make a report. Those are only samples of the sort of casualties the British soldiers have gone through, and won through, in this war. I tell you, it takes real pluck to keep good spirits throughout, when suffering punishment; but that is just what Tommy Atkins has done.

The more amateur soldiers of England were good too. Once I gave a lift to an Essex Yeomanry trooper. His regiment had been in a hot charge the day before and had been almost wiped out. During the charge he had badly sprained his knee. By morning it had become so swollen and painful that he could only hobble along toward the rear. No thought of coming back the day before, after the charge, to have it attended to, had entered his mind.

"We were told to hang on till dark," he explained to me; "and it took all of us that were left to hang on. I couldn't have come back very well, could I?"

Coming through Ypres during hot fighting I passed a friend. "You have a fine bruise on your forehead," said I, pointing to a nasty raw bump the size of a goose egg. "How did you get it?"

"I haven't an idea," he answered; "unless a shell bounced off it. Some of 'em have come close enough, so one might have done so!"

That young sportsman, I learned later, had been insensible from gas, then delirious, that morning, yet he could pass a joke on his way back to the dressing station, sick as he was.

Hundreds of incidents might be told to illustrate the splendid discipline of the British Tommy. In March, 1915, the Huns took the town of St. Eloi from us. We won it back, all save one point. During that fighting the Fourth Battalion Rifle Brigade was sent up to take a trench. Another battalion had tried the job, but failed. The Rifle Brigade set its teeth and started for the hottest corner of the fray.

"You must cross that road," its commander was told, "though heaven only knows how anyone can get across it alive."

Sixteen Hun machine guns were playing on the open space over which the battalion must pass. It looked impossible, but over it they went. In less than sixty seconds eleven officers and two hundred and fifty men were down, but the rest pushed on. They reached the trench, some of them, cleared out the Huns with the cold steel, and consolidated the position—a fair sample of British-Army discipline and valor.

Love and Let Love

The American soldier must bear in mind that the British Tommy will know as little—or less—of America as the American knows of England and Great Britain. It is wise to remember that Welshmen love Wales and are proud of it; that a Scot comes from a land of which he is fiercely fond; that Irishmen, whether they be from Ulster or the South Counties, will fight as to the merits of their own home; that a Lancashire lad or a Yorkshire man differs from an East Anglian as much as a Devonian or Somerset man from him of Northumberland; and that the London cockney is of radically different mold from them all.

Almost every man in this world loves his home. Few men know that theirs is not the best home of all, and these few are seldom wise men, for all their knowledge. As the American expects to be allowed to love his own fair land, so let him tolerate in his comrade overseas such comrade's love of his home in turn. Of all the Allies, Australians are the most provincial as yet. They are less tolerant of any place on earth except Australia. New Zealanders are much more broad-minded in this particular, and Canadians are so much like our own good selves that we shall hardly know them from our own blood.

As to the Canadians in France, they have indeed done nobly. One night at the time of the first Hun gas attack two hundred Canadians were surrounded by Germans in a town named St. Julian. All night they fought on. Some of our men had gotten up sufficiently close to hear Huns call out to the gallant Canadians in a lull in the firing: "Surrender, Canadians! We are round you! You have no chance!"

"See you damned first! Come and get us!" was the answer sent back in the night by a clear young Canadian voice, and bedlam was again let loose. All our attacks of the next day failed to get to St. Julian. One came close, but all sounds of firing from the town had ceased. The last of the heroic two hundred had fallen. Weeks and months afterward anxious ones waited for word from German hospital or prison camp, but none came. The Canadians had fought on to the last man, to the bitter end!

American soldiers will be very close and good friends with the Anglo-Saxon troops in France, from whatever part of the British Empire they may come. They will find so many common interests and so many points of general agreement that they will be surprised. Then the fact that the Hun is the common enemy, and no enemy to be despised at that, will be a bond between all Allied soldiers.

The closer the bond the harder it will be for the Boche.

Some American soldiers who go to France may come into contact with the Belgian peasantry. They are markedly different folk from the French. Before the war they lacked the vivacity of the French, were slower of thought and of action, and their heartbreaking experiences during the last three years seem to have deadened many of them to all feeling.

In Shell-Torn Belgium

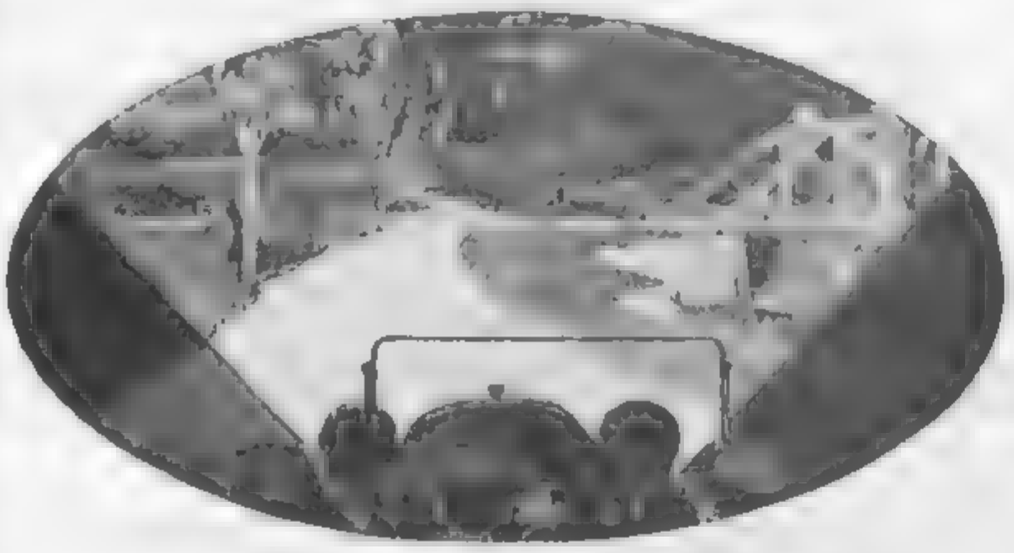
In most sections of the line nowadays the custom is to remove the country folk and villagers to places of safety, whether they will or no. Of all the attributes of the Belgian people, their persistence in making back to their homes in a shelled area, as soon as the shells cease falling, is the most prominent. Many of the peasants pursue their daily round of labor under shell fire. Many others leave the bombarded fields or villages, albeit reluctantly, only to return as soon as the shell splinters have ceased to spatter about.

Hard-worked toilers whose lives have been one continual round of labor are, more often than not, fatalists. Such lives produce men and women who accept conditions blindly and uncomplainingly. A peculiar love of the soil that they have tilled, and from which they have sprung, seems to take the place in many Flemish peasants of the more definite and definable Anglo-Saxon or Gallic spirit of intense patriotism. Many poor Belgians seem possessed of a blind instinct that home is safest, and once home is lost nothing worthy of preservation remains. Their attitude toward death borders on indifference.

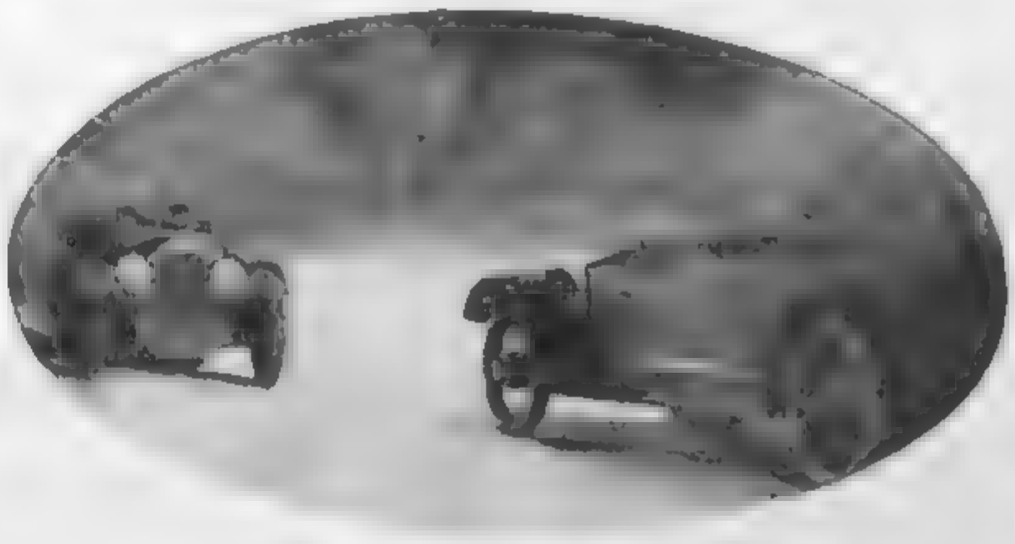
I remember a group of Belgian children I saw at play at the roadside. A dozen boys were engaged in a mock bombardment. A bottle served as the hostile town. Stones made good shells. All waited for the order "Fire!" and then rained shots at the target with a will. Now and then one of the children would say "Rumph! Rumph!" mockingly as a "Black Maria" fell near enough to jar them, but for the most part they paid scant attention to the fierce cannonade in progress all about. In a field by the road a man was plowing stolidly. A woman was hanging her washing on the line, singing as she worked. A thirteen-pounder anti-aircraft shell buried itself a few yards away, but she evinced no interest in it, and did not even allow its coming to interrupt her song.

Yet along that same road not many days before I had seen Belgian refugees pour back, forced off the road by the lorries, ambulances and guns. Slight mothers with numerous progeny—one, or sometimes two, of the lesser units in arms toiled by. Each Belgian, young or old, capable of carrying a load, bore a heavy burden. Bicycles with huge bundles balanced on the saddles were pushed along haltingly, as road space permitted. One lad passed on crutches, flanked by two grandames carrying blue buckets crammed tight with portions of the family wardrobe. The strong wind tossed their unwieldy bundles, and they stumbled awkwardly out of the path of hurrying traffic, their feet bruised against the stones that edged the

(Concluded on Page 37)



No Dark Roadsides—No Hidden Turns



No Glare—No Dimmers—No Law Forbids

Night Roads
As 550,000 See Them

Compare these night roads with the roads you see without the Warner-Lenz. You can in five minutes, at a cost of $3.50 to $5, have all your night roads lighted this way for the lifetime of your car.

You can have roads lighted—clear as day—without blinding coming drivers or breaking traffic laws.

You can forever end the need for dimmers.

You can light the roadsides, which you now leave dark. You can light the turns, which now are hidden to you.

You can light the upgrades and the downgrades, the ditches and the curves.

Warner-Lenz light is the same in every position. Turning of the lens in the door of your headlamp does not affect it, nor does rise and fall of the car. This is of vital importance.

You can end the tenseness of night driving, and make your whole field of vision like day.

You can do all this, yet have a light which any eye can face. And light the road itself from 300 to 500 feet ahead.

All with one pair of the Warner-Lenz.

Mark the army of drivers, wherever you go, who enjoy this new form of night driving. Over 550,000 cars now have the Warner-Lenz.

Every week some 18,000 new cars add them—almost a million-cars-per-year rate even now. So glare-lights and makeshifts and dimmers are disappearing fast.

You too are bound to change. But this is to urge that you make the change now. See your dealer today, or write to us. You are missing more than you realize while you lack the Warner-Lenz.

Famous Cars
Now Using Warner-Lenz

On all the new models of these famous cars, the Warner-Lenz is standard equipment.

PACKARD STUTZ MARMON
SINGER BIDDLE HAL TWELVE
WHITE McFARLAN PEERLESS
DANIELS 8 FIAT PATHFINDER
FAGEOL LENOX OHIO ELECTRIC
DOBLE STEAM MOON CUNNINGHAM

Mark the famous makers whom that list includes. And others will join them when present lens stocks are exhausted.

All these makers have abandoned every form of glare light. They have tested and rejected other types of glare-reducing lenses.

They have adopted the Warner-Lenz because its widespread light is legal under any traffic law. Because its light is all-revealing, and is unconfined.

These makers, in exhaustive tests, have found no other lens which so meets all requirements. Nor will you.

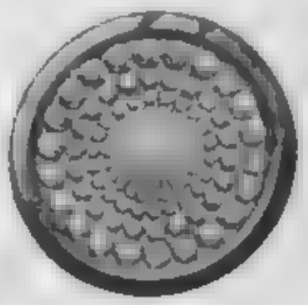
So do not be misled. The lens of the future is the Warner-Lenz. Its principles are patented, so others cannot use them. One minute of night driving will win any motorist to them. The only lenses of this type have the name Warner-Lenz on the edge.

PRICES OF WARNER-LENZ

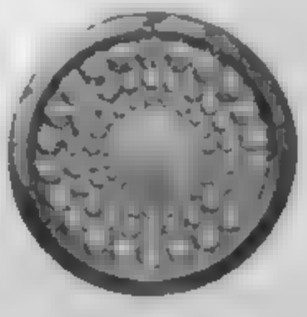
Diameter in Inches	Per Pair
8 to 9	$3.50
9¼ to 10⅛	4.00
10⅛ to 12	5.00

West of the Rockies, 25c per pair extra

PLEASE NOTE—If your dealer hasn't them and will not get them for you, write us and give name and model of your car.



WARNER-LENZ



This is A. P. Warner, of the Warner Auto-Meter Fame, and Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY
918 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Your Guard Against Motoring Troubles

ACCIDENTS will happen. They cannot be prevented. No one knows the day nor the hour of the day that will bring tack or nail or glass into contact with your tires. But, one can protect oneself from the long delays that those accidents may occasion. And the big helps in emergencies are Firestone Accessories.

Firestone Cementless Tube Patches are excellent examples of how much Firestone quality counts in "first aids." Easiest to apply. Always stay put. Tab on protecting muslin permits quick removal for motorists in a hurry.

The Firestone accessory line includes Hook-On Boots for Clincher or Straight-Side Tires, Lace-On Boots, Blow-Out Patches, Cure-Cut, Cement, Air Pressure Gauges, Tire Tape, Tire Mica, etc.

They embrace every emergency need. They provide first quality "first aid" when tire accidents threaten to delay. Your garage can provide you.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio — Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Firestone
ACCESSORIES

(Concluded from Page 34)

pavé. Tired, dirty, buffeted by the gale, with strained and aching muscles and broken feet, fleeing from death or worse, in their flight they were abandoning their worldly all.

In spite of all that, they came back again, to go through it all one day again, for aught they knew. Peculiar people—the Belgians! The plight of the vast majority of them will excite great sympathy in the heart of the American soldier if he comes their way.

An American soldier asked me recently what branch of the service was the most interesting to watch in action. That is a poser. The flyers make a wonderful show. The tanks are screamingly funny. Infantry in action is, perhaps, the most wonderful game of all, but if you are close enough to see it you are too busy to do much observing, particularly when a forward movement is on. Cavalry work is spectacular to a degree, but the same difficulty applies. The observation-balloon chaps put up a show that cannot be beaten when something untoward happens. I know one balloon man who made two parachute descents, both enforced, in one day. Perhaps the most interesting part of the show that one can see comfortably and safely—comparatively, at times—is that played by the big guns.

With the Big Guns

More than once when the second battle of Ypres was on I walked from our headquarters to a "Mother" gun concealed under a screen of dry branches in a near-by farmyard. The big 9.2 howitzer was throwing its two-hundred-and-ninety-pound projectiles, filled with lyddite, into the Hun trenches nearly nine thousand yards distant. The five-mile journey was accomplished by each shell in thirty-five seconds, a rate of more than five hundred miles an hour. Standing directly behind the breech I could distinctly see the 9.2 shell as it left the muzzle and started on its sinister errand.

For so huge an engine of war its paraphernalia were simple. The howitzer stood on a platform built into the farmyard. Rows of shells, each a load for four men, lay in a ditch behind it. On a log under a tall tree sat the captain gunner, by his side a noncom busy figuring out mathematical equations, and another poring over a large-scale map. With his back to the tree crouched a Royal Flying Corps man, his receiver to his ear and an elaborate box of wireless telegraphic tricks beside him. Across the road a slender pole a score of feet in height completed his wireless installation.

"Fire!" said the captain sharply.

Flash! bang! "Mother" recoiled with a shock and returned leisurely. Not a big noise or a very trying one on the ears of those near by, unless in front of the business end. The crew stood close at hand as each round was fired. Before the unsophisticated onlooker would imagine the great shell had reached its destination, the wireless man, listening attentively to the message from an aëroplane observer high over the Huns and out of our sight, sang out "A hundred and fifty yards over!"

A cabalistic sequence of numbers was shouted in staccato tones by one of the noncoms, repeated by a man at the breech, and flash! bang! went "Mother" again.

"Well placed! Right into them!" said the wireless operator as the approving message was ticked from his fellow in the plane.

Flash! bang! the work went on, harrying the Huns.

"Had nine direct hits on the Boche trenches yesterday," said the captain gunner, "and have got the range pretty well to-day. Managed to get a couple into one of the German batteries this morning too." And he grinned.

Very interesting to watch—indirect fire. It brings home the value of the aëroplanes those wonderful eyes without which the army would indeed be blind.

The effect of the big shells is a terrible thing to see. An ammunition limber went up the Menin Road toward our front line, just then very hard pressed. The horses were at full gallop. At a railway crossing the limber jumped up into the air as it struck the rails. The horses seemed to be skimming the ground, they were going at such a pace. Just as the limber jumped up, a flash came right over it, and when the smoke rolled away the road led clean on beyond—absolutely empty. Not a sign of horse, man or limber remained. A big Hun howitzer shell must have lit squarely on the outfit and swept it into the ditch as the wind would sweep away a leaf—just a shapeless mass, everything jumbled together.

For few things at the Front is one more thankful than for the inoculation against epidemic. It has saved thousands upon thousands of lives. The conditions that surround one in the trenches are septic to a degree, in spite of all precautions. It could not be otherwise in country where so many dead are buried, some near the surface. Smells are truly fierce in their intensity and persistence at the Front. We used them sometimes! At one point orders for dark-night journeys across a certain field were as follows: "Go down the hedge till you reach the ditch, turn right, and go toward the big pile of dead horses until you come to the gap in the next hedge."

Those instructions could be easily followed on the blackest night if one's olfactory nerves were in working order.

All sorts of pictures come to my mind as those that will be most typical of what the American soldier in France will see and longest remember: A town on fire, the conflagration raging all night, a red splash on the inky black of the horizon. Bursting shells and the flash of your own guns never ceasing. Bright stars dotting the dark canopy overhead, and brilliant trench flares rising and falling in graceful arcs. The wonderful, ever-changing sight and the continual accompanying diapason of the high explosives are awe-inspiring.

A cellar, low-roofed and filled with foul air, under a house badly scarred and knocked about. A close-up headquarters. In the underground sanctuary the flickering light of a dozen candles falling on crowded tables for signalers, round which the men not busy with phone and ticker are asleep, heads resting on their crossed arms. Officers poring over maps spread on other tables or engaged in close attention to the receipt or dispatch of innumerable orders. Against one wall are three or four bedsteads, covered with mattresses that have borne the wearied forms of a long succession of fighting men, from general officers to privates—and bear ample evidences of having done so. A battery of our own guns firing from a position near by, and Boche shells bursting close enough to cause interruptions to conversation by their constant crashes. All this the very brain and heart of a whole section of front line on the possession of which rests the fate of an army, perhaps of a nation—possibly even of all Christendom.

Fooling the Boche

But longest remembered of all, perhaps, are those strange, inexplicable incidents wherein stern war gives way for one brief moment to such episodes as one that occurred in our line in 1915. The men of the opposing armies were in trenches not many yards apart. Calling across the intervening ground, each side boasted of its food supply. Huns who speak English are legion. A British Tommy held an empty sardine tin on the point of a bayonet in proof of extra rations.

"That's a sardine tin," yelled a Hun. "No sardines in it."

Not long after a tin of sardines, unopened, was thrown from the English trench. It landed just short of the Hun parapet. Over vaulted a big Saxon and dashed at the tin with outstretched hand. As his fingers closed over it, it jumped from his grasp. Tommy had tied a thin, stout line to it, and drew it quickly home, while the Boche jumped back into his trench amid the shouts and laughter of friends and foes.

Needless to remark, such antics meet with prompt discouragement.

Everyone who comes home from France will bring his own recollections. God grant that the best remembered may prove to be the least sinister.

Courage, that animal instinct of collected humanity, humanity in groups, is more of a universal human attribute than most people think.

The courage of the rush forward, the courage of a moment full of high purpose, high resolve, born of sudden unaccountable impulse—an exact introspection of which no man who has experienced it would care to attempt—that is one sort of courage. Another sort is stick-to-it courage. Of great value, that! Still another is the pure, simple resolution to do the obviously right and undeniably best thing at the moment, unhesitatingly, without demur or timid delay for cogitation. That is the most important of all!

Life is made up of one long facing of decisions—of deciding promptly or letting the opportunity pass. Doing or failing to do may equally affect us for good or ill. Character is built up, according to our present-day psychologists, by the influence on us of the endless chain of decisions we are called upon to make so long as life is in us. The character of the individual may to a great extent influence his decision, but, thank God, the decisions he makes have an even greater power toward molding or perhaps remolding his character. Were it otherwise, human progress would be in hopeless case.

As with a man in ordinary spheres of existence, so with the soldier—with the soldier in ever-increasing ratio as his duty calls for decisions of greater moment to the cause for which he is fighting. Some soldiers go through much fighting with but little opportunity for the exercise of important individual initiative. Nevertheless, any day it may come. Any day or any night the least important fighting unit of any command, the humblest soldier in the ranks, may find himself confronted with a choice of paths—one leading straight to the hard, perhaps hopeless, task, one to an easier way out. If that soldier's character be founded on a series of bold, brave, flintlike decisions, if his habit has been to decide not only with firmness but with rapidity when a clear way opened ahead—no matter how hard the road—his character will show like a beacon of light in his big hour.

The Men Who Count

The men who have counted all down the ages are the men who have not only willingly accepted but have eagerly sought the big task, the hard struggle.

An army of soldiers fighting for God and the right who are to a man seeking keenly after the hardest work that can be given them is more than invincible.

One of the greatest puzzles I encountered on the Western Front was the tendency of certain units to lose sections of Front with which they might be intrusted, and the even more clearly marked tendency of other units to hold on to practically untenable positions, regardless of results, until definitely ordered to retire by the higher command. Many times such orders, seemingly inevitable, never came. Many times the bulldog grip on a trench could not be shaken loose by all the deluges of Hun shells and all the waves upon waves of Hun battalions in stubborn charge after charge.

Long study, probing deep beneath the surface, was needed to show why one battalion always seemed to hold on while another more than once gave ground—though the severity of the storm of projectile and the density and persistency of the attacking forces in each case gave no choice as to which conflict might have been the fiercer. The fact that few units in our line had not been forced back or ordered to retire from some position at one time or another complicated the matter.

In the end, however, after careful study, I came to the unshakable conclusion that the individual character of the men in some groups was of higher caliber than in others. The most valuable formations of all were those in which there was the greatest percentage of men of sterling personal character—clean, strong, highminded Christian soldiers. That men of real character count most in stress of battle there is no shadow of doubt.

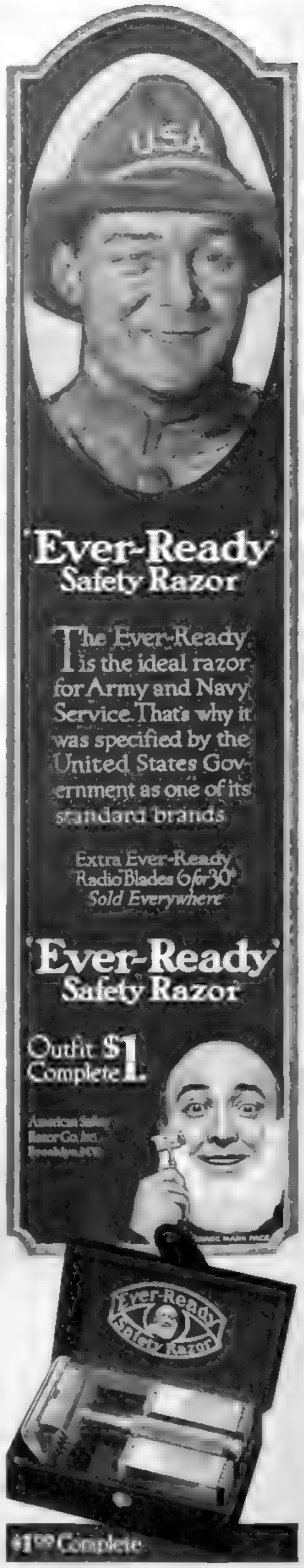
Every American soldier has in his heart a love of his flag, his homeland, and all that his country stands for. That love will go far toward replacing the *esprit de corps* of the members of some regiment whose history has been handed down as a glorious memory for generation after generation. Inherent American good temper will immeasurably aid the Sammees to become not only good soldiers but good regiments of soldiers.

Chief of all, boys, remember that character counts most.

Seek the hard task.

Build steadily for the day the big strain will come. Constant effort will bear sure fruit.

Then, when the great moment of your life comes, that character you have so painstakingly builded will indeed be your crown—a crown of certain victory.



Stearns

MOTOR CARS

New Fame For a Fine Name

A CERTAIN exclusiveness has always attached to the Stearns. The name has stood for fine things—for most careful manufacturing.

It has been forced by its own goodness into a larger and wider market.

Stearns owners hold it to be foremost among America's few fine cars.

Each year has witnessed a wider acknowledgment of its very marked merit.

For six years, Stearns has built Knight engines into the Stearns chassis.

The two are blended, now, into one harmonious unit.

The Knight principle is made perfect by Stearns practice.

The net result is a Stearns Four and a Stearns Eight of rare and remarkable qualities.

The silent Knight has never had such a setting as the Stearns chassis.

No chassis has ever been blessed with such a quiet and competent motor.

From this time forward, the Stearns will compel a much larger following among those who seek a thoroughly fine motor car.

Stearns Four five-passenger **$1585**

Touring Car for Seven, $1725; Cloverleaf Roadster, $1585; Coupé, $2150. Limousine, $3000, Landaulet, $3100; Landaulet Brougham, $3200

Stearns Eight

Touring Car for Seven, $2375; Cloverleaf Roadster, $2375; Coupé, $3075; Coupé-Landaulet, $3075; Limousine, $3685; Landaulet, $3785; Landaulet Brougham, $3785.

THE F. B. STEARNS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

GOING AFTER THE INNER MEANING

(Continued from Page 5)

How on earth am I going to get home without spoiling my dress?"

"Nothing is simpler, madame. I myself will escort you, if you will permit. And we will take a closed car."

"Gee, that's great!" she replied. "You must have a fine job, Henree. Where you workin'?"

"The ice factory," I said, preferring to leave her in ignorance; and I went to order the car.

"What!" cried M'sieu Field. "Not going already! Why, me and Bessie here was just figuring on a nice place to get breakfast!"

"Oh, please stay, Henree!" begged his partner. "You'll spoil the party if you go."

Though gratified by an admission that was no more than my due, I answered:

"I would willingly remain, ma'm'selle, but Madame Smith is obliged to leave and she has consented to be my escort."

"Don't call me that. Call me Bessie," she said with a bewitching pout. "We're all friends, ain't we?"

"Bessie it is. And a delightful name, ma'm'selle."

She was, indeed, one of the prettiest girls in the room. Not a day above eighteen; M'sieu Field had an unerring knack of picking the youngest always.

Despite their protests I was obliged to bid them good night, for Madame Smith assured me it was necessary for her to be home before twelve o'clock. Therefore we entered a car and drove to the address she gave the driver. It was a small cottage in the humbler residential section of the city.

"Ain't you hungry, Henree?" she inquired as I helped her out.

"To be entirely frank, I am, madame—excessively so."

"Then come on in and I'll make a rabbit. My husband won't be home till the four-o'clock train; and I've got some cheese, and there's some beer in the ice box."

Reassuring as this information was, something made me hesitate.

"But—but what would people say?"

"Who's going to know?" she retorted. "Do you suppose I'd ask you in if I didn't know you was a perfect gentleman? I guess not! I'm a respectable married woman, Henree, and if anybody was to see you now I'd have more to lose than you would. That's the advantage of being a bachelor."

Perhaps because of my youthful and debonair appearance she had leaped to the conclusion that I was single, m'sieu, and a moment's reflection persuaded me to refrain from enlightening her. Yes; I stilled the natural pride that impelled me to tell madame of my two noble boys; for why should I thrust my domestic affairs upon one who could hardly be expected to entertain any real interest in them?

Eh bien, no valid argument against acceptance of her invitation presenting itself at the moment, I dismissed the car and entered her abode. A delightful nest, m'sieu; small, it is true, but compact and spotless. Anybody could discern with half an eye that Madame Smith was an efficient housekeeper; and when I have said that, I have shed a revealing light on her character.

"You'll have to help," she informed me. "Come on out to the kitchen. I'm scared to death of a mouse that runs out every time I open the pantry door. Don't look at anything. The place is a fright, I know; but I do all my own work and hadn't time to tidy up before the ball to-night."

"Your home is charming, madame," I assured her. "Fortunate above all men is M'sieu Smith. And where, by the way, is he?"

"He's out of town," she returned with a certain reserve; "but he'll be back early in the morning."

As though in fateful answer to her words, there came a noise on the front walk and somebody ascended the steps; a key turned in the lock.

"It's Bill!" breathed madame; and she put back the cheese she had taken from the cupboard.

"Your husband?"

"Yes. He must of come back by an earlier train."

That much, m'sieu, seemed probable. But what reception would he give to a guest? It occurred to me that M'sieu Smith might not relish my presence in his home at that hour; and if anything were needed to convince me that my suspicions were well founded, madame's demeanor would have supplied it. She was all of a tremble, my friend. Her agitation was pitiful to see.

"*Eh bien*," I said, "what is the matter? Your husband has returned unexpectedly. It is very simple—introduce me and tell him how I happen to be here. The circumstances are entirely innocent."

"Tell him nothin'! He doesn't like me to go to balls alone. And you don't know Bill!" she retorted hurriedly.

We could hear him hanging up his hat in the hall, and next moment he called.

"Helen! Oh, Helen! Asleep?"

Madame pushed me down into a chair at the kitchen table and smoothed her hair. She strove to regain her color, to compose her expression.

"Stay right there!" she whispered. "And remember, you're an old schoolmate of mine I met at Miz Sparger's to-night. And my name is Anderson—not Smith."

Before I could recover from the astonishment into which this information threw me, she went tripping into the front part of the house, crying in a glad voice:

"Hello, honey! Home already? Come back here and meet an old friend of mine."

Followed sounds of a hearty conjugal smack and embrace; then a dubious silence, and M'sieu Anderson's heavy tones:

"An old friend? When did she blow in? It ain't your mother, is it?"

"No, indeed; so cheer up!" replied his wife, leading him back to the kitchen before he could inquire further. "It isn't a she. Come and see for yourself."

Next moment he entered the kitchen—a perfect giant of a man, m'sieu, with a forbidding cast of countenance. At sight of me, seated nonchalantly in a chair, his face turned a deep red and he made a threatening movement forward; but madame skillfully interposed, saying in honeyed accents:

"This is Mr. Patterson, Bill. I and he went to school together. Didn't we, Henree?"

It was an extremely delicate situation, and you may well suppose I was taken aback by the dilemma in which she placed me. It would seriously embarrass the lady were I to repudiate the association and confess the truth. Therefore I bowed and answered:

"We did, madame. Ah, those were the happy years!"

"They were, hey?" interrupted the husband. "Yes; I'll bet!" And he regarded me with a strange intensity.

As for myself, I could not remove my gaze from his face; it fascinated me.

"So you two went to school together, did you?" continued M'sieu Anderson with a kind of grim satisfaction, and he drew up a chair opposite me. "I'm sure glad to hear it. This is the first time I knowed Helen ever went to school."

"Bill—you mean thing!" exclaimed madame playfully, but she was nervous, my friend, and her color was high.

"When did you come to town, mister—did you say your name was Jones?"

"No, m'sieu. My name is Gir—Patterson."

"When did you blow in, Mr. Patterson?"

I could read suspicion in his eyes; and then and there I determined to see it through to the bitter end. Yes; Henri Giraud never abandoned a woman in distress, and madame should see how I could play up to her lead in this crisis.

"Only to-night."

"But how did you happen to run into my wife?" he persisted.

Before I could frame a reply Madame Helen cut in with:

"Over at Miz Sparger's. Wasn't it the funniest coincidence? For me to drop in on Agnes to-night, of all nights in the year, and find Henree there! Wasn't it queer?"

"It was," agreed her husband.

A silence ensued.

"Fetch us something to eat, Helen," ordered her lout of a husband. "I want to get better acquainted with Mr.—— Did you say your name was Jones?"

"No, m'sieu," I replied, somewhat nettled—"Patterson."

"I'll try to remember. Let's get comfortable, Mr. Patterson. Take off your coat. Feel like a bottle of beer?"

It was a vast relief to me, m'sieu, to see him thaw out; for, though not alarmed in the least, or even unduly nervous, I will confess that my predicament rendered me a trifle anxious—on madame's account only of course. In consequence I readily acceded to his proposal and his wife went to fetch the beer and cheese.

"I suppose, now," remarked M'sieu Anderson, filling his glass, "that you two found a lot to talk about—old friends and things like that?"

"Yes, indeed. Didn't we, Henree?"

"To be sure, madame."

"Well, don't let me stop you. Fire ahead and let's hear all about the old folks back home. Where did you say you lived, Mr. Patterson?"

"St. Jo, Missouri, m'sieu."

"Why, Helen told me she was raised in Laporte!"

"Quite so, m'sieu," I answered nimbly. "Quite so. So she was. But I recently moved from there."

"What's your business?" he asked next.

"Zinc," I answered at random: but it was true, my friend—among my properties is a zinc company.

He grunted and broke off a piece of cheese.

"What're you all dressed up about? Why the soup and fish?"

"I expected to go to a ball to-night after calling on Madame Sparger. But, meeting with Madame Helen in this fashion, I abandoned the idea."

Another grunt; the fellow was a boor of the worst kind.

"Well, fire ahead, you two. Let's hear all about Mabel and Jack and Jerry, and the rest of 'em."

I threw a warning glance toward madame, but she chose to ignore it. Perhaps she thought that now or never was the time to clinch her story and allay her husband's suspicions.

"How is Minnie Mae Carlton, Henree?" she inquired, looking at me archly over her shoulder.

"Very well indeed, madame; in fact, never better. Her children are sweet creatures."

Madame Helen was so taken aback by this unexpected announcement that she almost dropped the kettle of water she was placing on the stove.

"Why, Minnie Mae's an old maid!" she cried unguardedly.

This was awkward, but I was not at a loss.

"She has married since you saw her, madame."

"You don't say! Who on earth did she marry?"

"M'sieu Bud Rinehart."

"Who?" demanded her husband.

"Bud Rinehart."

"Oh!" he said softly, and went on with his eating; but not for a second did he relax his sinister watchfulness.

Eh bien, we conversed for an hour in this fashion, M'sieu Anderson growing steadily more amiable. He plied me with food and drink, pressed me to talk freely of our childhood playmates; he urged madame to reminiscences. She was warm and breathless with excitement, but otherwise unflurried, and she enacted her rôle with the consummate duplicity of her sex.

We discussed Cousin Bertine and Ol' Miz Grady; we made her boor of a husband laugh uproariously with anecdotes of Lon Booth, and the day the three of us stole the pears from Ol' Man Stoddard's orchard and were chased down the road for our pains. I perceived, with immeasurable relief, that M'sieu Anderson was at last convinced, that his doubts had been laid to rest.

But I could not stay there indefinitely, my friend, much as the success of our ruse elated me. Taking advantage of a pause, I glanced at my watch and feigned intense surprise at finding that it was one o'clock. In truth, I had thought it was close to daylight, to say the least.

"Dear me, I must be going!"

Both m'sieu and his wife protested; but m'sieu protested louder than his wife.

"Why, we're just getting acquainted!" he urged.

It was not my intention, however, to overdo the part. Many a man, my friend, has talked himself out of sympathy with his audience, and I had no desire to share that fate. Therefore I rose and firmly announced that I must bid them adieu.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed madame with a deep sigh of relief. "So glad I happened to run into you, Henree! You must promise to come again—won't you?"

(Continued on Page 41)

Experience of Dolan Fruit Co., wholesalers, Grand Island, Nebr., users of Baker-Vawter Ledgers, Leaves, etc.

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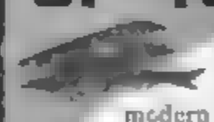
The Garter of To-day



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Tire Sundries

Have the Confidence of Motorists Everywhere

—a confidence bred by years of thorough acquaintance with Fisk quality and dependability.

In the purchase of such products bear in mind that dependable quality is absolutely essential. A patch that won't stick is worthless—a cement that doesn't hold is worse than none at all. To spend money for sundries just because they are cheap is like buying shoes with paper soles.

Every Fisk Sundry made is backed by the Fisk trademark of highest quality and economy, and the pride of the manufacturer in maintaining this high standard of value.

When you buy Fisk Sundries you pay a trifle more in *some* cases—but *you get what you pay for and you can bank upon the quality of what you buy.* That is the essence of true economy and sensible buying.

This New Cementless Patch is an Evidence of Fisk Initiative in the Sundry Field

—an aggressiveness that has been characteristic of the Fisk Company for nearly twenty years.

The Fisk Moulded Patch is diamond shaped. It will cover a larger cut, but, because all waste rubber is eliminated, costs less. It has strength where strength is needed—built up heavy in the center. Can be applied easily and when you put it on your tube you know it will stick. Unquestionably the most efficient and best value cementless patch on the market.

6 for 25c—A New Patch—A New Package—A New Price—6 for 25c

Fisk Sundries include besides the above:

Emergency Patches	Tube Splices	Air Bags	Uncured Stocks
Pure Para Cement *(in tubes, large and small cans)*	Air Hose	Air Valves	Valve Pads
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For Sale Everywhere

By 130 direct Fisk Branches in principal cities and by all dealers. Wholesale distributors in Texas, The Fisk Company of Texas—Houston, San Antonio and Dallas—and in Canada by Jos. Walker Hardware Co., Montreal; Breen Motor Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Saskatoon; Fisk Tire Agency, Calgary; John Millen & Son, Ltd., Vancouver; and Dominion Automobile Company, Ltd., Toronto.

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She shook me heartily by the hand, adding a gentle pressure that I instantly understood. To that token of confidence I responded with respectful ardor and gave her my word that I would not forget the way to their home.

"Mr. Patterson," cried M'sieu Anderson, giving my fingers a squeeze that caused me the most exquisite agony, "I'm sure glad I got home earlier than I expected to-night, else I might not have met you. You'll come round to see us often—won't you? I want to hear some more about that guy, Johnnie Pearsall. We'll be tickled to death to see you—won't we, Helen?"

Madame Helen acquiesced and the husband escorted me into the front hall. As for me, I was touched by the honest fellow's ingenuous sincerity and excellence of heart. I returned his fervent clasp of farewell. He even accompanied me out to the steps. His last words were:

"You'll come again—now won't you, Mr. Patterson?" I was about to reassure him on that point, m'sieu, when he added, under his breath: "Here's a keepsake!" And the next thing I knew, I found myself propelled across the sidewalk by the impact of a huge foot. The door slammed at the same moment. The treacherous scoundrel had deceived me—after pretending friendliness for an hour, he had kicked me violently into the gutter.

I rose and dusted my clothes. My first impulse was to rush back and chastise the wretch as he deserved; but prudence restrained me. It was patent that M'sieu Anderson had acted on a deliberate plan. Yes; despite his verbal invitation, he did not want me to visit them at all; he did not want me in his home. Therefore, for madame's sake, I stifled the desire to beat him until he howled for mercy. I headed down the street.

And suddenly the explanation occurred to my mind; his identity was revealed to me: M'sieu Anderson was none other than Madame Larrabee's chauffeur! He had recognized me immediately and his agreeable entertainment had been nothing but a stratagem, designed to cover his perfidious intent to boot me from behind once I got clear of his house—a precautionary measure dictated by a desire to avoid an unseemly row on the premises. Yes; that was the explanation of this mysterious affair.

Eh bien, I was relieved that the trouble had been no worse, and resolved to keep it to myself at all costs; which I was the better able to do inasmuch as neither Madame Helen nor her husband divulged a syllable of what had transpired. It was natural that they should not.

Yet I was not to go scot-free. Whenever a married man strays from the straight path—be it ever so little—he is bound to be found out, my friend. Always remember that; I cannot impress it upon you too strongly.

And it is invariably from an unexpected quarter that the blow falls. You can see that in the events of this terrible war. So it proved in my own case.

My dear wife returned in due course and two days after her arrival home went to a meeting of a committee of the Red Cross at the home of Madame Arthurs. Just before departure she requested me to call for her at five o'clock, which I readily promised to do.

At the hour named I drove round to the Arthurs residence and left my car at the end of the line formed in the street. Then I ascended the steps and rang the bell.

Yes; I rang the bell. The door opened. And who should open it but the dainty Bessie, M'sieu Sam's partner at the function of the Brewery Gentlemen! She was dressed in black and had on a tiny white apron and cap—a fascinating figure at any other time, my friend. *Ma foi*, yes!

"Please inform Madame Giraud," I began stiffly, affecting not to know her, "that ——"

But the foolish creature interrupted with a muffled shriek and backed off. And then, right before the whole committee, engaged in knitting not twenty feet away, who now leaned forward to hear, she shrilled:

"You mustn't come to this door, Henree. Go round to the back!"

Imagine my chagrin, m'sieu! I was dumfounded, frozen to the spot. And Bessie gave me no opportunity to carry it off as a mistake, for she slammed the door in my face.

I heard a titter from within, then gales of laughter; and I waited for no more. No; turning round, I sprang down the steps and into my car. Nor did I stop until a full twenty miles lay between me and the Arthurs home. Madame Giraud was obliged to telephone for a taxi, which, under the circumstances, was perhaps as well.

M'sieu, that unfortunate affair has brought me great sorrow, for my wife affects not to believe my explanation.

"Of course I know you didn't mean anything by it," she acknowledged, "but other people don't. And for heaven's sake, what do you want to act the fool for? I'll never get over it—never! Oh, my poor, innocent, darling babies! Thank goodness, they're still too young to understand."

"Understand what, madame?" I inquired, not without heat. "The affair was entirely innocent. Helen ——"

"'Helen'!" echoed my wife. "Who's Helen? I thought there was only Bessie."

"'Bessie' was what I meant, of course. And what happened? We went to a dance! That is all."

But nothing I can say, m'sieu, will convert her from a pitiless attitude.

"Of course I forgive you," she said; "I can't do anything else, with the twins so young and helpless. But, believe me, I'll make you smart for this, young man!"

She has, my friend; indeed she has! M'sieu Sam Field sought to placate her by interposing in my behalf.

"Aw, don't get mad, Jane!" he urged. "Henree was a little bit pickled."

But his well-intentioned effort only increased her resentment, so that I could not but regret his aid. *Eh bien*, the affair became the talk of the town. Everybody we knew soon learned that M'sieu Sam Field, M'sieu Joe Hicks and myself had been at the Brewery Gentlemen's ball while our trusting wives were otherwise engaged. It caused a fine clatter of tongues, I assure you.

"I'm ruined now, sure enough!" asserted Madame Patsy in a sort of religious resignation. "My last hope's busted. It only needed this, Joe Hicks, to finish us in this town. I hope you're satisfied."

"Didn't you tell me you didn't care where I went? Then quit your roaring! Only for Doc Dewdrop and the life of the Wild Blackberry, it wouldn't of happened. So you lay off cussin' me out, and forget it. I'm fed up on naggin'."

But Madame Patsy was right. That indiscreet frolic did hurt our position socially. As for Madame Giraud and myself, we could afford to ignore the slight coolness some acquaintances displayed, but it was gall and wormwood to Madame Hicks.

And then I had an inspiration. Yes; right in the midst of our woe I experienced one of those brilliant promptings that mark the man of genius.

"Madame," I said to M'sieu Joe's wife, "do you wish to reëstablish yourself—to place yourself upon a pinnacle before which the proudest of your rivals will bend the adoring knee?"

"Say it in English, Henree."

"Well, then—do you wish to triumph over Madame Harry Larrabee and her set?"

"Does a fish swim? Hurry up—you make me nervous!"

"It is very simple, madame. I, Henri Giraud, can achieve this social conquest for you."

She regarded me strangely for a full minute.

"I've always been afraid of this for you, Henree," she said.

However, when I had unfolded my plan she quickly abandoned doubts of my sanity.

"But you don't know him!" she objected.

"You are wrong, madame."

"What! You say you know Marshal Joffre?"

Her tone was so incredulous that, to convince her, I involuntarily exaggerated a trifle in my reply:

"Intimately!"

In this I went very slightly beyond the truth, my friend; for, though I did not know the marshal intimately—never, in fact, having met him—I had read so much of his exploits and career that I felt a close bond of sympathy between us. Moreover, I knew many of the Joffres. To be sure, they were not of the same branch of the family as the marshal, being members of the American branch, but they had sprung from the same parent stem, without doubt; so I was not far astray in assuring Madame Patsy that I had a close acquaintance with the famous French soldier.

Her eyes grew big with surprise and the vision of coming triumph.

"You're sure you can work it?"

"Absolutely, madame."

"If you only could," she said with a tremor in her tones, "I'd be your friend for life, Henree."

"Oh, Henree, don't try!" begged my wife.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow, Jane?" inquired madame. "You don't have to do anything. I'll attend to the work—all Henree has to do is to send the invitation."

Eh bien, we argued for a while, M'sieu Joe and my wife expostulating in the strongest fashion against our scheme, but it ended with a decision on Madame Patsy's part to go ahead.

"Of course you say 'No,'" she remarked witheringly to her husband. "I didn't expect anything else. If it was a return party for the Brewery Gentlemen, now, you'd work fourteen hours a day to make it a success, wouldn't you? But when I try to improve our position—that you have ruined, Joe Hicks—you up and say 'Aw, lay off that stuff, Patsy!' You make me tired. Yes, you do—you make me tired!"

As this pronouncement did not contain anything sufficiently new to provoke argument, my friend let the subject drop.

"You sit down and write to the marshal right now, Henree," said madame; "and I'll plan what to have, so's to be all ready in case he accepts."

"In case? There is no room for doubt, I assure you. He will come."

"What makes you so certain?"

"Because, madame," I answered earnestly, "Marshal Joffre is a soldier and a patriot. His warm heart will be touched by the letter I shall send. Yes; it will stir his pride when he learns that the sender of the invitation is the great-grandson of one of Napoleon's most illustrious generals. Never fear, madame. He will come."

She continued to look doubtful, and her husband muttered that his maternal uncle had been a state senator in Wisconsin for one term, but it had never helped him any in earning a living—a remark, my friend, the obtuseness of which could scarcely be rivaled. For what relation had it to the subject in hand?

So it was decided. Madame Patsy started in to plan a huge breakfast and I proceeded to perform my part.

That was not so easy as I had expected. A letter can never make the appeal the same arguments do when backed by one's personality. I tore up copy after copy in a vain attempt to achieve the nice combination of compliment, fire, tact and dignity I deemed indispensable. All to no purpose; none proved satisfactory.

Then, when on the verge of despair, I bethought me of the Chevalier du Boistête, an old friend, of distinguished ancestry, who lived in retirement in Washington on an annuity. The very man! Eureka! I had solved it.

A wire to him brought the reply "Might possibly be arranged; but it would cost money."

Madame Patsy was frankly puzzled by this message.

"Why should it cost money?" she asked.

"Er—possibly for entertainment; possibly for some lesser officials who might press the matter. I do not know, madame."

"That doesn't surprise me none," interrupted M'sieu Joe. "In fact, this is the first time I've thought maybe you could pull it off. Now you're down on solid ground. Ask the Chandelier how much."

Eh bien, I telegraphed again and the answer came back "Five hundred dollars." It seemed to me an extortionate sum, but madame was by now in a frenzy of eagerness and ordered me to send it. Therefore I wired the amount.

A decent interval elapsed and another telegram came from the Chevalier du Boistête: "Everything arranged. He consents to be the guest of the great-grandson of Napoleon's chosen general."

It was done. I turned enthusiastically to aid Madame Patsy. She was in a fury of preparation. M'sieu Joe was banished from the house that she might enjoy unworried play of all her faculties, and she had in a perfect army of skilled decorators.

Expert florists drew plans and built models under her direction. She arranged for the appearance of a world-famous tenor to sing the Marseillaise. His price, m'sieu, was eight hundred dollars and expenses; but when he discovered that it was madame's intention to have him sing from a concealed bower he raised the price to twelve hundred.

"Why, I could git the Champion Quartette for fifty!" objected M'sieu Joe. "And there's three—or maybe four—in that."

But Madame said firmly that she would have the tenor, regardless of cost. Also she contracted with a Chicago caterer for a collation fit for royalty. Everything for the guests of honor was to be served on plates of gold. The roses for the decoration of the house cost her three thousand dollars alone—not thirty thousand, as one of the evening papers published it; for, of course, preparations on a scale so colossal could not go forward without being noised abroad, and the press pounced on it.

Said one:

"A breakfast in honor of Marshal Joffre and ex-Premier Viviani is to be given, on the occasion of their visit to this city, by Mrs. J. Hicks, wife of the copper man.

"It is rumored that the palatial Hicks mansion on the Bluff is to be converted into a veritable enchanted castle of delights. An army of workmen from Chicago and St. Louis is already on the job. The rooms will be solid banks of flowers in the colors of France. The ices will be in the shape of fleurs-de-lis. The Symphony Orchestra of seventy pieces will play national airs, and M. Tobasco, world-renowned tenor, will sing the Marseillaise.

"Those in a position to know state that nothing approaching this function in grandeur has ever before been attempted in this section of the United States. There will be gold and silver worth a king's ransom, priceless china and rare viands such as Dumas invented for the delectation of his gourmets. The cost of such lavish hospitality will easily exceed fifty thousand dollars.

"The affair has set society by the ears. It is the social event of a generation. And Mrs. Hicks has drawn a sharp line in the invitations. We have it from Mr. Sam Field, a close friend of the family, that they will set the dog on anybody coming round who is not in the inner circle.

"Some have been purposely left out in the cold, and there will be heartaches to-day among the Upper Ten."

That was no more than the truth, m'sieu. Madame Patsy had deliberately left Madame Harry Larrabee and several others off the list.

Nobody else would have dared defy the social arbiter in this fashion; but, with such a card in her hand, madame felt equal to anything.

"There'll be a new Four Hundred in this town before I get through, Henree," she declared; "and little Patsy'll be the boss dame in it too!"

The very next morning an astonishing thing came to pass; for, as Madame Hicks waited in her limousine outside a hat shop, Madame Larrabee's coupé drew up on the opposite side of the street. Out stepped Madame Larrabee. She perceived her rival and bowed graciously. Madame Patsy returned a cool nod.

A moment of hesitation and Madame Larrabee started to cross the street. Yes, m'sieu; it happened as I am telling you. She crossed through the mud to the other side and, approaching Madame Patsy's car, smiled and exclaimed:

"Why, how do you do, my dear Mrs. Hicks?"

Incredible as it sounds, she did that, my friend. The proud lady could not bear to be left out in the cold, and so she came to extend the hand of friendship to her formerly neglected rival.

And Madame Patsy accepted it. She was not such a fool as to refuse. No; with her pride satisfied by the advance, it would have been madness to reject Madame Larrabee's overtures and perhaps court future disaster. So she emerged from her car to talk, and soon the two were cooing like dear friends. Is it not marvelous—the nature of women?

Eh bien, the meeting ended by Madame Larrabee's promising to help receive at the reception, and each lady went on her way in triumph.

So far, so good; all was proceeding smoothly. Soon, however, clouds gathered. The newspapers began to grumble that certain newly-rich members of the so-called Upper Ten were seeking to monopolize the distinguished visitors.

By what right do a few persons in this city, who are alone in taking themselves

(Concluded on Page 44)

Seven Passenger

$1295

Club Six $1295

Sedan Body also furnished on this chassis

All prices f. o. b. Toledo
Subject to change without notice

Then

Then—a hot sultry day was something to be endured, since it could not be cured.

Now—there is a cure.

The automobile has turned the "cross" days into days of gladness for the whole family.

And here is a car—the new *light weight* Willys-Six — which will gladden the hearts of the Six cylinder enthusiasts—and of the discriminating who have not yet found just the car they have wanted.

This announces a scientific development in Sixes.

Heretofore the great problem most manufacturers had to contend with was the all important factor of *proper and perfect balance.*

Either the car was too heavy and consequently underpowered, or else too light, and as a result overpowered.

In both cases this meant poor performance, costly upkeep and a short life.

So it is with considerable gratification that we announce what we believe to be one of the most scientifically balanced, popular priced Sixes on the market.

In a word this means better performance, lower upkeep and longer life.

The motor is 45 horsepower. It is a wonder for work: quick as a flash on the getaway; speedy; surprisingly economical and develops excess power for all purposes.

Now

Scientific designing has done *more.* For now by scientific designing in the light of our great experience in building sixes, we have produced a *lighter* car without sacrificing sturdiness.

Reduced weig
gasoline ec
mileage a
handle.
The body desi
sweeping, g

Willys-Overland
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t means additional
nomy, greater tire
an easier car to

n also is new. Long,
ceful lines distinguish

it as one of the year's advanced models. It's a perfect beauty.

Your wife will fall in love with it on sight. Don't let her see it until you have made up your mind to buy. For after one look she'll give you no peace until you do buy.

The Willys-Six is *the* Six for you.

It has greater power; lighter weight; is unusually roomy, very economical and extremely handsome.

You'll be surprised at its wonderful performance, but its price will be even a greater surprise.

$1295—complete.

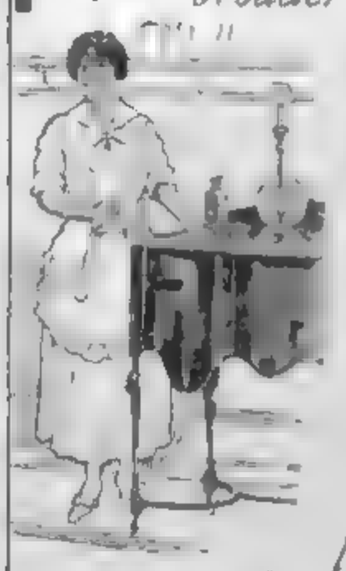
See the Willys-Overland dealer now for early delivery.

ac., Toledo, Ohio
Cars and Light Commercial Cars

O-Cedar Polish

on a dampened cloth does more than renew the lustre of the varnish. In those carved recesses it releases every particle of dust, leaving a perfectly dry finish that is lasting. Then, on those

broader surfaces

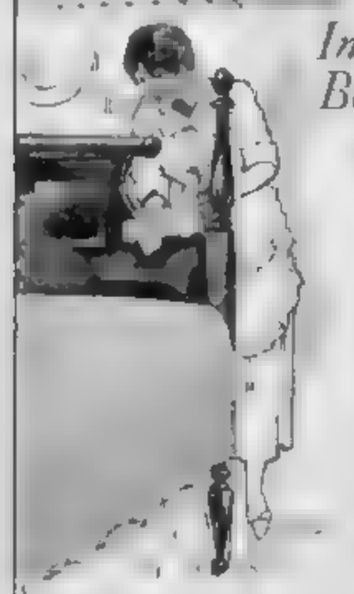


O-Cedar Polish gives to the sideboard or the piano a rich, perfect gloss that brings out the blended beauty of the grain. And on

linoleums

O-Cedar Polish will greatly lengthen their life, add immensely to their wearing qualities, preserve them from cracking and maintain the bright, sparkling colors of the handsomest patterns.

In the Bed Room



O Cedar Polish not only *cleans* as it polishes, but on furniture and woodwork its influence is both sanitary and hygienic.

Throughout the House

on all furniture, floors, wainscoting, white enamel—on every varnished surface, for perfect results let

O-Cedar Polish

be your safeguard.

In convenient sizes
25c to $3.00
At your dealer's

Channell Chemical Co.
CHICAGO TORONTO LONDON

(Concluded from Page 41)

seriously, attempt to hog the little time Marshal Joffre and his party have to spend here? According to the plans for a breakfast to be tendered the Frenchmen by the wife of one of our millionaires, the great common people, whom Joffre and Viviani came to see, will probably get a peep at them as they drive from the station to the Hicks residence—and no more. How was this accomplished? We are curious to learn what influences were brought to bear, and whether it be true that a fellow citizen is responsible for the social aggrandizement of his friends through the fact that an ancestor pressed Napoleon's pants.

And what of the luncheon to be given by the city? It has almost been lost sight of; we even hear rumors that it is to be abandoned. Something should be done at once to insure that the public is not cheated of a chance to see and hear the hero of the Marne at close range.

This vicious attack against me and the gratuitous insult to my ancestor did not disturb our plans, m'sieu; for, as Madame Patsy has often remarked, the higher you shove your head above the tall grass, the more people will rock it. We let them rage and went ahead with our preparations.

And the great day arrived. It broke cloudy, with threat of rain; but crowds formed in the streets at an early hour, for the special train bearing the nation's guests was due to arrive at ten o'clock.

Excitement was at blood heat. Two hundred thousand people thronged the streets through which the parade was expected to pass. Soldiers and police had to open a way for the trolley cars. Bands blared; flags fluttered; the entire city was a flame of color.

Two companies of the National Guard were on duty at the station, and somewhat apart stood a picked guard of honor for the marshal. This much I saw when I stopped there to ascertain the precise minute of the special's arrival. Then I hastened to Madame Patsy's residence to acquaint her with the information.

On arrival there I was somewhat surprised to observe a small nondescript band tooting outside the gates in a spiritless fashion, but concluded that madame considered some welcoming music was indispensable and could obtain no other. In this I was mistaken.

"For the love of Mike! What're those idiots doing out there?" was her greeting. "Run and see, Henree. And make them go away."

I went to do as bidden, my friend; and judge of my dismay on learning that M'sieu Joe, in the goodness of his heart, had hired them to dispense music to the spectators during the marshal's stay. And by a strange irony of chance, m'sieu, it was a German band!

Eh bien, I peremptorily dismissed them and returned to madame's side. She was in the seventh heaven of elation. Her house was filled with the most select of our city. The air was heavy with the perfume of flowers; every room seemed an enchanted fairyland. She had assured herself that the breakfast would fulfil all her expectations, and in a leafy bower sat the famous Italian tenor, a throat spray on a table beside him and an expression of haughty pride on his face. He had resolved to put up, m'sieu, with the indignity of being hidden from view, but he would absolutely refuse to eat a bite in a house where they so humiliated him.

Madame Harry Larrabee was present, more impressive in the severe simplicity of her dress than was Madame Patsy in her grandeur. She had probably reckoned on just this effect, m'sieu; but her hostess was blind to it, and the two displayed all the affection of a newly formed feminine friendship.

"I trust you are satisfied, madame?" I ventured, gazing over the brilliant assemblage.

Womanlike, she would not admit it.

"It isn't bad, but there're some things I'd like to have different. And now you'd best go back to the station, Henree. I told Joe to meet you there. And be sure he shakes hands with the marshal like a gentleman, and that his tie don't get up over his collar."

"It is done, madame!" I answered gallantly, and departed on my mission.

The train was late, which gave an opportunity for the immense concourse at the station to grow restive. They cracked jokes on all manner of things. Espying me in the car, some pretended to be blinded by the splendor of my attire and hid their eyes. Others were shouting to know who had turned it loose—evidently referring to an animal I could not discern at the moment.

As I rose to see what it might be, one of the rabble cried: "It's the French Ambassador! Hoorah! Vive la France!" And from fifty thousand throats burst a cheer.

M'sieu, I was overcome! They say that Frenchmen shed tears from the nerves and not from the heart; but that is a calumny. As the echoes of their plaudits went reverberating among the hills, tears welled into my eyes—tears of pride and affection for the land of my ancestors; for I realized immediately that the tribute was to France. Yes, my friend; though inspired by my personality, the tribute was to the valiant republic rather than to Henri Giraud. Consequently I injected into my bows of acknowledgment a dignity becoming the representative of a great nation.

In the midst of the acclamations sounded the wild shriek of an engine.

"Here she comes!" yelled the crowd, and before we knew it the train pulled in.

There was a rush forward to see. The cordon of soldiers and police thrust the mob back. In vain did I struggle to cleave a passage. I was tossed about like a cork.

Then somebody recognized me and bellowed: "Open up, boys! Here's the Ambassador! Get back there in front, you big stews!"

And so a lane was cleared, a lane leading straight to the car steps, at which stood the mayor and city commissioners. A moment of tense expectation as some lesser officials descended to the platform, and then a thunderous roar of welcome, tingling to the skies, for the great Soldier of France.

Ah, how noble he looked, m'sieu, as he stood there, gazing uncertainly about him to ascertain with whom he ought first to shake hands! So comfortable in figure, so benign of countenance, with the halo of immortal glory round his venerable head!

I could not speak; no. I, Henri Giraud, who have glibly replied to the questions of an emperor and have never been at a loss in performing before crowned heads—I stood tongue-tied and abashed before the Victor of the Marne.

Perhaps he perceived my emotion, for he extended his hand, which I eagerly clasped. But presently an official said in English:

"Please let go, sir. The marshal wishes to greet these other gentlemen."

"But," I expostulated, "my car is here! I have come to take the marshal to the breakfast to which he has done me the honor of accepting an invitation. They await us, m'sieu."

"There must be some mistake. The marshal has accepted no private invitations here," he told me.

"But, m'sieu—surely you are wrong. I arranged it through my friend, the Chevalier du Boistête, in Washington. He wired that the marshal would come."

"Somebody has been fooling you," said the official abruptly.

In the extremity of my desperation I relapsed into French.

"But I am Henri Giraud, sir—the man who sent an invitation to the marshal, which was accepted and for which I have prepared. I appeal to your patriotism! Yes; you see before you the greatgrandson of one of Napoleon's most intrepid generals."

The marshal heard this and understood.

"What's that? What's that, my boy?" he demanded. "You say you're the greatgrandson of one of Napoleon's generals? Which one?"

"Grouchy, M'sieu le Maréchal."

"What?" he cried violently. "That rascally traitor? Why, Grouchy never turned up for the Battle of Waterloo at all!"

And he turned on his heel. I tried to speak—to plead my cause further; but two men seized me from behind and I was whisked through the crowd into the station.

"Now you be good before I rap you one!" I was cautioned.

"What does this outrage mean, m'sieu? Unhand me!"

"See what he's got on him, Steve," continued the leader; and, despite my protests, I was thoroughly searched.

I barely heard their colloquy. "Somebody has been fooling you"—those words kept ringing in my ears. Furious as I was at the insulting behavior of the Secret Service agents, that was nothing to the rage I felt toward the chevalier. For I perceived it all in a flash, my friend. The wretched schemer had swindled me!

"M'sieu," I said to the Secret Service agent, "if you will take the trouble to inquire casually you will be able to ascertain my identity. I wish to go free."

"If we've made a mistake I'm very sorry," he replied amiably; "but, you know, we can't be too careful with a visitor like Joffre."

It ended in my prompt release and a very handsome apology from the boss detective. This I was prepared to accept in good spirit; for he had done nothing but his duty, and zeal in duty is a quality Henri Giraud has never failed to applaud.

So I returned to the limousine, my thoughts in a whirl. What would Madame Patsy say?

"Home!" I ordered, flinging myself back, and we sped toward the Bluff.

As we passed back of the station the parade was forming to go through the principal streets. Marshal Joffre sat in the leading car. Beside him was the mayor. In the other seat sat the secretary, or interpreter, who had spoken to me—and M'sieu Joe Hicks! Yes, my friend, it was so. How he had contrived to get there I could not conjecture; but there he was.

Eh bien, I reached Madame Patsy's house. As the car drew up at the awning over the sidewalk the orchestra in the conservatory broke into the Marseillaise. It cut me to the quick. I sped up the crimson runner and into the house. I threw myself in front of madame and, with a gesture of hopeless despair, cried:

"Madame, we are undone! He cannot come. He knows nothing whatever of this affair. We have been grossly tricked!"

M'sieu, she swayed an instant, then fell flat on the floor in a faint.

Why harrow your feelings further with a description of Madame Patsy's wild grief and acute mental anguish? It was terrifying.

"I think perhaps it would be better for you to go, Mr. Giraud," suggested Madame Larrabee, who remained to console her, and Madame Patsy's next remark confirmed her judgment.

"Where is that little shrimp?" she cried, rearing from the *chaise longue*. "I want to lay my hands on him! He got me into this! He ——"

And then, m'sieu, I passed out of the house. Yes; I was in no mood to listen to insults from ungrateful friends for what was none of my fault. Neither did I wish to hear my wife's comments just then; so I drove to the club.

M'sieu Joe Hicks had just arrived, the center of an admiring throng. He was buying drinks for everybody.

"How on earth did you do it, Joe?" cried M'sieu Sam Field. "The marshal stopped here just thirty minutes, and for about twenty of 'em he was talking to you!"

M'sieu Joe lighted a cigar and leisurely blew out a cloud of smoke before replying.

"Well," he said complacently, "I sort of figured it different from Patsy and Henree. It seemed to me they were overdoing that grandpa stuff. So I give a check for twenty thousand dollars to the fund for French babies; and when the mayor heard about it he up and presented both me and the check to Joffre. And the first crack out of the box, I sprung some French on him that I'd practiced up. It sure made him laugh.

"'This gentleman,' the marshal says to the mayor, 'speaks French worse than I do English. We ought to be seated together.'

"'Certainly, marshal,' says the mayor; and so I horns in with him. Say, did you see how I had him goin'? When the interpreter told him that story of mine about the upper berth I thought the marshal'd bust.

"And let me tell you something, boys—there's a man! I'm not much on this fightin' stuff, but I'd follow Ol' Joffre anywheres—up hill and down.

"I'm over age," continued M'sieu Joe, rising to his feet—and there was a strange light in his face, m'sieu—"I'm over age, but I ain't stove up yet by a long shot. So next week I leave for France, gentlemen. I'm going to equip an ambulance unit out of my own pocket—and drive a car myself too.

"And if any of you loafers don't think I can hold her nose in the road at seventy miles an hour, day or night, good roads or bad—well, just drop round to Station Sixteen and ask 'em how many thousand dollars Ol' Joe Hicks has paid in fines this spring—that's all!"

THE RESCUER

(Continued from Page 18)

three days she was acquiescent and friendly, permitting her charges a recess, and seldom criticizing Charles while the boy chattered, his shyness quite forgotten, to Michaelis about college, games and schools. Yet she flamed out the fourth day when he found her before the memorial tablet of Robert Louis Stevenson. Michaelis had strolled down to this remote, shabby square, with its fringe of shops and benches of listless idlers, for an interval of solitude and dreams. The shrubbery behind the tablet was rain-dampened, a smell of coffee roamed from the buildings about, beyond which he could mark the bare masts of ships come to anchor, and a young sailor, his cap lettered U. S. S. Arkansas, stood near Miss Heath, reading how this other voyager was "home from the sea."

"Gee," said the servant of war, "he was some guy! J'ever read The Ebb Tide?"

"Very often," Michaelis answered.

The sailor seemed satisfied by the approval of his taste in literature and sauntered from them. Miss Heath closed her glass case with a smile.

"I dare say free education has its advantages. How long do you mean to stay in San Francisco, Doctor Michaelis?"

"As long as Mrs. Carrick and Charles are contented here. Then I suggest we move on to Lake Louise. They've never done the Canadian Rockies—neither have I."

Miss Heath leaned on her rolled umbrella and stared at some children who were pushing a secondhand perambulator along the gutter.

"You are a very charming companion," she stated. "Charlot quite worships you. Will you go away now, so that the disappointment will not hurt so much when you desert us—as you will sooner or later?"

"I've no earthly intention of deserting Mrs. Carrick. I'm simply waiting until an offer of marriage will seem less hurried."

"I really like you," said Miss Heath. "I wish to spare your pride. You would wish to withdraw such an offer—when you knew ——"

"If you're trying to tell me some unpleasant fact about Stephanie," said Michaelis, "don't waste your breath. If she ever did anything regrettable ——"

"How dare you! She's the most virtuous woman alive!"

"Then why shouldn't she marry me? Rather, why shouldn't I give her the chance of refusing me? Why not stop fencing and tell me this terrible secret? Carrick's dead, isn't he? Charles said so. You ——"

"He was John Carrick! Have you no memory?"

"None to speak of. What about him?"

He had never expected to see Miss Heath other than composed. Now a series of agitations beset this woman. She reeled on her gaitered feet.

"And yet you have relatives in Philadelphia?"

"Several. My brother-in-law, my sister, three nieces, a nephew and some cousins—dull people, the Bastables. And I never heard of John Carrick."

"Good heavens!" said Miss Heath. "Can it be possible! You aren't—aren't joking?"

"Not even mildly. I've been running in and out of Philadelphia for twelve years, and I never heard of Captain John Carrick, or Stephanie, or the boy."

Miss Heath sat down on the nearest bench and waved her gray gloves helplessly. A passing Chinamen in black silk paused to observe her, and another sailor, not young, but very drunk, appeared out of an Italian bar across the way, came sympathetically over and stood shaking his head. Miss Heath glared at this audience, then burst into tears and hurried off, leaving her umbrella and her San Francisco guidebook.

The Chinaman sighed and moved on. The sailor looked inquiringly at Michaelis.

"Did you hit her?" he asked carefully.

"Well," said Michaelis, "not exactly."

He walked back to his hotel and thought of Miss Heath guiltily. She could never be the same again in his presence. It was as if the Rock of Gibraltar had danced before his eyes. He had seen her shed tears, and he believed them tears of something like joy. But he found a letter marked Philadelphia awaiting him at the desk, and his hands were loath to open it. Why not wait and let Stephanie tell him? He wanted her trust. He wanted an admission to her confidence. He put the letter in his pocket and telephoned, suggesting a motor ride.

"Miss Heath has a bad case of neuralgia," said Mrs. Carrick. "Perhaps I should stay. No, she says I'm to go."

"Sensible woman. We'll go to Berkeley and see the university."

Miss Heath had not explained her attack, he was sure, directly. Mrs. Carrick was gay, Charles bubbled, and the suburb, meshed in hills, amused them both with its experiments in colored stucco, houses half Japanese, and sometimes lovely views of secret hollows and sudden curves of water.

"It's quite daring," she said, regarding a staircase that darted up a gully full of mournful peppers to a blue-and-black bungalow. "Just the place to hide in."

"It's not daring to hide," he argued.

"Well—no." She glanced at Charles beside the driver. "But aren't there situations when one could only hide—run away?"

"For instance?"

"If —— But let's find the university."

The Greek theater, the name of the donor in mighty letters above the stage, diverted Charles. He abandoned his mother and scrambled up to stalk about the empty platform, while Michaelis led her to a bench high in this crescent of gray concrete backed by strange, long-leaved trees that talked in the breeze.

"Isn't Charlot conspicuous? We should make him recite. Miss Heath used to teach him Kipling and Newbolt."

"She's a devoted friend," said Michaelis. "Now that I'm used to her, I really like her."

"She's invaluable. She lived with me when—my husband was at sea."

Michaelis filled the pause by saying that tobacco smoke in the house must have been a great consolation. Mrs. Carrick nodded.

"And she's very masculine. She's done her best for Charlot."

"Yes, so far as a woman could."

"Oh, yes. He's a little shy, naturally."

Michaelis crumpled the letter in his pocket. They were close to a fact. He cleared his throat:

"Why should it be natural that a handsome, healthy, clever colt of sixteen should be shy, or that his mother should rush round the globe without stopping a week in one place?"

"Ah, but we don't rush! We slink!" she cried. "And I'm so tired ——"

"Of course you are! Well, why slink? It's bad for the boy; it's bad for you. Come and stay in New Haven—please?"

"Oh! You don't know what you're doing!"

"Don't be silly!" said the professor sharply. "I'm forty-one. And I love you and the boy. And I've got real Sheraton furniture, and ——"

"You do love us. I know that. And ——"

Charles was roaming up the gray benches. She sat staring at his progress, her hands loose on a knee.

"Charles," called Michaelis, "clear out! We're talking about you."

Charles grinned and turned back. Mrs. Carrick sobbed so gently that it hardly hurt Michaelis. He could still speak lightly.

"I'll be very good to Charles. I'll lecture him on Catullus and teach him pool, and all he'll have to do for me is to call me dad. I won't be called Uncle Pete or any of those substitutes stepfathers have to put up with. Did anyone ever call you Steve?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Carrick, "I hadn't forgotten you on the Touraine. I sent Charlot to find you that night."

"How utterly shameless! Now tell me all about it."

"Peter, can't we go on like this—for a while?"

"You and Miss Heath have squattered all over the earth, thinking that whenever anyone stared it was because something unpleasant happened once and you were talked about in Philadelphia. The truth is that you're extraordinarily good looking—you, not Miss Heath. You're all shivery for fear someone will rub it into Charles at college that—that —— Suppose you let Charles stand it! He's got two fists."

"Oh, but that's what he mustn't do! That's what I'm so afraid of. If he ever lost his temper he might ——"

"He might get a black eye. Charles is a young seraph—only he has legs. Seraphs haven't. It's just in books, you know,

(Concluded on Page 48)

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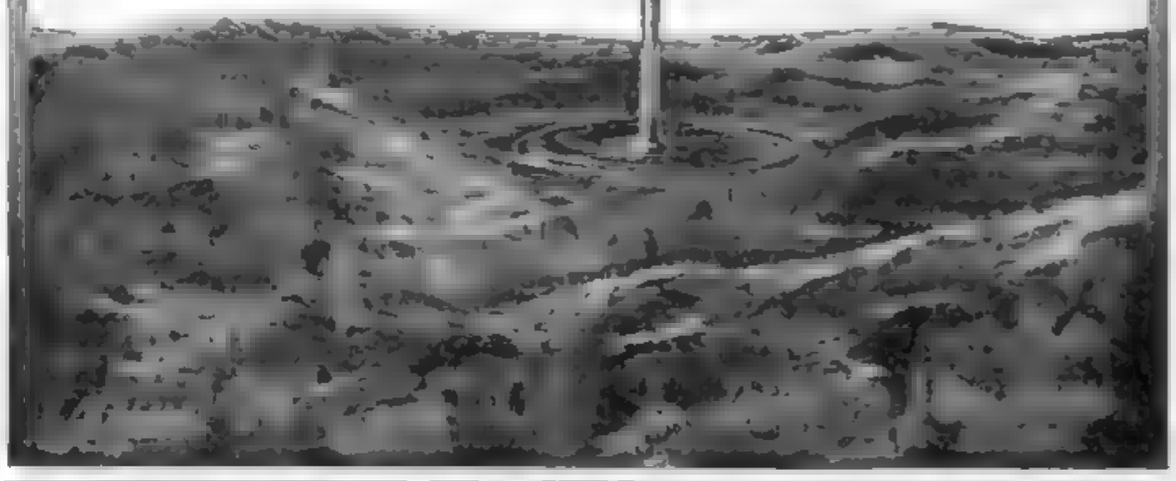

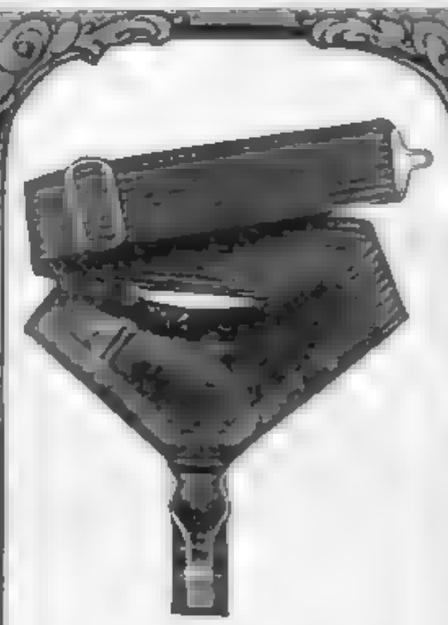

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

TIRES THAT SURPASS OUR EVERY CLAIM

FROM time to time we have told you that Goodyear Cord Tires give greater mileage than other tires.

On other occasions we have emphasized the easier-riding qualities of Goodyear Cords.

On still other occasions we have remarked the unusual reductions they effect in gasoline consumption.

And on yet other occasions we have pointed out their unique advantages in freedom from trouble.

It may seem peculiar that all these virtues—so necessary to complete tire satisfaction—should be found in one tire.

It *is* peculiar—so peculiar in fact, that an entirely new type of tire construction was needed to accomplish it.

This new construction differs basically from the construction used in the fabric tire.

It starts in on the problem of tire efficiency at the point where the fabric construction left off.

* * *

The body of the fabric tire is built up from tightly woven canvas.

To understand the effect of its construction, interlace the fingers of your two hands together and try to bend them.

See how stiff and rigid they become, when laced as canvas is woven.

Precisely this result is experienced in the fabric type of tire.

The body of the Goodyear Cord Tire contains *no* canvas.

It is built up from thousands of stout rubber-impregnated cords laid diagonally in layers one upon the other *without interweave*.

To understand the effect of this construction, lay the fingers of one hand diagonally upon the fingers of the other and again try to bend them.

See how free to exercise they are, how elastic and unhampered in movement.

Such freedom, elasticity and unhampered movement, combined with strength, are absolutely necessary to maximum tire efficiency.

These are the reasons for the unusual advantages in Goodyear Cord Tires.

Proof of these advantages is found in the experience of Goodyear Cord users.

Here are letters from three of them, picked at random from thousands—read what they say:

"The Cheapest Tire in the World"

Tanner Automobile Company
Pasadena, Cal.

Gentlemen:

We are about to close our season and we thought an expression from us as to our experience with your tires would be acceptable to you. As you know, we are operating 85 cars, mostly Pierce Arrow, Packard, Cadillac, Locomobile and Hudson cars. These cars are sent on trips anywhere and used in the highest class service.

The matter of satisfactory tire equipment has always been a most puzzling question, and we have paid well for our experiments with various makes of tires. We have always known your tire to be a good one, but we felt that it was high-priced. About two years ago, we were prevailed upon to give your tires a chance and we purchased a quantity; we went through the entire season without a single mishap of any description and have done almost as well this year.

We did not know that luxury and absolute perfection could be coupled with economy in the case of a tire, but the combination certainly exists in your product. *We know* that the Goodyear Cord Tire is the cheapest tire in the world.

Tanner Automobile Livery,
By (signed) C. C. Tanner.

"The First Puncture at 13,500 Miles"

Taber Prang Art Company
Springfield, Mass.

Gentlemen:

I think you will be interested to know what my experience has been with my first set of Goodyear Cord Tires, which I have used upon my Franklin car. I took off the first tire owing to a puncture, it having run 13,500 miles, and the second tire was removed at 15,500; my third tire at 16,500, and the fourth one a few miles under 20,000 miles.

I have run my car throughout the winter and given it severe usage.

It is a real pleasure for me to make this statement to you, as I feel absolutely satisfied with the service your Cord Tires are giving me.

(Signed) Theodore W. Leete,
Treasurer and General Manager.

"17,600 Miles and Still Running"

H. H. Cotton, Real Estate Investments
Los Angeles, Cal.

Gentlemen:

A year ago last March I purchased a seven-passenger 1-35 Packard touring car, equipped with Goodyear Cord Rib Tread Tires.

The four original tires on the car I used for 12,600 miles, making a trip all through Northern California and a great many trips into the country from Los Angeles, so that at least fifty per cent of the mileage was on rough country roads.

At the beginning of this winter season, I removed the rear tires and replaced them with two Goodyear Cord All-Weather Treads, leaving the original front tires, which ran 17,600 miles and are still running.

I have never had any tire trouble, never had a puncture, and the tires have never been off the rim. I consider this a remarkable performance for such a large car, and I can assure you that from my experience I am a confirmed Goodyear booster, and I doubt if any selling argument could induce me to change the brand of tire the car is now equipped with.

This record is so different from the previous experience I have had with tires that I am very glad to give you this as an unsolicited testimonial.

(Signed) H. H. Cotton.

CORD TIRES

(Concluded from Page 45)

that people inherit hot tempers. Miss Heath's English. She probably believes that everyone knows you're Mrs. Stephanie Carrick, of Philadelphia, and all about you. I shall have to explain to all New Haven that you are. America is a large country and stories fade out. People forget, even in Philadelphia."

"I wish I thought so!"

"My Sheraton furniture is no better than my collection of wedgwood."

"If you knew, you couldn't be so cheerful!"

"I have to be cheerful for two. Hang it all, Steve, I'm proposing to you! Come, tell me the story and get it over. You're not very flattering. I invite you to marry me, and you say if I knew something someone did to you years ago I wouldn't want to. I should want to more than ever."

"I almost think you would. But ——"

The Pacific sent a fog into the theater. It rolled up the choric space and toward their bench in plump, great puffs of whiteness, and Charles whistled below, quite invisible.

"Better stop talking about me. Mother hasn't a coat."

"Ah, let's go!" she gasped.

"You don't trust me."

"I can't burden you with a—a horrible story!"

The fog rose about them. Michaelis kissed her savagely as she stood up, and she clung to him. In the dimness she looked very young, and he kissed her again with the utmost enjoyment.

"Marry me to-morrow and don't be silly! You're over thirty—unless you married at fourteen, and that's not a Philadelphia habit. Charles has got to go to school, and you'll be lonely without him. He'll be at college and come out to dinner whenever I get too dull. Steve!"

"I'll tell you to-morrow."

But all the length of their flight in the white, icy fog she let him hold her hand, and Charles politely looked away, his grin warming the air and brightening the gloom of the ferry from Oakland to the city.

"I'm coming to dinner," Michaelis announced as they whirled up Market Street, already lit in the sudden dusk.

"I shall dine upstairs with Miss Heath," she said, her voice rippling once more. "But Charlot will be down, of course."

"I think you're rather cruel. We have so many plans to talk over. But I'll let you," he said nobly.

Charles was calm with the restraint of a martyr in the door of a lion pit until Michaelis had ordered dinner. Then he gulped:

"Did she say she would?"

Michaelis looked round the vast glitter of the dining room, and thought how many plain women there are in the world and how many boys are clumsy louts at sixteen.

"She put off answering until to-morrow. She has some weird idea that she ought to consult Miss Heath, I suppose. If we're married out here ——"

"Golly! Go on, make her get married out here! I can take Miss Heath somewhere until it's time to go home. I don't mind at all."

"How long has Miss Heath been with Steve—I mean with your mother?"

"Ever since before she was married. Miss Heath was grandmother's companion. Let's see"—Charles frowned—"grandmother died during the first trial, I think."

"Oh," said Michaelis, "the first one?"

"Yes, there were three. Your brother-in-law was father's lawyer in the last one. And are there many Philadelphia fellows in Yale? I think I could keep my temper even if they were nasty about it," Charles mused.

"I don't think they would be. They probably don't know anything about it, and there aren't many," said Michaelis easily.

Charles assumed that the truth was out. It was certainly coming fast. The boy beamed, eating his oysters.

"If you're not afraid to marry her, I don't see what Miss Heath's got to say about it. And Miss Heath's not poor, you know. Grandmother left her a thousand a year. I expect she'll go live with her brother in England. He's a canon. Gosh, he's stupid! We stayed with him once, and he kept apologizing every time anyone said 'murder' when mother was round. Of course that kept her thinking about it all. But it's not like a real murder, d'you think? Killing a fellow by accident in a row that was all the other's fault? Of course father shouldn't have gone near the hog. I suppose, since there weren't any witnesses, that made it look worse for father."

"It would," Michaelis agreed. "But how old were you then, sonny?"

"Oh—five or six months, I guess. I've got some pictures of father. He was six-foot-three, so when he hit the mucker it must have been an awful wallop. But what hurts mother, of course, was that she gave him the letter. And I do think that was foolish. No one would like it a lot—knowing a blithering fool like this Phillips had asked his wife to run off with him. Must say, I don't think mother was sensible to do that."

"No," said Michaelis, "but she was probably frightened. She's so very timid."

"Well, that was it, I suppose. She was just a kid, and having this jackass chasing after her when father was cruising must have scared her silly. Of course she felt that father ought to know. But she couldn't very well guess he'd run right into Phillips at the Cricket Club, could she? And wasn't it rotten luck there wasn't anyone else in the dressing rooms? Of course I don't suppose the jury believed that Phillips busted his neck against the shower bath. I suppose they thought father just mopped the floor up with him. It looked that way. Being sent to prison for manslaughter isn't so bad as a lot of other things, d'you think."

"No. And how old were you when he died, Charles?"

"About three. I remember mother crying, I think—a little."

Michaelis ate an olive. It was odious that Stephanie should have had to endure this, and no doubt Philadelphia had seethed for a while, and no doubt she had felt the brand of Cain printed very deep. He must be careful not to let Professor Olmsted, when they entertained, tell any of his favorite murder stories.

"I don't think Steve should have let you know all this, sonny."

"Oh, she didn't. But she used to lug the reports of the trial round and I got hold of 'em once—on the Cedric, I think it was. I chucked 'em overboard."

"What a brainy kid you are! But you mustn't let an accident make you nervous about making friends, Charles. If he hadn't died in prison, I think he could have ——"

"Lived it down? Yes, so do I. People must have been awfully fond of him, y'know? The men off his ship nearly burned the courthouse! But—I say, you aren't eating much!"

"I'm in love," said Michaelis. "And how you can talk and eat at the same time I don't understand. I don't think it's good for you.

"Have some more bread? When I'm your stepfather I want you to forget the fact as soon as possible. After all, I'm the only father you'll ever have. Miss Heath doesn't count. I'd better start training you now. You're not to smoke nor drink spirits till you're twenty-one."

"All right, daddy," said Charles.

"You young limb!"

Michaelis carried the warmth of the swift syllables up the foggy hill and into his bedroom. He was idiotic with happiness. To-morrow he would rescue her, for all time, from the ghost of pursuit, and plant her in his house, and spend his money on pretty clothes and dinners to replace the years of hotels and ships. He would take her to dances and flaunt her before the world. He wondered if Miss Heath would be jealous. Probably. How foolish were women! But how gracious is destiny! No other man had been able to gain her. She had remembered him ten years. He tore the unopened letter into small bits and burned them ceremoniously on an ash tray—a sort of sacrifice to the blind gods of chance. He hoped Miss Heath's brother, the canon, had not given up cigarettes as a war economy. Should he set Charles a good example and swear off smoking?

The door crashed open and Charles hurled his flying coat into the room, his bare head pearly with sea fog and his lashes wet from other sources.

"Oh," he wailed, "she's packing up! She says she's going East on the midnight. She says you don't know anything about it. I said you did. She says you didn't. She's crying her head off. And so's Miss Heath. Stop it! I don't want to go."

"Sit down," said Michaelis, "and get your breath. You mustn't run uphill—you'll strain your heart. What's Miss Heath crying for?"

"She says you're a thoroughbred—even if your ancestors were German. She says you ought to have a chance. She says we've been foolish, and that ——"

"What's the room number?"

"Five-sixty-seven. I can't stand running off!"

"Go lock the door and fetch me the key," Michaelis growled. "It's a good thing I took this room. It's got two beds. Get me five-six-seven, please, and hurry." He put his palm over the telephone receiver and slipped the key into his pocket, patting Charles absently on the head. "Get into bed, son. You're going to stay here. Hello? Ah, Miss Heath, how's your neuralgia?"

A wild babble represented Miss Heath's voice for a second; then she spoke distinctly and with something of the old command:

"You must come here at once, my dear fellow, and convince her ——"

"I shan't do anything of the sort. I'm tired and the fog's awful. Get Stephanie to the phone. Tell her she's behaving like a child of six. Is that you, Steve?" he demanded after a while. "Now listen to me: If you take the midnight train—yes, I know all about that—if you leave San Francisco you leave the kid. The door's locked. I've got the key and he's getting into my pyjamas. They won't fit him, but they'll have to do.

"He's a hostage. I don't think I'll give him any food either. He shan't see you until you've come to your senses. I'm ashamed of you, Steve!"

"Oh, Peter! How long have you known?"

Michaelis braced himself for a superb evasion and winked at Charles, wide-eyed with admiration but only unlacing one shoe.

"My poor girl, I fell in love with you ten years ago. Did you think I'd let all that time pass and never inquire about you? You are silly!"

Silence filled the receiver. Finally she gave a meek sigh.

"You can send Charlot down, Peter. But hadn't we best wait a week or two?"

"When I'm dealing with a rash, impulsive female like you I can't afford to take any chances.

"Charles stays here. If I let you get hold of him I might have to chase you to Bogota or Sydney, and I have to lecture on Pliny the second of October. Will you marry me to-morrow?"

"If you think I should, Peter."

"I'm sure of it. Now have some hot milk to quiet your nerves, and go to bed. For a woman of thirty-two ——"

"Oh, Pete, I'm thirty-four!"

"Thirty-three, you have less self-control than you should. Good night—darling."

"Golly!" said Charles in a whisper. "I shan't take any of your courses in college. You'd scare me stiff."

"Love makes a man tyrannical," Michaelis alleged. "Great Scott! You're wet through. Get your things off and go to bed, you pup!"

"All right, daddy," Charles chuckled, and bent over the other shoe.

FIGHTING THE KAISER IN THE KITCHEN

(Continued from Page 11)

with solder the last small hole in the cap, a little soldering flux, some sal ammoniac, and apparatus for heating the tools—usually a gasoline torch. With a little practice thousands of boys and girls have put into tin cans goods of the best quality, and have earned money by it.

There are on the market a variety of canning outfits ranging in price and complexity from the equipment that will turn out a daily product running into carloads, down through the club outfit that uses some thousands of cans a season, to the home equipment that assumes that the operations have outgrown the preserve-jar stage and represent a cash asset rather than something merely to be drawn upon for the home table. Anyone desiring information as to these outfits may obtain it in full measure from the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, from any state college of agriculture, commissioner of agriculture, county farm demonstrator, or from one of the various canning-club organizations. If cans were as plentiful as outfits and information regarding the same, the situation would be greatly simplified.

Though the putting up of foodstuffs in tin cans is as simple, once learned, as preserving in glass jars—and, if the amount handled is large, far simpler—there is a good deal to be learned by the beginner. For instance, the neophyte might make a mistake if he put up rhubarb in tin cans. It can be done, but not successfully unless a thick sirup is used to counteract the sharp acid of the pie plant—and even then it should be put into lacquered cans only. This is cited to indicate to those who plan a fall canning campaign that there are foods that may be put into ordinary tins, and others that will spoil unless they are put into the lacquered or enameled cans. You must know your needs in this regard before you order your cans. In a general way it may be said that for the canning of green vegetables, meats, fish, rhubarb, berries, squash, pumpkins, beets and similar things in tin cans, the enameled or lacquered cans should be used. The juices of these foods may dissolve the tin of the ordinary can and make the contents unfit for food. The watchword of the beginner should be "Learn all you can."

During the can famine everyone ought to agree that tin cans should be used only for those operations that produce canned goods that are intended to be shipped or otherwise so handled as to make the glass container unadvisable. Tin cans may be packed more closely, handled more roughly, and transferred more easily in every way than glass goods. Food in tins will always be cheaper than food in glass because of these facts. Nevertheless, the second line of defense, the Home Guard of the canning campaign, must be the glass jar.

The average housewife understands canning in glass and does not know how to handle the tin can. Moreover, there is a huge supply of empty glass jars lying about the cellars and garrets of the nation that may be mobilized for the fray. Dig them out of the corners, wash the dust out of them and provide them with new rubbers; for they will all be needed. Glass-jar exchanges should be established and homes of the land combed for them. See to it in every community that there is not a glass jar left unused. There are many empties in homes in which no canning will be done. Let the food conservators get after them and make a census of glass jars. The hope of the campaign to some extent lies in the fact that the glass jar has this superiority in wartime over the tin can: Whereas the latter is ruined when opened, the former is perfectly good until broken.

Glass jars accumulate like safety-razor blades. Let us be thankful for that, for war has made the glass jar scarce also. Undoubtedly there will be a famine in these. Glass manufacturing is disturbed by war conditions, just the same as everything else. Glass is made of sand, and the sand banks have not been able to get cars. The shortage of tinplate and the increase in the canning demands have laid on the makers of glass jars the burden of producing more than ever, while hampered by labor shortage, car shortage, coal shortage and shortage of sand. Do you see now rather more clearly than ever before how this great industrial machine of ours is composed of millions of interdependent parts and that, as with the human body, when one organ breaks down the whole thing slows down and finally stops? The Kaiser laid his hand on the world's heart on that midsummer day in 1914 when he merrily hurled his war machine at the French frontier. He made food scarce, and he made scarce the tins and the glass with which we must stave off hunger.

A wholesale grocer reminds us of the fact that his business has had a serious responsibility thrust upon it. Thousands of families, he says, are cultivating patches of ground in their back yards with the idea of raising and preserving vegetables, for which products there is no available supply of containers except fruit jars. And the sole source of supply for fruit jars is the wholesale grocer. If the wholesale grocers do not

(Concluded on Page 51)

CANNED IN THE SUNNY ORCHARDS *where they* GROW

If once you could visit just a few of the many Del Monte canneries, you would begin to understand how Del Monte canned fruits retain so wonderfully the natural flavor which seems to bring the golden sunshine of California to your table.

For, first of all, you would find these canneries so close to the orchards that the fruit is "packed where it ripens the day it is picked"—while it is still fresh and luscious.

And once inside you would marvel at the rigid system of inspection which guards every detail of the work.

And then, when you learned that only the yield of the choicest producing districts of California is used for the Del Monte "pack," you would never again think of ordering canned fruits and vegetables without specifying the Del Monte Brand.

Nor would you ever again slave over a hot stove, "putting up" your own fruit and preserves, especially now that sugar and all other supplies are so expensive.

Instead of "putting up" your own fruit for this winter, place your order *now* with your grocer to be delivered to you in the fall. There are scores of varieties to choose from, and by so doing you will save time, labor and money, too.

At leading grocers' everywhere

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

CALIFORNIA CANNED FRUITS & VEGETABLES

You car owners who have driven for years will welcome hand-made Marathon Tires

MARATHON

YOU know the grief of tire changes on hot days: you know the annoyance of making claims for mileage adjustments: you know the cost in tube repair: you know the damage to clothing and temper and time and you'll be glad to pay a little more than you are accustomed to pay for tires and get a tire that is built to go the full distance.

A good many of you have tried various so-called remedies for tire troubles. You've put coverings on the outside of your casings and you've put linings inside; you've filled them with air and with things that weren't air; you've pumped them up good and tight and you've run them soft, and you've gotten pretty much the same result in every case.

The answer wasn't found in substitutes of any kind and it wasn't found in just piling on thicknesses; we found it in the simple thing of the very finest rubber and fabric put together by hand with the most exacting care. We built for uniformity and to avoid the weak spots.

Tires break down in spots: you know that. Well, we simply build them like a well-knit athlete; Marathon hand-made tires are tough and they are uniform; no weak spots. Write us and let us tell you more about tires; you will be interested and probably you'll be instructed; there's plenty to learn and it all pays the car owner.

THE MARATHON TIRE & RUBBER CO.

CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO

CANADIAN FACTORY, ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

(Concluded from Page 48)

take care of this demand, this labor, these vegetables and fruits, and these patriotic hopes will all come to naught.

"Also," says the wholesale grocer—and it may be well for all canners to take this expert statement to heart—"it will be fatal if a wholesale grocer or a retailer permits a rubber fruit-jar ring to be sold that is less than a fourteen-cut—fourteen cut to the inch.

"Nine times out of ten when a thinner ring is used the fruit or vegetable will spoil. This applies particularly to a thin rubber made for a narrow-mouthed jar and stretched over a wide-mouthed jar."

These terms mean to me merely that if rubber rings are used that are too thin the can will not be properly sealed and the summer's work will be lost; and that when a ring made for a narrow mouth is stretched to go on a wide one, it gets thinner with the stretching and the danger is increased. A little thing—but like the horseshoe nail, for the want of which the man was finally lost.

Supposing now that after every economy has been adopted—as every economy must be, even to the extent of a rigid control over the supply—in the use of tin cans, and everything has been done to rake and scrape from every corner the old glass jars, and everything has been done by the glass manufacturers to add to the supply by making new ones, still it turns out that there is a continuing famine in containers for the year's crop of perishables—are there any further wartime ways of meeting the situation? Yes. Many foods are habitually sold in tins and glass jars that may be put up in other containers, of which there should be an ample supply. Stone jars and jugs and crocks have been used by many a thrifty housewife for the preserving of all sorts of fruits. I remember how one Iowa farmer's wife long, long ago canned her fruit in stone jugs and crocks and sealed them with gum from the prairie gum weeds. They kept too. Her war was with the natural scarcity of the pioneer's life; but cannot the housewives of to-day match her resourcefulness, in the war against militarism?

But lots of things do not need to be strictly sealed, and for these there is a supply of fiber containers that it is hoped will be ample for this year's uses. I think the Department of Agriculture will be able to inform everyone where these also may be obtained. Indeed, it is just possible that Mr. Hoover's organization may find it necessary for the good of food conservation to force these paper-pulp or fiber containers upon the attention of those who have been in the habit of using glass jars or tin cans for purposes that cannot be said at this crisis to be necessary.

Fiber Containers

These fiber containers are made in all shapes and sizes. Some are coated with paraffin and are said to be air-tight, so that things might actually be canned in them; but the prudent food conserver will scarcely trust them thus to the uttermost. They are undoubtedly suitable for milk, buttermilk, cream, ice cream, oysters, sirups, dried fruits, preserves, jellies, mincemeat, horseradish, relishes, pickles, deviled ham and chicken, vinegar, mustard, soda water, salads, sauerkraut, olives, spiced peaches, and enough other things so that one may believe by a mere glance over the list, in the light of experience in opening glass and tin containers of the enumerated commodities, that if these newer-fangled receptacles are used to the fullest extent possible the glass and tin thereby liberated to necessary uses ought to relieve the situation completely. The paper-pulp utensils cannot be used, of course, for things that are intended to be cooked in the container—not if the intention is carried into effect.

These, then, are the difficulties to be faced by the American effort to save perishable foods through canning and preserving, so far as those problems relate to the containers into which the foods are to be put. The situation demands some national organization that shall marshal the assets and put into effect a good can control, to the end that no tin cans shall be used unnecessarily, no glass jars where paper-pulp containers can be just as well used, and that the existing stock shall be utilized. The problem is great enough in importance to justify these measures.

We discuss the supply of such staples as wheat, corn, cotton and the meats as if they were all-important in the food situation; but once in a while a man bobs up with figures showing that eggs, for instance, constitute an item of enormous import. It took this war to prove to us the importance of jam. Go to any grocery and see how much of the shelf room is taken up with canned goods; seek out any village dump and contemplate the empty cans—and then read the statistics of the trade more understandingly.

This article is of importance because it deals with the idea of you yourself becoming a canner for this year or during the war—and it is written in the hope that the habit of canning may become a fixed one in that era of economy and close counting of pennies that ought to follow the war. Maybe the war will cost us fifty billions of dollars; but if it teaches us the much-needed lesson of national thrift we can pay it off in five years out of its own benefits to our national character. If we will just learn to save by canning it will do more to reduce the cost of living in the future than any other one thing of which I can now think. The home canning of foods utilizes in large measure labor that would otherwise be unproductive. It is becoming a specialty of clubs of boys and girls; and though child labor under factory conditions is an evil, the labor of children in food production in the home or the school under circumstances that make the process at one and the same time educational and profitable is an unmixed blessing.

Canned Apples

It is not altogether safe to say that the women of the United States might put up millions of dollars' worth of canned goods and be all the better off for having done the work, but there are people who would agree with the statement. It is perfectly safe to say that food enough to mitigate the shortage perceptibly in both America and Europe might be put up by the women of the United States in addition to what they normally preserve, and that in doing this work they will be quite as completely enlisted in their country's cause as if acting as nurses behind the battle lines.

To many of these the way to begin may be more or less puzzling. They may not know at first blush what it is best to can. There is a list of things that ought to be put up that is so long as to be surprising. Directions for the canning of every one of them will be furnished by the Government on application; and in most localities there will be organizations that will be making studies of canning. It is not worth while to mention the commoner fruits and berries—everybody knows about them. Let every person look about for the ones commonest and cheapest. But one of the commonest, the cull or windfall apple, may escape attention. Of these the supply is enormous, and "S. R. S. Doc. 15, Form NR—23," issued by the United States Department of Agriculture and by state colleges, will tell anyone just how to utilize them. If you don't know the uses of canned apples this leaflet will inform you on that point, and will also give recipes for apple sirup, how to keep cider sweet, how to can quartered apples for fruit salads, how to put up apples for pie filling, and some other things. Another tells how to put up wild grapes, wild plums and damsons, and also rhubarb.

Pears; quinces; oranges, whole and sliced; vegetable greens, both wild and cultivated; Swiss chard, kale, Chinese cabbage leaves, upland cress, French endive, cabbage sprouts, turnip tops, New Zealand spinach, asparagus, spinach, beet tops, cultivated dandelion, dasheen sprouts, native mustard, collards and rape are among the cultivated greens that may be canned in summer for use in winter; while among the wild plants that are just as good are pepper cress, lamb's-quarters, sour dock, smartweed sprouts, purslane or pusley, pokeweed, dandelions, marsh marigold, wild mustard, tender sprouts and young leaves of milkweed.

How does the writer know that all these are good? By dint of having eaten all of them save the milkweed and smartweed, and because the Department of Agriculture vouches for all. Some of them are over for this year, but 1918 will be another year as sure as you live. Why, brethren, there are not cans enough in the world to hold the edibles that go to waste every year in this gloriously wasteful land of ours. Are these things worth canning? Well, they contain an average of more than two per cent of protein and more than three per cent of carbohydrates, and minerals and salts that are good for the health.

Oh, there is no lack of things to can—things that would in all probability be lost otherwise. Cabbage sold for hundreds of dollars a ton last spring, and cabbage as well as cauliflower and Brussels sprouts can be got cheaply for canning this autumn. Carrots, parsnips, beets, turnips, sweet potatoes—these are not usually canned at home, but they might just as well be, and should be. Recipes are to be had for the asking. Tomatoes need not be mentioned; but sweet corn, either on the cob or off it, may be canned with perfect success in the home or by the boys' and girls' clubs. So may Lima beans, string beans, peas, okra, pumpkin and squash. All these may be done in more than one way.

Take corn, for instance—just plain, ordinary field corn. It may be taken in its roasting-ear state and grated off the cob into a splendid canned breakfast food. "Form R-17" will tell you all about this. There is enough corn this year so that breakfasts for the whole world might be canned in the United States without materially reducing the supply. Corn and tomatoes are canned in combination; and also corn, tomatoes and string beans. Sweet peppers are canned. So are mushrooms—but be sure you know them from toadstools.

You buy canned meat in the delicatessen stores—why not can it yourself? It can be done with perfect success. Soup stock—from beef hocks, joints, bones with marrow in them—may be canned at home. So of soups. Do you suppose there is any deep secret in the preparation of canned soups? You may put up vegetable soup, cream-of-pea soup, cream-of-potato soup, bean soup—all the standard soups—from this year's produce for next winter's consumption, after Government recipes, if you like. You may can poultry or game or corned beef or pork; or if you live in the right country for them you may can salmon, oysters or clams.

Preserving Fruits

There are five methods of canning now in use: The open-kettle or hot-pack method, the intermittent or fractional-sterilization method, the cold-water method, the vacuum-seal method, and the cold-pack method. The foregoing sentence sounds profound, but I do not know what it means. I copy it from a Government bulletin. I myself have canned many carloads of goods and sold them to the trade; but I do not know which of these five methods I used. I know how we did it, however. We did it the way our fellow canners did it, and the goods were first class. You will be wise if you do these things the way your neighbors do them—provided you follow successful canners.

At the same time, now that I look further into that bulletin, it will not be safe to omit a study of the Government publications. You will learn all about the different sorts of both commercial and home canning equipments. You will find that there is a science in sirups and brines. Sugar is dear this fall—the Kaiser again—and you may well read the Government's wise and timely hints as to preserving fruits without sugar, or with very little. These publications tell you even the temperature at which water boils at different altitudes, so that those who dwell in the mountains or on the plateaus may guard against the traps and pitfalls of recipes that assume that all boiling water is at a temperature of 212°. In these publications will be found, too, the addresses of many manufacturers of canning equipment of all sorts.

But to an Armenian or to many another immigrant all this talk about canning must seem rather queer. You may travel from one end to the other of the country of the Armenians and you will not find a single can of preserves or of "air-tighted" food. So of the Turks. So of Asiatics in general. So, I suspect, of the Russians, the peoples of the Balkans, and, in fact, of most of the world. And yet they do not waste the things of summer that we put up in cans. They carefully preserve them. How? By making the sun or the fire solve the problem of tin, glass and fiber. They dry their foods, from meats to berries and vegetables. So did our grandmothers. Who that is elderly does not remember the dried apples, peaches, pears and berries of fifty years ago? And dried corn! Have you ever eaten canned sweet corn that was better than that old-fashioned dried corn which, soaked overnight in water, stewed leisurely in milk, and seasoned with butter, salt and pepper, was fit for the gods? No, you never have! And the sun still shines. The Kaiser cannot stop that.

But our grandmothers might learn much from the Department of Agriculture if they were alive and interested in the drying of foods. They never, so far as I know, dried vegetables like string beans or okra. They did not know the secret of blanching before drying—but you may know all about it by asking the Department of Agriculture for Bulletin 841, dated June, 1917, entitled "Drying Fruits and Vegetables in the Home."

Work Till Frost

Our grandmothers depended mainly on the sun, but you may here find designs for equipment for drying by artificial heat. Directions are given for drying sweet corn, string beans—so that when cooked they will be fresh and tender and green—young and tender Lima beans, okra, peppers, peas, beets, onions, leeks, carrots, turnips, parsnips, cabbage, spinach and parsley, beet tops, Swiss chard and other greens—actually dried greens, if you can imagine it!—potatoes, sweet potatoes, cauliflower, pumpkins and squash—grandma knew that!—soup mixtures, herbs, apples, pears and quinces, raspberries—old stuff, that!—peaches, plums and apricots, cherries—and that's enough for a start! And recipes for preparing and serving these foods too. On reading this bulletin one is led to believe that if we really set ourselves to the task we should be able to laugh in the Kaiser's face at the notion that even a scarcity of cans and jars could seriously limit our efforts to keep permanently fit for food the immense supply that is now daily passing into and beyond the stage of spoilage.

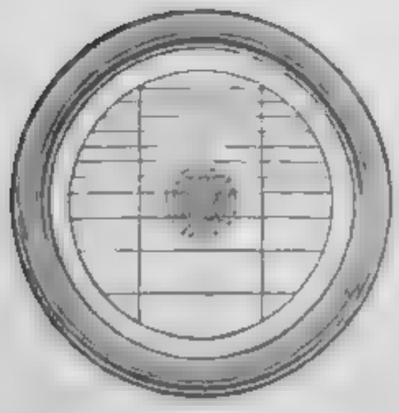
This is a matter of enormous importance. We are now discussing the reserves of the nation's food. We are considering the utilization of labor, which may express itself in terms of food, that will otherwise not be exerted at all or in less useful ways. All ye women who are knitting for the soldiers, get busy and put up canned goods for your families, your neighbors, your grocery stores. Every pound so preserved will either go to the front of the eating line or will liberate other food to go there. Think of the warehouses that might be filled, the trains and ships that might be loaded, if every woman and girl and class in school in America would only put up twenty-five, or a dozen, or even ten pounds of food, canned, preserved or dried.

Be not simply good patriots this famine year—be good for something. And now is the time of the year to do this work. The bulk of the canning season is before us. If the cherries, strawberries, gooseberries, currants and huckleberries are gone, remember that they make up a very small part of the cannable produce—and if you prepare yourself now and work until frost you will be fully equipped to help strike the last blow at the German Famine in 1918.

The New Osgood Lens—the lens with the twelve prisms that operate as one.

Officially sanctioned by the authorities of America's principal cities.

America's recognized authorities on illumination can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The group includes James R. Cravath, headquarters, Chicago. To this man is due the discovery of the principle embodied in the New Osgood Lens—Cravath Long Distance Type—by which 74% more light is thrown onto the road, as compared with the light from a lens of plain glass. Besides delivering this more powerful road ray, the New Osgood Lens abolishes glare, because the ray is not more than waist high. The road is lighted for the full distance of one-third of a mile. The small diagram on the next page shows a side view of the twelve selective prisms of the New Osgood Lens which deliver the light to exact predetermined road points, while the rays merge to form the one master shaft of light which shows the "going" far ahead. Efficiency and courtesy combined.



THE NEW

OSGOOD LENS

CRAVATH LONG DISTANCE TYPE

He Revolutionized Light for Motorists

Gave them 74% More Light on the Road—A Waist-High Beam—Light Thrown ⅓ Mile Ahead of the Car—No Glare—No Need for Dimming

In the New Osgood Lens, James R. Cravath has brought to motorists a new night-driving efficiency, comfort, safety, ease-of-mind.

In the New Osgood Lens he has converted "sky" rays into *road* rays by directing them all downward toward Mother Earth.

He has made "glare" rays *direct* rays by taking them out of the eyes of pedestrians and other motorists, keeping them waist high and parallel with the road.

He has established light *control* in place of light diffusion, by which light is merely broken up at the expense of lighting distance.

And, with it all, he has given the motorist *74%* more light on the road as compared with light delivered through a plain lens.

Compared with a lens of *ground* glass this road lighting power of the New Osgood Lens is *910%* greater, by authoritative tests.

For the New Osgood Lens has twelve selective prisms—each directing its particular shaft of light to some predetermined spot in the road, whether immediately in front of the car or hundreds of feet ahead. Working together these twelve shafts form the one main beam that sentinels the road for you.

Side view of the New Osgood Lens, showing twelve prisms that operate as one, throwing all the light forward and downward. No "sky" rays

Think of this beam feeling out the distance for a full third mile—carpeting the road with safety—blinding no eyes—making all things clear to the driver's.

Remember also that the New Osgood Lens complies with all headlight laws, and frees you forever from the need of troublesome dimming with its attendant loss of light.

Your car will be a better car, and safe night driving will take on a new meaning, with the New Osgood Lens as the regular lighting equipment.

You know all this beforehand, because the New Osgood Lens has passed most exacting official tests. Beware of the lens that has not passed such tests.

* * *

Dealers: Write for complete data on the New Osgood Lens, the lens which marks a new high point in lighting efficiency for motorists by making "glare" rays road rays—74% more brightness on the road—no glare—no need for dimming.

What Foremost Engineers Say

The New Osgood Lens has a fourfold sponsorship for its scientific principle whereby it has marked such a great advance in road-lighting efficiency.

James R. Cravath, prominent among America's recognized authorities on illumination, designed it.

Professor E. H. Freeman of the Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, has endorsed it after exhaustive laboratory tests.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology also endorses it after similar tests.

L. A. Hillman, technical representative of the American Automobile Association, has officially road-tested it, with results as noted in the third column to right.

Professor Freeman finds that the New Osgood Lens increases the average apparent candle-power below the axis of reflector over 74 per cent as against a headlight equipped with a plain glass lighting the same width of road.

This greater road-lighting power is also borne out in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology report of tests.

This new road-lighting efficiency is due to the fact that rays which ordinarily are thrown upward, are thrown onto the road by the New Osgood Lens. See illustration of ray on the opposite page.

Compared with a lens of *ground* glass he finds that the average candle-power of the beam from the New Osgood Lens is *910% greater* below this horizontal plane.

In official tests made Nov. 27, 1916, L. A. Hillman, the technical representative of the A. A. A., found that at 50 feet the spread of rays from the New Osgood Lens was 15 feet; at 75 feet, spread was 18 feet; at 150 feet it was 35½ feet—height of concentrated rays 24 inches. At 250 feet, spread of rays was 60 feet.

At 1800 feet there was a considerable strength of light, sufficient to cast a shadow. Illumination of road, and to each side, was good at this great distance.

Observers standing before the car in various places and positions could find no glare.

The smooth outer surface of the lens was found to be fully as claimed. Note: There is nothing about the New Osgood Lens to catch dust. It is as easily cleaned as a window pane.

Sizes and Retail Prices

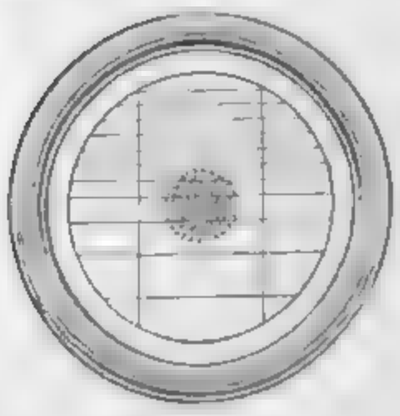
The New Osgood Lens is made in all sizes for all cars of whatever make. Sizes and prices:

7 to 7¾ inches . .	$2.90 a pair
8 to 8½ inches . .	3.75 a pair
8¾ to 9½ inches . .	4.00 a pair
9¾ to 11 inches . .	4.50 a pair

Prices quoted on special sizes.
25 cents a pair higher west of Rockies.
20% higher in Canada.

Obtainable at dealers and garages everywhere. If yours cannot supply you, order direct. In ordering: Give diameter of old lens; diameter of opening in door frame; model and make of car.

Osgood Lens & Supply Co.
2007 Michigan Ave., Dept. 908, Chicago, Ill.



THE NEW
OSGOOD LENS
CRAVATH LONG DISTANCE TYPE

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

Don't say ——— pumping up tires is too much trouble. with a SCHRADER UNIVERSAL PUMP CONNECTION it is no trouble at all.

If you pumped up your tires every time they fell below the pressure specified by the tire maker, they would last for the maximum distance.

You can't tell how many miles your tires can give you until you put them on a *regulated, measured* air diet.

Use a Schrader Universal Pump Connection and a Schrader Universal Tire Pressure Gauge and get 100% mileage out of your tires.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, INC.
765-793 Atlantic Avenue Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

neutralizes all body odors

It does not harm the skin nor stain the clothes nor check natural functions—just gently neutralizes every body odor

25c at drug- and department-stores

"Mum" is a trade-mark registered in U. S. Patent Office

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

THE WHISPERER

(Continued from Page 16)

The doctor had to hurry back. He had an appointment with McCabe. For some reason he hesitated for fifteen seconds before he went into McCabe's office. He pinched his lips and shook his head. Then he threw back his head and darted into McCabe's office, and the two of them went together to see Purdy.

McCabe sighed: "Chief, you know I've always been a friend of Jordan's. But at the same time I feel that my first duty is to the firm rather than to any individual, and I want to talk to you about the way Jordan insists on wrecking everything in this attempt to cram Saltylic down our throats. I'd take this up in general conference, with Jordan right there, but you know how stubborn he is."

"I don't think we need to worry about it any more. Even Jordan must see by now that Saltylic isn't going," Purdy said mildly.

"Doctor Doremus thinks not," insisted McCabe, and the doctor permitted himself to be pumped to the effect that:

"I'm afraid McCabe is right, chief. I tried my best to make Jordan see that we aren't getting any reorders, and that all the consignments apparently are dead, but all I could get him to say was 'I'm running this! I'll show all you fellows that the stuff will sell. What if it doesn't bring the bacon home for a year or two,' he said; 'it'll pay in the long run.'"

Purdy was pricked into wailing:

"But it's just this year or two when we can't stand any loss! To be frank, boys, with the Vanvick Company giving us such a run we can't afford to have money tied up this way. I know you love Jordan, as I do; but, just between us, I do wish he wasn't so pig-headed sometimes!"

After that it was easy for the doctor.

VI

NO ONE has ever learned what was said between Purdy and Jordan during that interview which took all of one afternoon. But two days after Purdy had been visited by McCabe and his comrade in appreciation of the arts and charities, Dr. R. Chester Doremus, it was announced at the weekly conference that Jordan had resigned to go into the retail drug business. Jordan said that he did not know just where he would locate, but he had always wanted to have a little business of his own.

The announcement grieved them all, particularly Doctor Doremus, who was so stunned by the thought of losing his first friend at the Bowen Company that he did not cheer up even when Purdy added that he had taken up the question of Jordan's successor with Bowen himself, and that he had decided to appoint, as the new superintendent of the proprietary department—here Purdy's lean dry voice became full and emotional—Doctor Doremus!

The doctor had one more lunch with that first friend. Jordan's voice was bewildered, his motions clumsy. As he crossed a street he hesitated like a blind man. The doctor took his arm, in the most affectionate way, to guide him to that chophouse where they had had so many lunches.

Jordan said that he didn't care for much to eat; he wasn't hungry, and besides—he smiled stupidly—it was a good thing for everybody to economize in these wartimes. He looked grateful when the doctor, with his invariable gay graciousness, declared: "Oh, this farewell lunch is going to be on me, old boy. . . . Made your plans about your store yet?"

"No; not exactly. To be perfectly frank, doc—now I wouldn't say this to anybody else at the shop, but it's different with you—I haven't got such a scad of money right in reach. But still—oh, it'll come out all right! I see here in the drug journals where there are several stores I can get for only a thousand down, and I can get that by mortgaging my farm. The one thing that worries me is how I can go on sending the boy any money. He makes a little extra by tutoring, but he's interested in legal research, and I wanted him to give all his spare time to that. He's a good boy, Carl is. I hope he won't have to leave college."

Doctor Doremus hoped so, too, and he hinted that, as the new head of the proprietary department, he would be delighted to slip Jordan upon long-time-payment consignment anything he might want for a retail business. Jordan was grateful, but he said he didn't think that would be quite honest, somehow.

At the end of the lunch he gave to the doctor a little list of memorandums and hints, which he had been drawing up for the doctor's assistance.

Beecher Drew, the treasurer of the Bowen Company, had sent the doctor a memo asking him to drop in at his office after lunch. It was Drew, that morose, bow-shouldered, stupidly dressed watchdog, who had thanked the doctor for having got rid of the former publicity man, and had, in a manner rather annoying to the doctor's limpid-eyed good-fellowship, looked at him as though he was searching for hidden schemes.

The doctor went to see Drew, who said, without preface:

"My boy, you did well! Jordan was blocking all our progress. Glad you got him out."

"Look here, Mr. Drew, I don't understand what you mean, with reference to Jordan! Surely you can't mean to imply that I had anything to do with his—why, he resigned to go into the retail game—why, he is my warmest friend in ——"

"Sit down and be cool! Doc, you and I are the only wise ones in this shop, the only ones that are able to help the concern get on its feet. Of course you got Jordan canned. And quite right! I'd have done the same thing. Now don't let's say anything more about it. I just want you to know that I understand you are the livest wire in the producing end. And I want you to get a little better acquainted with me. I'm not so slow myself, even if I do sit back here among the dusty ledgers. So, shake, doc."

The two men smiled slightly at each other.

The doctor began to reorganize his department. He was head of it now, with nobody in his way except Purdy and Bowen. He had a feeling of irresistible power. And he was glad to know that back of him he had Beecher Drew. He felt the treasurer as a force yet unmeasured.

He knew just where he was: He was headed for Purdy's position, as vice president and general manager of the company! It was Fate, and who was he to oppose Fate? Hitherto he had been almost childishly merciful to his confreres; from now on he would have to be sterner. He saw his destiny—saw that he was a Napoleon!

Hadn't Napoleon also been a small, neat, educated man—for that matter, not half so neat or educated as he himself was? Like Napoleon, he would have to climb over the bodies of other men, he courageously philosophized. Hard on them? Certainly; but that was how the world was run; and there was no sense in fighting the beneficent principle of evolution. Survival of the fittest! Sure!

Well, he meditated, he would have to make outside alliances. With the possible exception of Beecher Drew, who might be worth studying, no one in the business was worthy to be trusted with the confidence of a Napoleon.

He was a member of a dozen associations of physicians, chemists, pharmacists. He looked them over and began to select his field marshals. He liked the drama of picking out a struggling young man at an alumni banquet, and whispering to him "How would you like to have a five-thousand-dollar job in a year or so, m' boy?" When the youngster gasped and became deferential Doctor Doremus felt large. The young men courted him; if he lunched at the University Club a dozen of them would stop at his table, one after another, flushing, stammering, looking humbly down on him.

As part of his war to gain the vice presidency he had to have full information about the wicked and contemptible enemy. Where once he had shyly listened in on telephone calls and craned his neck down passages, now he hired a complaisant porter to bring him private letter files, and he learned Purdy's plans days before they were announced at conference. He was amused to find that poor Purdy's letters said precisely what the man himself said publicly. He pitied the weakling for his lack of finesse.

At the conferences of heads it was increasingly hard for the doctor to be excited. No longer did he bounce in his chair with desire to give them his helpful plans. He was bored by their droning hesitancy. He wouldn't have any conferences when he became vice president!

Doctor Doremus didn't merely go about being diplomatic and mysterious. He worked. He was moving the proprietary stock faster than Jordan ever had done—by granting larger discounts to the cut-rate trade, and by reviving the sale of a headache nostrum that Jordan and Zitterel had discarded as injurious. The doctor's tame chemist had been so good as to report that it was merely ignorant prejudice, this objection to the nostrum.

His good work was going to count. Often he was deliciously stirred by a plan that was indeed worthy of a Napoleon. Since he had to break through the line of McCabe, Purdy and Beecher Drew—see to it that they were discharged lest they dare to rival him—then why waste time on them and their petty office politics, as a lesser man would have done? Why not go straight to Bowen? Bowen was still in the city, apparently to keep an eye on affairs. The doctor knew that Bowen must be impressed by the increased sales in his department. He would meet him, let him know what Purdy and Drew and McCabe really were, and step right into the vice presidency. Simplicity of genius!

He had never seen Bowen, but he had heard that he was a soft, white grub. Lazy profit worm! Be easy to handle! He took every excuse to hang about Purdy's office, hoping that Bowen would come in. But unexpected was his first meeting with Bowen. He was hurrying out of the building when the old elevator man muttered: "That was the boss with the brass mitt that come down in the elevator with you, doctor."

"Who do you mean—Bowen?"

"That's him, doctor; that was Mysterious Mike himself. Gee, I'm afraid for me job every time he gives me the double O with that snaky eye of his."

The doctor gamboled down the street after the round figure that was paddling toward a trolley line. He would capture Bowen, be lively and learned with him, go some place with him and buy a drink, and make a quick conquest of his heart. He caroled: "Oh, Mr. Bowen!"

Bowen turned slowly, stopped, stared. The doctor was uncomfortable. Bowen's face was puffy, an ordinary, unimportant face; but his eyes were inhuman in their contempt for strangers who hailed him on the street. Doctor Doremus was dismayed. In this commoner he felt the power of big affairs.

"Well?" Bowen was stuffily saying.

"I am Doctor Doremus, head of your proprietary department ——"

"Well?"

"Always thought—like to meet you—admired you so much from afar." The doctor coughed, tittered, and waited for the great man to give him his hand to kiss.

"Well?"

"Well, I was going your way—walk tr-trolley—thought maybe some day—get chance meet you—talk over many problems my department—uh, my department—new problems preparing—I mean appearing—since Jordan left ——"

"Well, well, well! What can I do for you?"

"Oh, I don't want to bother you, don't want to —— Thought maybe sometime, when you had leisure, you might honor me with your company at dinner at the University Club, and we could talk over—problems—great ambition see firm advance ——"

"Well, Mr.—Doremus, wasn't it?—if you have any ideas I'd be glad to have you make memos of them and forward them to me—through Mr. Purdy. Now if you will pardon me —— I'm in something of a hurry."

Without a bow, with his malevolent eyes steady to the last, Bowen left him. The doctor stood like a boy sent home by his elder brother. A flush crawled up his face, while he hopelessly cursed. "The dirty, ungrateful swine!"

He almost decided to keep Purdy in his position as vice president, and to get hold of Bowen's interests. It was outrageous to think of himself and fine gentle old Purdy working for this egomaniac!

He began to tiptoe about Purdy. He got himself invited out for a week-end. Purdy insisted on inviting Mrs. Doremus, too, though the doctor delicately tried to hint that his wife, while she was a very worthy woman, was not brilliant. It was an exasperating visit. The Purdys lived in a shambling house, and were irritatingly enthusiastic about chickens and gardening.

(Continued on Page 56)

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(Continued from Page 54)

When the doctor got Purdy away from the gabbling women and tried to talk business sensibly, Purdy showed his weakness in the way he sighed: "I hope things will go better in the business." He alarmed the doctor by his frequent expressions of admiration for McCabe, and made it the worse by taking it for granted that McCabe was the doctor's dearest friend, so that the doctor had to smile and bob and echo the praise.

He had been lunching with McCabe often, and in the chattiest way, but he was shockingly weary of the man's twittering. He saw that he would have to get rid of this sneaking rival at once; and he saw that his Napoleonic vision had, as usual, been inspired when he had guessed that he could never depend upon Purdy as an ally.

The first thing Monday morning he flew in to see Beecher Drew, and bluntly said:

"Come out to lunch with me this noon. Things going to the devil round this shop! You and I have got to take hold."

The treasurer slowly nodded, and agreed.

"Yes! Sure I'll come! At your service."

It took them less than a month to get rid of that jocose jackass, McCabe.

Napoleon Doremus didn't waste time on him, as he had on Jordan and Zitterel. He discovered that he didn't have to explain all his reasons to Drew. The treasurer seemed tacitly to understand that they two were to run everything to suit themselves. Indeed it was Drew who suggested that he might go to Purdy and complain about the amount of money McCabe was spending. At the same time, by agreement with Drew, Doctor Doremus had a very clever chemist, with drug-manufacturing experience and with a large, open, florid manner, call on Purdy and hint that he would like to go to work for the Bowen Company, as he did not "see a sufficient future in his present connection."

Purdy whined and regretted, Drew bulkily insisted and McCabe went. The doctor did not have a farewell lunch with him. He had passed his youthful desire for such wasting of energy upon the soft organisms that were being disposed of by evolution, assisted by evolution's closest friend, R. Chester Doremus, M. D.

Drew was daily in franker and more admiring communion with him. McCabe was gone, and McCabe's successor never got an order from Purdy without coming to ask the doctor about carrying it out.

After that it was easy for the doctor.

VII

DOCTOR DOREMUS and Beecher Drew had for six months been in complete control of Purdy, who leaned upon their strength and took the clever advice of the doctor, which Drew usually seconded. They were a triumvirate; they all went to lunch together, and talked without restraint about every detail of office work and personnel—that is, Purdy talked without restraint. He admitted to them that Bowen had brusquely told him he could have another year of control of the company, inasmuch as Bowen was occupied with the more important affairs of lumber-land deals. If he didn't pull the business out of the hole in that time Bowen would discharge him and everybody else in sight, and take hold himself.

Purdy wasn't pulling it out of the hole. He was exhausted. He desperately tried every suggestion that the doctor made—and the doctor was still a good suggester in regard to everything, from the quality of their gum guaiacum to the best make of time clock to prod the office force into punctuality. The doctor was surprised to find how much harder it was for him to produce really original suggestions, but he could always think of some change to make—and he did.

Somehow, probably because Purdy was unable to carry out even the best ideas, the business kept seeping away to the Vanvick Company, despite the doctor's inspirations. Purdy looked very shabby these days, in a suit of blue serge so worn that in a cross light it glittered like metal. The doctor, however, was anticipating the day that was bound to arrive when the boorish Bowen should come to his senses and put the business into his hands. He looked tailor-made and new. He was spending every cent he made, and he borrowed money to buy a larger car. A man of affairs like himself needed the relaxation of luxury.

He spent more time at the club, and he actually gave some of the promised jobs to his young followers. Indeed, one of his chief functions as counselor to Purdy was getting rid of subordinates; and whenever the triumvirate went out to lunch together, when they stood waiting for an elevator, intimate and low-voiced and exclusive, lords of destiny to the office peasantry, they were secretly observed by a hundred anxious glances followed by a hundred unspoken queries as to who would next be abruptly—though always most cordially—fired by Doctor Doremus.

For there were subordinates in the office and factory—oh, yes, beneath the rarefied plane upon which our Napoleon moved in cosmic meditations there were some hundreds of inconspicuous privates who dared to have families and ambitions and hungers of their own! When Doctor Doremus had succeeded Jordan as superintendent of the proprietary department he had "made unimportant changes" in the lives of thirty employees within one month.

Once, the comradeship of the conference had extended down the line; no one had been uncomfortable in jesting with his assistant. Now round the office there was an incessant, shaky murmur. Clerks started when the doctor or even Purdy passed their desks, and began to shuffle madly through work. Clerks were always peering over the tops of their desks, watching, speculating, studying the chiefs.

Whether he spoke to underlings so justly that they went away gouging their palms and chewing their lips, or whether he encouraged them and promised them that if they would keep on working a little harder every day he would speak to Purdy about a rise for them just as soon as business picked up, Doctor Doremus was careful never to let them know what he really thought about them. He saw that the first high duty of a silken diplomat was to keep everybody guessing.

He had become a genius at indirectness. He couldn't even go straight to a water cooler to take a drink. He would stalk out of his den, stop before the office clock, compare it with his watch, frown at it, discover with surprise the existence of the cooler, sneak up on it and taste the water suspiciously, glancing about as though to say that the fact that he drank water like any simple-hearted plebeian did not indicate that he was going to allow anybody to be impudent to him.

It has all happened before; this story of Doctor Doremus might be told of thousands of offices of hundreds of kinds; and always it would have to register the intangible electric shocks that flash through the office, making big upstanding men as jumpy as schoolgirls, and making women weep for hours.

Epidemics of hysteria swept into the Bowen Company; spread from the crisp stenographers in the office to the gray-haired pensioner women and the grubby little girls down in the bottling and packing rooms of the factory. A typist would sob with sudden unhappiness, and lay her head on her desk, her thin shabby shoulders hunching and shaking; then down the line would run the liquid fire of madness, and half a dozen women would be disheveled and crying. . . .

Usually someone was neatly discharged by Doctor Doremus after such a ridiculous attack. He had become expert at hiring and firing. Once he had hated to see tears, but that had been in his salad days; now he was quietly efficient at getting rid of these obstructions to the blessed power of evolution. . . . It was not true, however, he hotly told Purdy, that he had discharged that girl who had killed herself and her little sister by asphyxiation after failing to find another job; the girl had been highly emotional, and he had merely spoken gently to her.

Among the men of the office there was a different form of hysteria. They took to logrolling and scandal fetching. A factory hand tattled to a foreman, who tattled to a clerk in the proprietary department, who tattled to Doctor Doremus' immediate assistant, who came faithfully bringing the information to the doctor, all in the jolly manner of the House That Jack Built.

There were distinct alignments in three cliques. The dull-witted older employees thought that Purdy was still in charge. But the wise men saw that the doctor and Drew controlled everything, and they wore out their soles running to them, and their tongues saying "Oh, yes, Doctor Doremus! Oh, yes indeed, Doctor Doremus!" A third faction was composed of would-be deserters. More than once, on his rubber-heeled rounds of inspection, the doctor overheard subordinates telephoning to people at other firms'. They spoke softly, and never used names—only initials and code words:

"You know what I told you about Pussy-fingers? Well B. D. is standing right behind him. Say, see if you can't slip a hint to J. that I'd like to go to work at your place. Oh! Here's Pussy coming. Call y' up again. No; say, listen, meet me tonight—same place!"

It was very silly of them, smiled the doctor. He was paying the telephone girl five dollars a week to bring him all interesting information. She was an agreeable girl.

The employees often gathered in tiny groups that dissolved as soon as a chief appeared. They were always looking up when a friend came out of a chief's office, and muttering "What'd he say to you, Bill? Was D. D. in there?" All through the office everybody was strictly attending to everybody else's business; peeping at letters, listening to conversations. The soft confidences of Doctor Doremus and Beecher Drew were caught and repeated by hundreds of human microphones in a quaver of whispering—whispering—whispering.

Doctor Doremus was determined to get new business. He didn't care whether that hog of a Bowen received any income from the firm, but he did want to exhibit his own rare qualities. The thing to do was to put out a number of new brands, and let the Vanvick people keep the business they had stolen in competition with old brands. Drew agreed with him. But Purdy wanted to retrench, and also asserted that they hadn't enough cash on hand to experiment with new lines.

"Then we'll borrow it. You have the authorization from Bowen to do whatever you want to," boomed Beecher Drew.

It was an evening conference of the triumvirate. The main office outside of Purdy's room was dark and ghastly still.

Purdy shook his head feebly. Drew and the doctor, one on each side of him, pulled their chairs closer and glowered at him, under the unshaded electric globe, which betrayed Purdy's face as bristly, deep-creased, twitching. Impassive was Drew's face, and the doctor's was small and passionate.

Drew spoke slowly, tapping on the arm of Purdy's chair, at every word a tap that beat on the silence outside:

"See here, Purdy: come down to cases! You're an older man than the doc here. But so am I, by a good many years. I've got the sense to see he has more brains than you or I. I stand ready to follow his lead. New brands, that's the stuff! The doc is the man to find the chemists to find the novelties. Are you going to wreck this firm by your stubbornness? I can borrow the money that will save us, man, save us!"

At midnight they were still arguing, as they came out into the dead factory street, and wavered across into a carmen's lunch room for ham and eggs.

But ten days later Beecher Drew borrowed the money—on a call loan.

Doctor Doremus had a lot of excellent ideas for using up that money.

After that it was easy for the doctor.

VIII

SOMEBODY was to blame—probably the obstinate retail druggists who declined to take the Bowen novelties urged upon them, even with the containers, labels and advertising inspired by the doctor himself.

The doctor sat alone in his office after hours. So scrupulously fair was he that he was wondering if he could have been to blame. Had he not been a little hard on men like Zitterel, Jordan, McCabe? But he saw that his disposition of them had been necessary; he saw that he was not bothered by any injustice, but merely by loneliness. Yes, he was lonely. He had grown apart from his wife. It bored him to go home in the evening. Beecher Drew was a heroic ally but not an amusing companion. His new associates were too obsequious to be interesting. He wanted Jordan and McCabe. Perhaps when he became vice president he could do something for them—give them minor jobs.

He did not trot about his office while he was meditating, as once he had been wont to do. He sat dumpily, smoking a very strong cigar. He was getting fat about the neck and shoulders. He took a mirror from a drawer in his desk and studied himself. Yes, and he was becoming gray.

He tossed the mirror on the desk, and in imitation of Drew he slapped the arm of his chair. Rats! All this was merely nerves.

(Concluded on Page 58)

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gives to DEVOE Varnishes a durability no other oil can equal. *China wood oil*, used in many varnishes as a substitute for linseed oil, produces a varnish that will not wear as long as a linseed oil varnish.

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is used in DEVOE Varnishes because it dries from the bottom *out* to the surface. Varnishes made with cheaper dryers, dry from the surface *in*. They *appear* to be dry when they are still moist beneath the surface.

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(Concluded from Page 56)

Trouble was, he decided, that his assistants were so stupid and treacherous that they made him fretful, instead of suave and merry, as he wished to be.

He walked to the University Club and dined alone, wishing that he knew just one decent chap with whom he could go to the theater. He walked two miles on his way home.

The exercise made him feel younger, and when he arrived at the office next morning he was more calm, less impatient of that old idiot, Purdy.

But he landed in revolution let loose.

It was a little after ten. Drew pounded into his office, groaning "Just got phone—bank's going to call our loan!"

"Saints' sake! Don't tell Purdy! Wait! Let me think! We'll have to raise ——"

"Had to tell Purdy. He's phoned to Bowen. Bowen is on his way here now!"

The doctor slumped down in his chair and simply breathed, long and noisily.

That afternoon Bowen called all the heads into Purdy's office and in about seventy-five words informed them that he was going to accept a long-standing offer of the Vanvick Company for the plant, patents and good-will of the Bowen Drug Company; that he himself would take care of all debts and contracts; and that he would now wish them all a good day. If they would call to-morrow they would find salary checks for a month ahead at the cashier's office.

In a curiously shrunken voice Doctor Doremus piped: "You mean I'm fired—me?"

"Hell, sir!" said Bowen dispassionately. "Do you think you are the only one?"

The doctor looked for comfort to Beecher Drew, who threw out his hands in token of astonishment at this ingratitude on the part of Bowen.

XX

THE piled-up anxiety of two weeks spent in looking vainly for a new connection tumbled down when Doctor Doremus heard that Beecher Drew had been made first vice president of the newly organized Vanvick-Bowen Drug Company.

For a week more he expected word from Drew. He had been foolish to worry about debts and lack of employment!

As he received no summons he went splendidly in his new motor car to call on his playmate. Drew came out immediately in response to the doctor's card. He stood at the inner door of the reception room, holding the card and beaming. He crooned:

"Well, doc, I been waiting to hear from you."

"Ye-es," fawned the doctor.

"Yes! Wanted to thank you for wrecking the Bowen Company! Ed Vanvick had sent me to the Bowen Company for that purpose. But I didn't need to do much except let you have your way. Quite a feat on your part. I might not have been able to put the Bowen Company on the rocks for a year more, except for your genius as a hypocrite and meddler. Oh, I know; I've watched you every second—and every time you dug a trench under somebody, I've underlaid it with a real trench of my own, and I was ready with the dynamite. But you always helped me, and I especially appreciate your volunteering to do it. I don't mind confessing all this to you, because nobody will ever believe a word you say now—with all the stories about you that are going round in the drug world."

While Doctor Doremus was gulping like a hungry pup Purdy passed through the reception room, amiably waving his hand. He looked prosperous. He had a new suit.

Beecher Drew commented: "Yes, Sure! I got Purdy here. We're glad to have him. He's an honest man. Not so inefficient, either, when he has subordinates he can trust. And I'll see to it that he does have! Fact, I'm thinking some of hunting up Jordan and Zitterel. But not McCabe!"

"Then I guess you'll need me," the doctor whispered archly.

"You? I wouldn't have you round the place! But I do want to show my gratitude by giving you this."

Drew held out a five-cent cigar. He turned in the reception-room doorway. Doctor Doremus had never realized that Drew's back was so broad.

After that it wasn't easy for the doctor.

THE SUBMARINE POST OFFICE

(Continued from Page 6)

An Englishman who heard this story not only doubted it but said that the British service in Holland usually learned what spies Germany was sending to England, waylaid them, gave them a few bits of misinformation, and told them they had better return to their homes or they would be arrested in London and shot. But this Englishman had not had the experience of an American business man who came to Berlin via London. He called one day at the General Staff building on Moltkestrasse with a business proposition that he desired to submit to the Imperial Government.

He was received in the information bureau of the Intelligence Department by an officer who asked him how long he had been in England.

"Did you see any British government officers during that week?" asked the chief of the *Nachrichten* bureau.

The American explained that he had called at one of the business bureaus of the Admiralty.

When the German asked him whether he was certain about it the American, astonished at the impudence of his host, stuck to his first remark.

"Then I must tell you," said the German, "that you did not go near that department of the Admiralty. You called upon Captain ——, in the Intelligence Department, and accepted a commission from him to obtain certain information in Germany. It is good that you came here before you started upon your work, else you might have been arrested and executed as an enemy. You will please go to the American Embassy, have your passport stamped, report to the police and go to Holland to-night."

And, according to American officials who viséd his passport, he went!

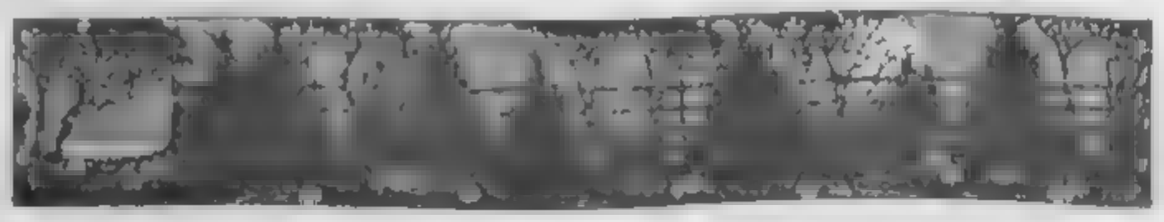
While in Rumania, on the first of December, 1916, in company with other foreign correspondents I was invited to dine with the staff of General Krafft von Delmingsingen, former chief of the Bavarian General Staff, who was commanding an army in Rumania. His headquarters were located in the city hall of Piteschi a large, modern, white stone building but at mealtimes he and his staff met in the dining room of a Rumanian café, which had been confiscated, from cat to silverware. Instead of Rumanian waiters a few wealthy Berlin citizens who had influence served us. One of them, I recall, was the son and heir of Herr Ullstein, the millionaire publisher of the Vossische Zeitung and the anti-American Morgenpost.

When we were seated the general read a brief report of the progress of the invaders. Von Mackensen's army had crossed the Danube and his uhlans were within ten miles of the forts of Bukharest.

Von Falkenhayn's armies were making elaborate preparations for a big battle at the gates of the Rumanian capital. Every road from Piteschi, where we were, to the Transylvanian Alps, which we had crossed by automobile a few days before, was packed with advancing columns of infantry and field artillery. Forty-two-centimeter guns in five parts, pulled by gigantic tractors, thundered along the rough roads. About every mile there seemed to be a twelve-inch gun being pulled by four spans of horses. The Germans were advancing so swiftly that the engineering corps could not rebuild the railroad bridges in time for the artillery and ammunition to be moved this way.

It was estimated that the Germans had a million soldiers in Rumania because it was feared the Russians would reach

(Continued on Page 61)



SAXON "SIX"

SAXON "SIX" MAKES ANY RIDE A BETTER RIDE

To make your ride a smoother ride, a more comfortable ride, a steadier ride, a ride in which the mechanical causes are lost sight of in their final effect of swift movement—this is the aim and ambition of Saxon engineering and Saxon building.

How far this has been attained in Saxon "Six" we urge you to judge for yourself.

So ably, so flexibly does the engine function, so fully is its energy sheathed in silence that it fades from your consciousness.

So harmoniously does the whole fine mechanism adjust itself to cope with the varying conditions of the road that you are scarcely aware you have left the level for the hill, or that you are off the smooth and on the bad road.

Aiding and abetting the efficient energy of the Saxon motor are the long springs muffling every shock in their supple resilience, and the deep upholstery cushioning you to the point of perfect comfort.

You find yourself inspired with complete confidence in the car and its capabilities.

Where once there was effort now there is ease. Where once you *drove* now you *ride*.

You awake to the fact that you are experiencing a far finer form of motoring.

You begin to know a new enjoyment in the road and passing scenery.

You are possessed by a growing delight in the swift, silent flight.

All of the time the separate and individual parts of Saxon "Six" are performing their functions with accuracy and efficiency, not singly but in unison.

In the quality of such service is pictured the Saxon conception of a motor car.

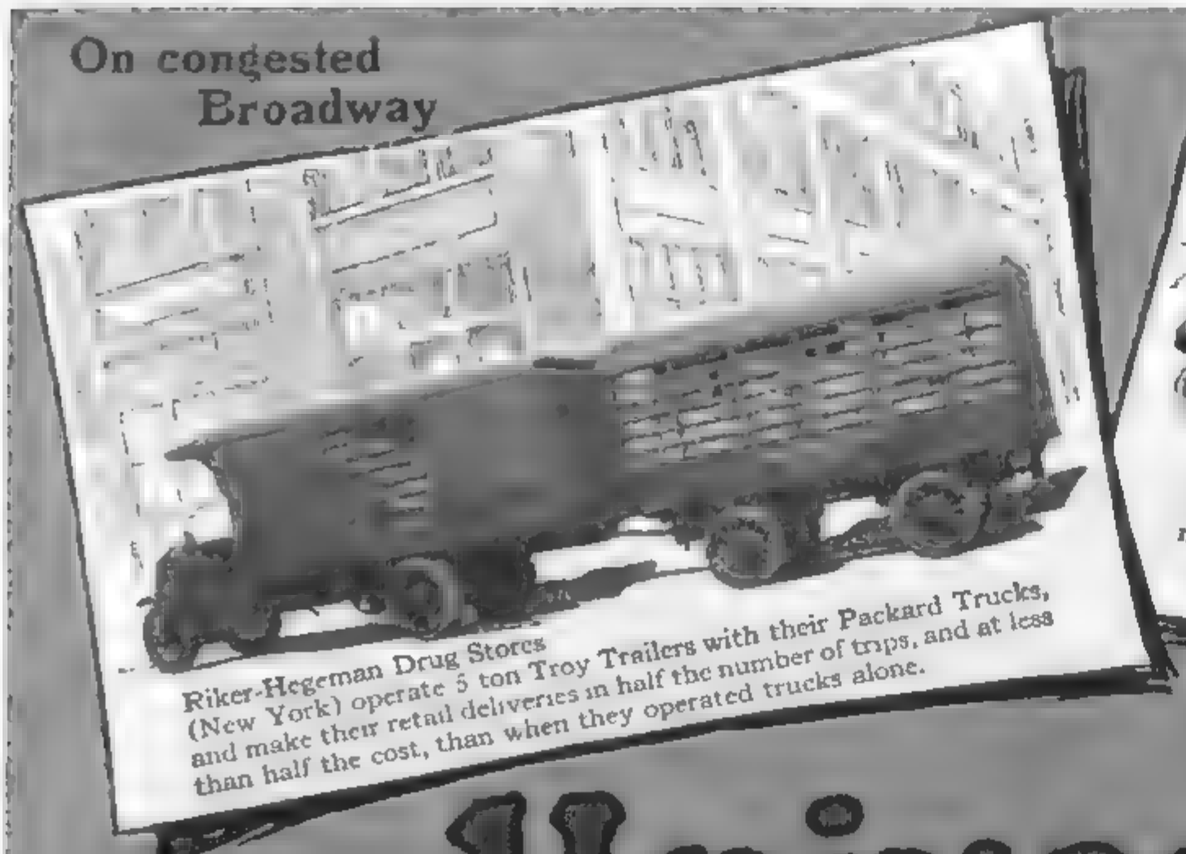
And in company with it is the thorough strength throughout Saxon "Six" that is the final and determining factor in achieving both economy and endurance.

Saxon "Six", $935; Saxon "Six" Chummy Roadster, $935; Saxon "Six" Sedan, $1325; "Four" Roadster, $495. Canadian prices, Saxon "Six", $1260; Saxon "Six" Chummy Roadster, $1260; "Four" Roadster, $665.

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION · DETROIT

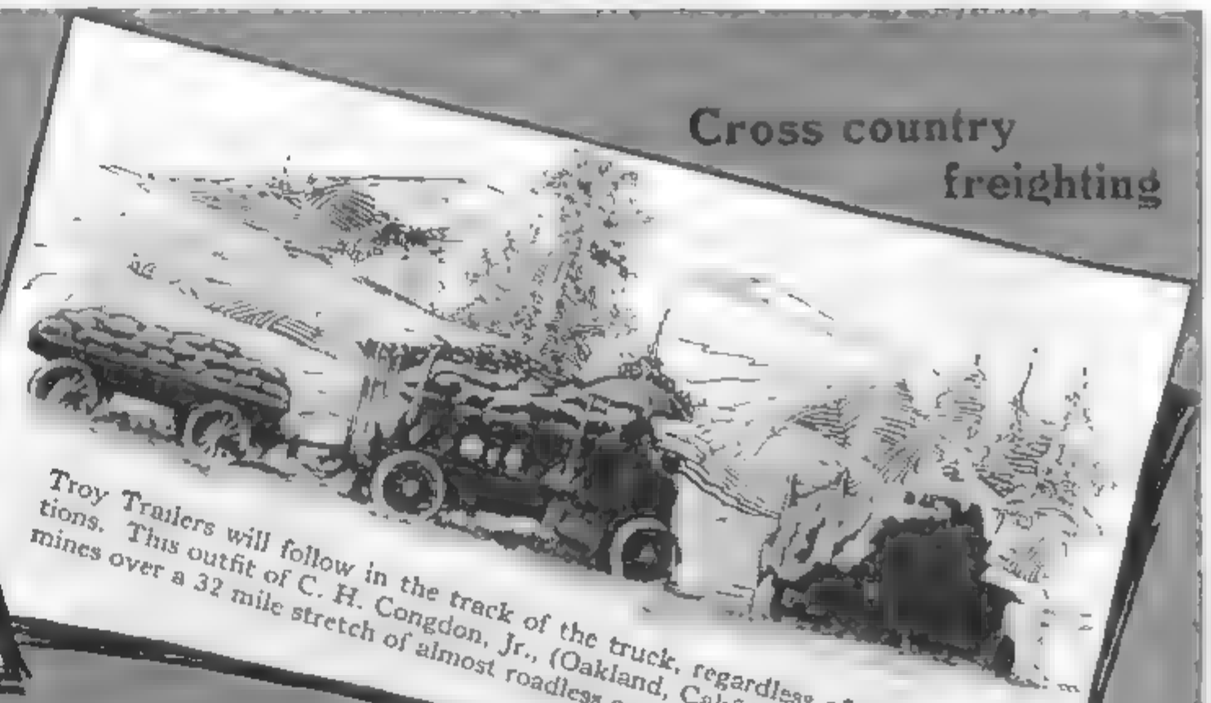
16

As a Careful Buyer You Should Investigate Saxon "Six" Before Buying a Car of Any Price



On congested Broadway

Riker-Hegeman Drug Stores (New York) operate 5 ton Troy Trailers with their Packard Trucks, and make their retail deliveries in half the number of trips, and at less than half the cost, than when they operated trucks alone.



Cross country freighting

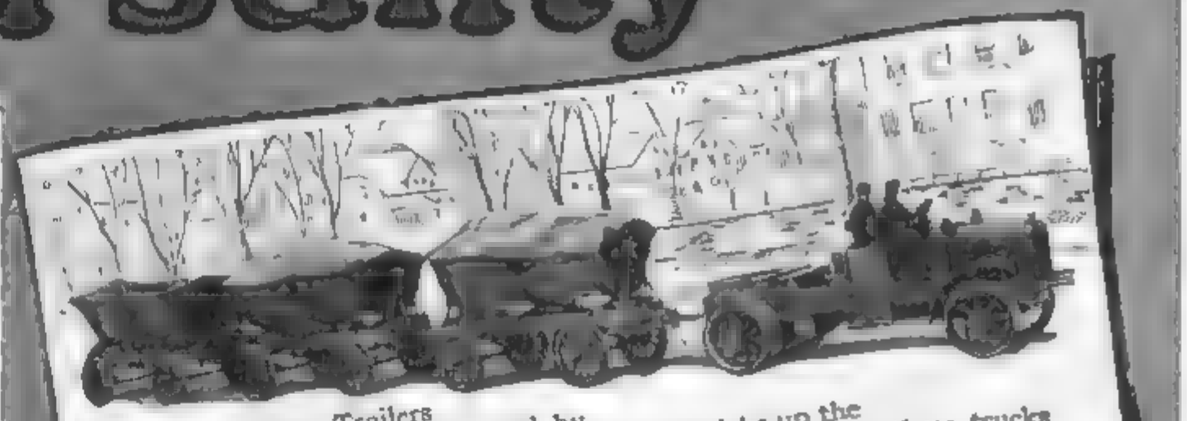
Troy Trailers will follow in the track of the truck, regardless of road conditions. This outfit of C. H. Congdon, Jr., (Oakland, Calif.) hauls ore from the mines over a 32 mile stretch of almost roadless country.

Universality

Your truck cannot **carry** much over its rated capacity, because it is built only to **carry** that weight—its springs are designed to carry that weight—its axles, as well as all its construction, are designed to **carry** that weight. But its motor has **excess power to pull**, under average conditions, as much again (and sometimes twice as much) as it can carry, and **carry its full load at the same time.**

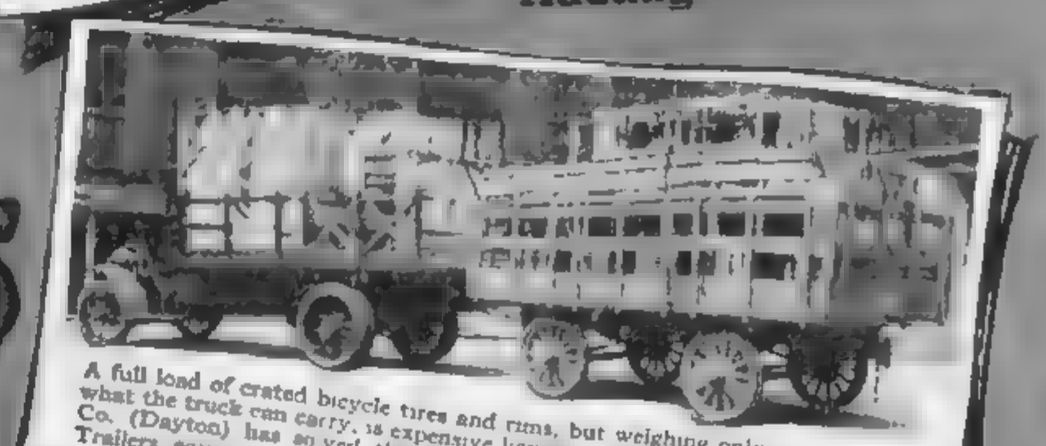
What becomes of this wasted power in YOUR truck today? Why don't YOU utilize this excess of power?

This pulling power now wasted can be turned into big profit by adding a Troy Trailer. The original investment in one Troy Trailer is only about one-third the cost of a truck of the same capacity. On this basis you can get the **most** out of every truck you own—eliminate unnecessary trucks—save the wages of one or two additional drivers. You can turn hauling losses into profit and make a paying truck pay still bigger.



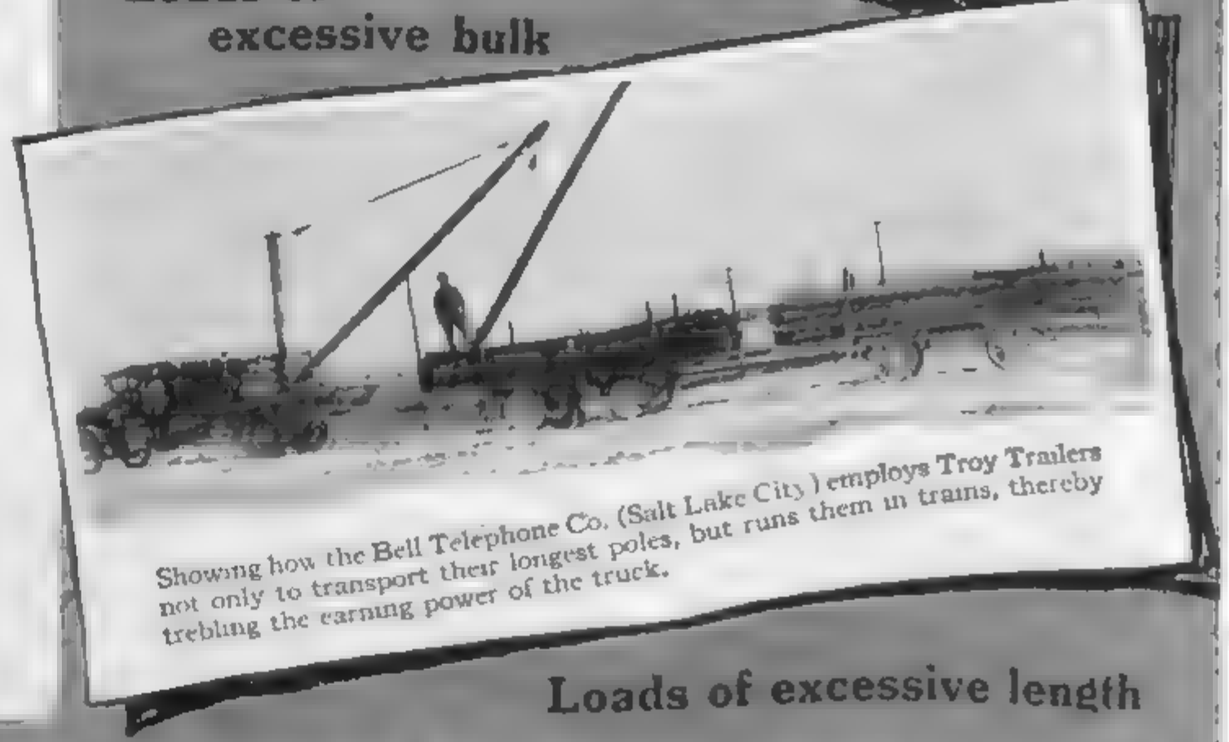
Trains of Troy Trailers with side dump bodies are used by many cities in garbage disposal. The truck picks up the loaded Trailers, one by one, thus saving the time that three trucks formerly **loafed.** Trucks not moving are **costly propositions.**

Hauling in trains



A full load of crated bicycle tires and rims, but weighing only one third of what the truck can carry, is expensive hauling. The Davis Sewing Machine Co. (Dayton) has solved this excessive hauling cost by operating Troy Trailers, equipped with bodies of extreme **bulk** capacity.

Loads of excessive bulk



Showing how the Bell Telephone Co. (Salt Lake City) employs Troy Trailers not only to transport their longest poles, but runs them in trains, thereby trebling the earning power of the truck.

Loads of excessive length

Troy Trailers

A 5-ton truck costs to operate approximately $16.00 (on a 50-mile basis), while a 5-ton Troy Trailer load, with same truck, costs only $3.92 a day. Thus the capacity of your truck is **doubled,** but at less than 25 per cent increase in cost.

Thousands of truck owners are cutting their hauling costs as much as 50 per cent, and even more, by using TROY Trailers. They use their truck alone when their average load is up to the truck's capacity. When loads are larger they simply attach a TROY Trailer. When they have loads to take to two destinations they put one on the truck—the other on the TROY Trailer. They leave the Trailer at the point to be unloaded—and perhaps reloaded—the truck goes on to its destination—then picks up the Trailer on its return trip.

A Troy Trailer costs less than another truck—prevents overloading your truck—takes care of excess loads—keeps your truck busy by cutting out time lost in loading and unloading.

Troy Trailers are made in capacities of 1 to 5 tons and with any type of body. They are built for use as a single trailer or in Trailer trains. They are reversible, and therefore can be backed up to any loading platform, or backed into any alley, as easily as if they were being moved forward. The truck can be coupled to either end of the Trailer, thus providing great flexibility. There is also a line of Troy Juniors, to be operated with pleasure cars.

The Troy Wagon Works Company, Troy, Ohio

Branches or Distributors in all principal cities

will operate with ANY good truck

(Continued from Page 58)

Bukharest in time to reënforce the Rumanians and make a decisive stand necessary.

Neutral and allied diplomats, rich and poor, lawyers and plundering gypsies were hurrying from the threatened capital in the greatest confusion. Several hundred people were killed and considerable damage was done by Zeppelin and aëroplane raids. The Rumanians had no anti-aircraft artillery. Riots and universal disorder were reported by Teutonic spies, but despite this topsy-turvy, hysterical exodus the Rumanian Army prepared for a decisive battle within the modern fortifications of the city. An effort was to be made to stop Von Mackensen. For safety's sake the King and his General Staff moved to a small town north of Bukharest.

The battle line at this time was a movable one. There was practically no trench warfare. German infantry and artillery were swooping down in such masses and so swiftly that some of the German commanders did not know what neighboring armies were doing.

We had finished dinner and were lighting our cigars when the chief of staff of Von Krafft's army, who had been too busy to come earlier, entered the room with a four-page typewritten document in his hands. He clicked his heels and saluted *Excellenz*, who rose and walked to one corner of the room. After a few minutes the general smiled and returned to the table with the paper.

"Perhaps you gentlemen will be interested in this," he said, handing the document to an Austrian captain. "It is the complete orders of the Rumanian General Staff for the Battle of Bukharest, which is to begin December third on the Argus River."

The captain, who had been a police lieutenant at Hermannstadt, Hungary, and who could speak German, Hungarian and Rumanian, translated the document. It was dated December first, the day it was being read. It told in detail how the Rumanian forces were to be grouped, under what commanders, how much artillery and ammunition each army was to have, how many wagons were to be used, how the supplies were to be brought up and what the object of the Rumanian operations was—namely, to break the advance of Von Mackensen and save Bukharest. Every soldier was urged to die for his country in a final stand against the invaders. It was signed by the chief of the Rumanian staff, with the approval of the King.

Rumanian Secret Orders

Contents of the document were telegraphed immediately to the various German division commanders. The German leaders held a conference and decided upon counter measures. The next morning the correspondents sat in the office of the chief of staff as he pointed on the large wall map of Rumania and explained the moves that the German armies were making.

"The Rumanians have planned three general attacks," he said, as I recall the explanation. "One to the south, one to the southwest, and another to the west of Bukharest. We have withdrawn our forces at some points and advanced at others to make three 'pockets.'" And he drew three rings on the map. "We will let the Rumanians advance at all these points until they endanger their lines of communication. Then we will close in, capture or destroy the three Rumanian armies and take Bukharest."

He did not know how long it would take, but not more than a few days, he stated. On December sixth Bukharest fell. The morale of the Rumanian Army was completely shattered. Thousands of prisoners were taken. Germany occupied another enemy capital.

Either a Rumanian traitor or a German spy brought the key to the city—the campaign plans—to the invaders. Thousands of lives and the Paris of the Balkans were sacrificed to these four typewritten pages.

Germany depends a great deal upon disloyal citizens of enemy countries to help her in military and naval operations. A traitor makes the best spy. Traitors did in Rumania, Russia, Serbia—and, to a much lesser degree, in England, France and Belgium. A former English consul in Rotterdam, for instance, was arrested during this war as a German agent.

One day last November when I was on the Somme battlefield I saw a white-haired French soldier riding in an army motor car to headquarters. It was such an unusual way for a prisoner to be taken that several correspondents asked the intelligence officer who was our guide to take us to headquarters to see what it was all about. This man, we learned later, was a Frenchman living near the Swiss Border, who for a certain sum of money accepted a German commission to don a French uniform, proceed to the Front, make observations back of the lines and cross the Somme battlefield at a designated point. He did as he was instructed, and when we arrived at headquarters he was making his report.

Many Americans have been engaged in the Kaiser's secret service, and many more have applied for positions. Last summer Ambassador Gerard received a letter from a woman in Tennessee asking him to get her a position as a spy. She said she had traveled in England and France, that she spoke French perfectly, that she was attractive and conversational. She inclosed a sample of her writing in invisible ink, with instructions about what acid to use to make it visible. She would accept any commission from Germany to do work in those countries. Mr. Gerard returned the letter to her with a few lines of advice!

Pretty Girl Spies

About eighteen months ago a very pretty young New York society girl went to Germany to visit friends. After some weeks in Berlin and Munich she went to Copenhagen, where she became acquainted with members of the Russian colony. A New York newspaper had given her a traveling commission, and she explained to her new friends that she wanted to go to Petrograd. They supplied her with letters of introduction to officials and society leaders in Moscow, Kieff and the capital. A French intelligence officer, en route to Petrograd, heard about her when he was in Stockholm and went on the same train.

In Petrograd, instead of looking for news, she spent her time in military hospitals, especially where there were American Red Cross units. She did the same in Moscow and Kieff. The Frenchman had followed her into the interior and at the latter city began to flirt with her. They went riding one day through the park. He made an engagement to dine with her the next evening, but in the meantime he spoke to the head of the American hospital in Kieff. In some way she heard of this and, deciding that she was under suspicion, took the next train to Petrograd. The French officer hurried after her, because he had learned in Kieff that she spent most of her time making notes about the names and numbers of Russian regiments. He soon learned her whereabouts and told her in the typically gracious manner of the French that she had better leave the country.

"Mademoiselle is an American girl," he said, "and I would not like to arrest her. So far, mademoiselle has done no injury, but if mademoiselle stays I may have to report her to the Russian authorities."

The girl left the next day for Sweden, going from Stockholm immediately to Berlin. She remained in Germany several weeks, where she was a favorite in certain nobility circles. One morning she announced at the *pension* where she was stopping that she was going to Copenhagen to return to the United States, but instead she went to Bukharest. She was stopping at one of the leading hotels there and moving about in Entente society, assiduously avoiding the German element, when the same French officer who had followed her in Russia arrived in the city. He sighted her in the hotel and decided to keep an eye on her activities, but the next day when he inquired at the desk the clerk said:

"She has just left on the morning train for Kronstadt, Hungary."

This girl has returned to the United States.

In Berlin there lived a twenty-four-year-old English heiress, whose husband, a captain in the German Army, was made a prisoner at the Marne. Her family was in the United States, though a younger brother was interned in one of the civilian prison camps. Though her mother often urged her to return to New York she stayed in Germany, presumably to be near her brother, but really because her husband had threatened suicide in his French prison if she left Berlin. She, too, was pretty and vivacious, and a social favorite. She was so shrewd in discussing the war that her friends never knew whether she sympathized with Germany or with England. Her uncle in Berlin was a judge of the supreme

THERE'S nothing quite so refreshing these hot, sticky days as a splash of cold water and a clean ScotTissue Towel.

The soft, absorbent ScotTissue texture just "eats up" the moisture and leaves your skin cool and comfortable. And that's a real towel tip, for you tired business men especially. You'll feel fit and ready to go to it again with renewed energy. Try it and see.

ScotTissue Towels cannot be classed with what are commonly known as paper towels. ScotTissue is a paper *specially* manufactured for towel purposes.

When you find a pure white, soft and very absorbent towel, with the trade-mark "ScotTissue" embossed on it—your identification—you will find real satisfaction, real hot-weather comfort.

ScotTissue is the ideal towel service for amusement parks, boat lines, stores, office buildings, hotels, theatres, restaurants, factories, offices, schools and institutions. Write for further interesting and valuable information.

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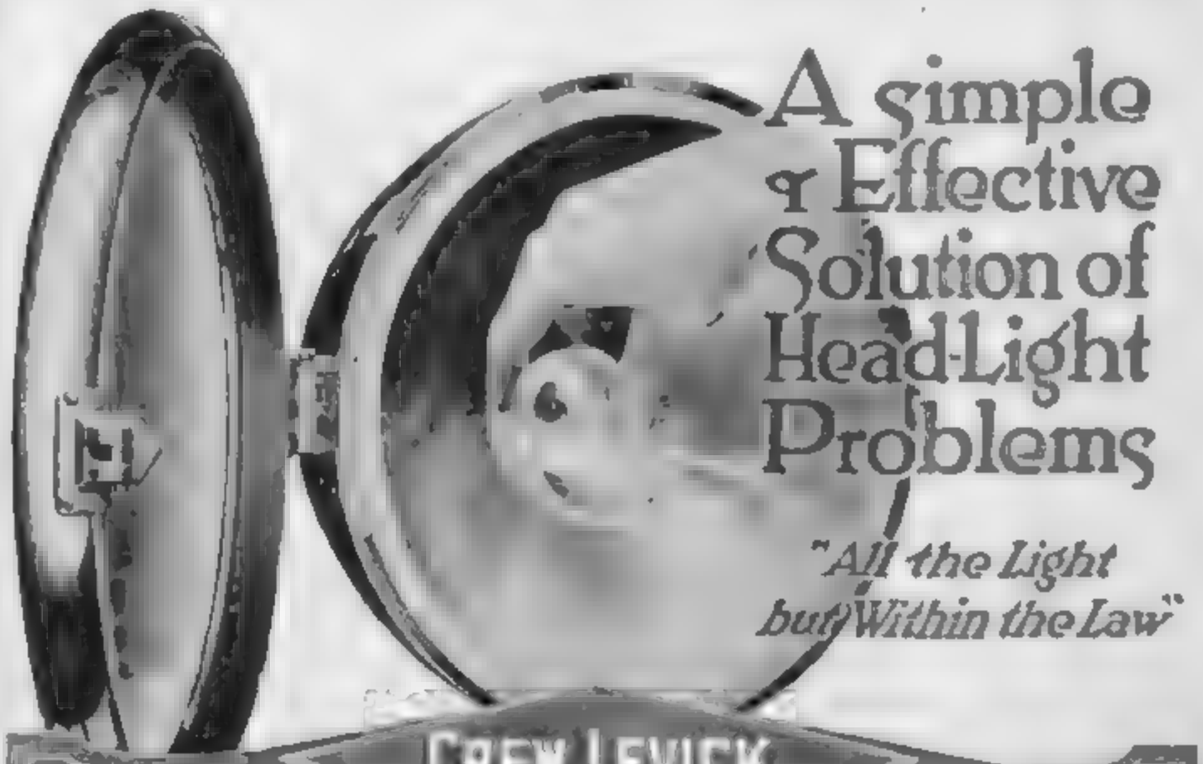

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"All the Light but Within the Law"

CREW LEVICK

FRACTORS

The lamp appearance remains unchanged. You slip the transparent Fractors back of the bulb, and your driving light not only is made lawful but also efficient.

Fractors are not front glasses. They are scientifically designed glass cups that fit under the lamp bulb. Little prisms bend the waste rays of blinding light that ordinarily go upward, and project them forward, horizontally, under a line 42" above the road. A path of daylight is shot far ahead, brightly lighting the roadway in front and to the sides.

Fractors make driving safe and comfortable for you and approaching motorists. They are easy to attach, and become part of the lamp reflector. They fit all lamps—Fords to Packards.

Enjoy good driving light. Get all the light, but keep within the law. Save your eyes—drive without strain. Take a few minutes and fit Fractors to your lamps today. Buy from your dealer, or order direct delivered through your dealer. *Send for interesting booklet.*

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Oldest and one of the largest producers and refiners

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$2.75 PAIR
FIT ALL LAMPS

MOTOR OILS and Greases from Finest Penna. Crude — GREASE-IN-TUBES, easiest way to lubricate. $1.50 a kit — MISTOKLEEN, the modern cleanser. Filled Sprayer $1.25 — MISTOKLOTHS, handy Kloths in boxes. 25c and 50c — TIRE SEAL 'Stops [illegible]

You women folks don't know the good in store for you if you haven't become acquainted with

Keds

the finest, best looking, best made *canvas rubber-soled shoes*. Made by United States Rubber Company, the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

Wear Keds and you get style, fit, comfort of the highest order. A rare combination in shoes, you say. Yes, but prove it in Keds. The tops are of a specially woven, fine grade of canvas. The soles are of tough, springy rubber. Keds will stand the most critical examination.

The best-shod folks on the face of the earth are the Americans. And the women are ahead of the men! Milady of the United States looks her best when she feels at the best. That's why she should wear Keds.

Your dealer is the one to supply you with Keds. He's the one to make you happy with proper fit, style, size.

Think of being able to get three pairs of beautiful, trim, dainty white Keds for the price of a single pair of the leather-sole kinds! You can have a pair of Keds for every occasion and not strain your pocketbook, either. That's one of the advantages of Keds. Certainly fine for daily business use.

HOW TO GET THEM—Figure out what you want to spend, then ask the dealer for the brand according to the price. You'll know you're right when you see these trade-marks.

NATIONAL Keds $1.50 up

CAMPFIRE Keds $1.25 to $2.00

CHAMPION Keds $1.00 to $1.50

MEN! BOYS! GIRLS! There are plenty of styles of Keds for you, too. Everything we have said about Keds for women applies to Keds for you. All the good looks, style and comfort women folks enjoy in Keds is right there for you. Ask for them by the same names.

United States Rubber Company

New York

court, and her chief companion at the theater was the first officer of a Zeppelin, who wanted her to divorce her husband and marry him.

One day her uncle called at her apartment and, speaking in behalf of the government, told her that the country of her adoption desired her to join the secret service by going to Copenhagen as a special agent of the Admiralty. He said the government would pay her ten dollars a day, give her all the clothes she wanted and pay all living expenses if she would flirt with the British attachés in Denmark. She was to be provided with an American passport and letters of introduction to Entente society leaders.

It was indeed an attractive offer to a young woman who was having difficulty in living on the meager allowance of an officer's wife, but, to her everlasting credit, it may be said that she refused the assignment, though it cost her the friendship and society of her German relatives.

These are but a few of the many instances of spying in Europe during the war. German spies have been everywhere at all times, and not all of them have been German citizens.

The Kaiser's secret service is divided into three groups, under three departments of the government. The Admiralty service is the most extensive, for it has been established in peacetime in every country where a German merchant ship called. The War Department centered its efforts in Europe, especially on the Continent, in Belgium, France and Russia. This was the reason that the German armies made such progress during the first few months of the war. The spying was perfect.

The Imperial Government's political espionage has been under the direction of the Foreign Office *Nachrichten Abteilung*, or Press Bureau. Agents of this office conducted the secret and open propaganda in foreign countries, staged Socialist peace meetings, sent out peace feelers and planted agents in embassies and foreign offices of other governments. Representatives were sent to, or hired in, all countries to keep Wilhelmstrasse in touch with political moves. There is, for instance, in the Vienna Foreign Office a retired German diplomat who is attached to the Minister of Foreign Affairs as a special adviser. He is supposed to report to the Secretary of State in Berlin everything that is contemplated.

Frequently, on big deals where there is an especial governmental interest as distinguished from departmental business, the secret-service departments of the government coöperate. In the case of Roger Casement, the Irishman who attempted to start a revolution with German arms, the plans were made at the Foreign Office, but the Admiralty was called upon to execute them by furnishing transports for the exile. The army helped by giving Casement permission to enlist the Irish in the prison camps.

Attempts to Rescue Casement

The story of Casement's capture and execution is well known, but the efforts of the Berlin Admiralty to help him escape from his English prison just before his death have not been told. An officer in the navy, who could speak English and who had visited London frequently before the war, was furnished with a false passport and landed in England. He was provided with unlimited funds, and a ship waited off the coast to bring Casement back to Germany. The Foreign Office watched British reports very carefully and was amazed when it learned that Casement had been executed. It was evident then that the naval officer's plan had failed and all hope of his return was given up.

Six weeks later, however, he arrived in Germany, pale, exhausted and nervously broken down. He had succeeded in conferring with Sir Roger, he reported, and had talked to him an hour before he was executed, but there was no possibility of an escape. Then, fearing that he was under suspicion, this officer underwent the most drastic privations until, as a member of the crew of a neutral ship, he reached the Continent.

If this story is true—and it was told to me by a relative of the officer—it is one of the most daring instances of spy work in England during the war. It is a proof, too, of the ease with which even German officers go to England during the most critical days of the war.

With this situation existing in Europe, where the nations are prepared to watch for spies, it is obvious that in the United States, despite our very efficient secret service, German agents have little difficulty in obtaining information. There are many hundreds of thousands of unregistered aliens who have the freedom of our cities.

Recently while in a large Middle Western city I called upon the editor of a big newspaper. He declared that two weeks before General Pershing's appointment as commander of our forces in France was announced a naturalized American citizen who had been in Washington obtaining a commission for his son in the United States Army returned and told this editor many details about the Pershing expedition. He named the members of the general's staff, including a major stationed at one of our interior forts. Astonished by this informant's statements, the editor motored to the camp to congratulate the major upon his appointment.

"Why, I have been ordered to stay here," replied the officer, and the editor returned to his home somewhat relieved. Four days later, however, the major telegraphed him that his commission to go to France arrived that morning. It was still eight days before the official announcement was given out by the War Department. If this man could obtain such important information German agents at Washington certainly had no difficulty in getting it.

Spying on Children

It is commonly believed in the United States that information a day old in this war has no value, but in the case of the Pershing expedition this is far from being exact. By the longest route information can reach Germany from the United States in eleven days. Spanish ships sailing from Havana arrive in Spain in ten or eleven days. Any information that leaves the United States via Cuba can be secreted on a Spanish merchantman and delivered to German agents in Spain as soon as the ship docks. Near Madrid the Germans have a big wireless tower that is in constant communication with the big stations at Nauen and Hannover. There is no censorship over this wireless. At present these ships are not being examined by the Allies or the United States and it is a comparatively simple matter for spies to use this route. Once information reaches Spain it is as safe, as far as Germany is concerned, as if it were in Berlin.

All information from Germany's agents is assembled in Berlin. At the Foreign Office, the Admiralty and General Staff the reports are collected. The most important facts are sent to Pless, in Silesia, where the Kaiser and Field Marshal von Hindenburg have their headquarters. Here it is used to the best advantage of Germany and to the disadvantage of the Allies.

If there was one buoy off the coast of Spain where mail was locked in a tin box for submarines to take to Berlin, there are undoubtedly, in other parts of the world, other supply bases. If there are submarine mail stations there are submerged harbors and floating supply ports, because the latter are just as important to the Imperial Government and certainly more important in naval operations.

As long as the enemy secret service can learn our plans and obtain important information from our allies via neutrals it will be difficult to defeat the German Army. Everything possible must be done here to close the channels of communication. French officials declare that every time Germany permits civilians to leave the occupied territory for France, one or more women spies are sent along.

One of the most interesting examples of how specialized spy work is, is shown by the way Germany has her secret service organized in the conquered portions of Belgium and Northern France. German officers have found by experience that the men and women who are left do little talking outside of selected groups where they know everyone can be trusted. But often, the invaders learned, these citizens forget themselves when they are talking before their children. So Germany sent experienced schoolteachers, men and women who understood child psychology and who could speak French, to the occupied cities and towns to open French schools. When it is possible the teachers win the good will of the children, and through the innocent boys and girls learn what the parents are thinking and talking about.

International weeds they are—as numerous as dandelions in the Middle West!

A Friendly Word of
WARNING
to Manufacturers of Automobiles-

and all other purchasers of LIFT THE DOT *Fasteners*

Having recently learned that fasteners like and similar to LIFT THE DOT are being offered to the trade, we would hereby advise that LIFT THE DOTS are fully protected by patents issued and pending, and that manufacturers and users of infringing fasteners will be promptly sued for infringement.

CARR FASTENER COMPANY

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LIFT THE DOT Fasteners snap together and become LOCKED ON THREE SIDES.

To unlock LIFT DOTTED END OF SOCKET as shown in cut opposite.

LIFT THE DOTS are standard equipment on 119 foreign and American makes of automobiles. Also adopted by the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT for exclusive use on military equipment where a strong, durable and positive locking fastener is required.

WAR CONDITIONS *and the* FRANKLIN CAR

A PROMINENT man has said that the things that will not stand the test of war conditions are not worthy to survive after the war. It is true that war needs, and the state of mind induced by the war, throw a new light on much that Americans have spent their money for.

Among these things is the short-lived car.

Cars have been built and sold on features, novelties, talking points, engine stunts.

One year the whole country talks about a car and next year its users condemn it as a "one year car."

Do not put all the blame on the manufacturer; perhaps his idea of business is to supply the people what they want. It is a much slower process giving them what they ought to have.

Economy Demanded in Motor Car Operation

There has always been a public for the long-service car. Practical, hard-headed men who, even if they buy a new model every year, are shrewd enough to see the relation between long life and used-car value.

The second-hand value is especially high where there is the combination of strength, lightness and flexibility, because these things mean economy of operation and long life.

This is emphasized because there is a section of the public that has always associated strength and endurance with dead-weight and rigidity—the very things that pile up operating cost and wear out a car.

It is a fact that war conditions and the National Thrift are making a bigger market for the Franklin as the fine car of the strong, light, flexible type.

The big public is waking up to the truth about gasoline waste, tire mileage, friction loss and depreciation.

People keep right on buying cars—but they are thinking more about constructive service and use.

The automobile is a tremendous factor in American life and achievement, in national health and efficiency, in conservation of human energy, in the ready contact between men and their affairs.

Automobile owners want to use their cars more freely. They are impatient of weight, rigidity, excessive upkeep—all the old and arbitrary restrictions.

What do you, as an American citizen and automobile owner, think about this matter? Do you favor a restriction of use, or a restriction of waste?

Official Economy Tests Won by the Franklin

The Franklin has won every prominent official economy test ever conducted, and continued to win so long as the official tests were run.

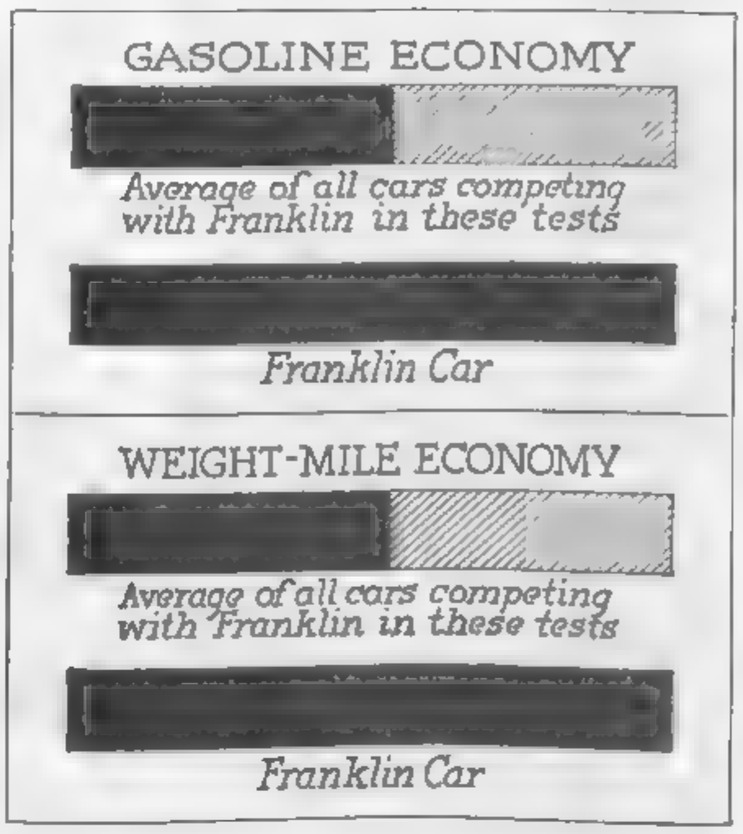
Two Gallon Efficiency Test, May 15, 1906, under the official supervision of the Automobile Club of America—won by the Franklin with a record of 87 miles. The Franklin average was 75 per cent above the average record of all competing cars.

Long Island Economy Contest, February 25, 1908, under the official supervision of the Long Island Automobile Club—the Franklin won over all contestants by doing 242 miles at an operating cost of only 1⅛ cents per mile. The costs of all other cars averaged 6 cents per mile—*five times* the Franklin operating cost.

One Gallon Efficiency Test, May 8, 1909, under the official supervision of the New York Automobile Trade Association, with twenty-one cars entered in competition—the Franklin Car went 36.6 miles on one gallon of gasoline and scored 105,408 weight-miles. The Franklin Car not only won the prize for the best score in its price class, but also the Willys' trophy for the best score irrespective of price class.

Buffalo One Gallon Economy Contest, July 11, 1909, under the official supervision of the Automobile Club of Buffalo—the Franklin set a world's record for gasoline economy of 46.1 miles on one gallon; 79 per cent more than the average of the other eighteen competing cars. The Franklin scored 135,902 weight-miles as against the best competing score of 86,612 weight-miles, and the average competing score of 64,495 weight-miles.

Fuel Economy Test of Franklin Cars, June 20, 1913, under the official supervision of the Automobile Club of America—a Franklin Roadster made a new world's mileage of 83.5 miles on one gallon of gasoline.


GASOLINE ECONOMY
Average of all cars competing with Franklin in these tests
Franklin Car
WEIGHT-MILE ECONOMY
Average of all cars competing with Franklin in these tests
Franklin Car

It is remarkable how these official economy tests are confirmed by the nation-wide experience of Franklin owners. The Franklin goes a given distance on *one-half the gasoline* consumed by the average fine car—and for the same yearly mileage costs *about one-third as much for tires*.

How Franklin Thrift Applies to the Enclosed Car

With its scientific light weight, resiliency and direct-air-cooling, the Franklin Enclosed Cars show within a mere fraction the same remarkable economy as the open models, and the same day-after-day mobility.

For any kind of touring the Franklin Enclosed models are ideal—affording protection from dust, glare and rain, freely ventilated, cool and restful.

This means that one car does the work of two—and the owner of a Franklin Enclosed Car gets his year-'round motor car service on practically *half the initial investment* of the man who has to buy one car for summer use and another for winter.

Touring Car	2280 lbs.	$1950.00
Runabout	2160 lbs.	1900.00
Four-passenger Roadster	2280 lbs.	1950.00
Cabriolet	2485 lbs.	2750.00
Sedan	2610 lbs.	2850.00
Brougham	2575 lbs.	2800.00
Town Car	2610 lbs.	3100.00
Limousine	2620 lbs.	3100.00

All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N.Y., U.S.A.

THE SOURCE

(Continued from Page 21)

As Yard strode toward the bunk house he calculated the problem. Among the revelers were two dozen real woodsmen, lumberjacks, fighters of the old school. These were the men most to be feared. The remainder were Poles, Italians, a few transplanted farmhands, and a smattering of bums from the city. These Yard considered as close to negligibility. It was with Langlois and the two dozen he would have to deal.

He found the door of the bunk house closed and fastened within. The door opened outward. Yard hesitated a moment, then picked up the cooky's ax which stood against the wall and struck a splintering blow, destroying the flimsy catch. With his foot he jerked the door toward him and stepped over the threshold.

The inside of the bunk house was chaotic. Supports had been knocked from under bunks which lopped drunkenly downward; the stove had been overturned; the floor was covered with a litter of blankets, clothing, bottles, rubbish, and at the far end the major part of the men were grouped about a man who was singing.

Even the noise of Yard's forced entrance had not attracted their attention, but speedily an eye discovered him standing, framed in the doorway; then other eyes; then the song stopped and silence descended thick as fog, watchful, portentous.

The men stared at Yard; Yard stared at the men. A very drunken man laughed. There was one roar of laughter from all, and again silence. It was like a blow upon a nerve center. Then without warning someone threw a bottle. It hurtled through the air, end over end, whistling ominously at each revolution, and smashed harmless against the wall. Yard took one step into the room.

"Langlois, you swine!" he said evenly. "Come here."

"Listen to him!" Langlois roared savagely. "Leave me at him! He's my meat!"

"Sure you can chaw him?" asked a voice, and another roar of laughter exploded.

Nothing could delight such a crowd more than a fight, not a fight ordered by prize-ring rules, but a rough-and-tumble, the object of which was to destroy one's antagonist utterly in any way that opened itself, with teeth, boots, fists or nails. The men waited, expecting much of the occasion. It was clearly up to Langlois.

Since Yard thrashed him the camp boss had been sullen, but not threatening. Yard fancied the man recognized him as his master, and accepted the thrashing in a resentful, but not revengeful spirit. Apparently this was erroneous.

"Lemme git my corks in his face!" shouted Langlois. "Lemme stamp him into the floor." He uttered a hoarse shout to startle his enemy or to bring his own courage to the flood, and advanced. "You bum!" he derided, leering at Yard. "You got me unexpected. I got you now." He raised the bottle in his hand to his lips and drank.

Yard stood motionless. Langlois came closer, then crouched and began to tiptoe forward tigerishly. The man was a cat in movement, graceful, dangerous, equally without mercy. The men watched breathless, motionless. Langlois stopped six feet away, twitching for the leap.

Equally catlike was Yard's quickness. He snatched the ax which he had leaned against the back of his leg and struck. He did not strike to kill, though the men could not know that, nor could they know he struck with the flat. The iron spatted against the side of Langlois' head, and the camp boss retreated a step before he slumped to the floor and lay inert.

"I'm sorry," Van said, "but I haven't time to fight to-night. I'm otherwise occupied."

Even a wolf pack may be appalled and held in check by a man who brains one of their number with an ax. The men saw Yard strike, and by that token knew he would strike again, and more than one of them looked at his fellows uneasily. Yard did not look at them, but stooped, picked up Langlois' bottle and smashed it against the wall. Then he advanced, trailing his ax.

"Into bed with you!" he said, not lifting his voice.

Not a man moved; the moment of real crisis was come. Yard came on slowly, without hurry, but with ominous steadiness. The men in front felt a willingness to surrender their places of honor to those behind, for an ax is not a pleasant weapon to encounter. They gave back. Still Yard advanced. Suddenly a Pole in the front rank emitted an animal cry and broke for the rear. The foreigners and bums caught the panic. Not so the lumberjacks, but they were caught in the rush for the back door, a rush which halted suddenly, for Billings stepped into view, shotgun at shoulder, and gave mute notice that here was no thoroughfare.

"Give it to 'em, Yard!" he called.

And Yard gave it to them. He was on them, striking, shaking, pummeling, and wherever he struck a man went down. From clutching hands he snatched half-empty bottles, and more than one man discovered that the skull was not intended by nature to break glass upon. Then Yard backed off, dragging a man, and slammed him into a bunk.

And so Yard and Billings dragged and drove the men to their beds. After the first dozen there was little need for violence. They were cowed, not so much by force as by Yard's blazing ruthlessness, by that one sudden remorseless blow of an ax. From each man was snatched his store of liquor, and bottles were smashed against walls and floor until the bunk house reeked with the fumes of it.

"Get padlocks and hasps from the wanigan," said Yard to Billings, and with these fastened to the outside of the doors they locked the crew in.

"We need 'em," Yard said quietly. "Can't afford to lose any men now."

"Did you kill Langlois?"

"No. Drag him to your house, if Mrs. Billings won't mind, and we'll bring him to. I want to give that citizen the third degree."

Langlois' limp body was carried to the house and there securely tied in an armchair, after which precaution Yard labored to restore the man to consciousness.

"I thought I told you to stay with your wife, Billings."

"She told me to go after you—and she's a bigger boss than you are."

Yard turned to Mrs. Billings and regarded her gravely an instant before he spoke. "Thank you," he said simply; "that is what I should like my wife to do."

Mrs. Billings colored with pleasure, for she recognized a rare compliment.

Langlois regained consciousness slowly, but at last he sat in his chair, fully aware of his surroundings, glowering at Yard with the eyes of a trapped cat.

"You'd better go now, Mrs. Billings," said Yard. "This will not be pretty to watch."

She obeyed without question or protest.

"Langlois," said Yard, "where did you get that booze."

Langlois merely snarled.

"Where did you get that booze?" repeated Billings from the other side.

No other words were uttered by the two men than those. They repeated the question steadily, unremittingly, unpityingly. At first Langlois remained dumb, defiant, then he began to strain at his bonds; finally he lifted up his voice in revilings. But still those calm voices beat against his will: "Where did you get that booze?"

It became maddening, unbearable. He writhed and cursed, but they did not stop for an instant. As one man completed the question the other uttered the first word of it again.

An hour it continued, two hours, and Langlois' will and venom withstood the pounding of it. Then came the inevitable weakening, a weakening that might not have come to another of slighter physique, of slighter physical courage, of more highly developed mind.

"I got it," he shouted. "I got it, and I put it there, a bottle in every bunk. And there's more where that came from!"

His voice trailed off and his eyes closed with a terrible, vital-gnawing sleepiness. But they would not let him sleep. They shook him awake and pelted the question in his face with machine-gun rapidity. Suddenly the man screamed and slumped forward against the ropes that held him.

"He's broken," said Yard steadily. "Some water."

They brought him to again, and as his eyelids flickered his first consciousness was of that question battering, burning his brain:

"Where did you get that booze?"

FOR Bob's lectures, or Helen's themes, or to give spelling practice to the little chaps—for Mother's recipes or club reports, or Dad's overloads of office work or personal business—for all the family, Corona is truly the *personal* writing machine.

Never in the way, for it *folds* into small compass when not in use. Weighs but six pounds—may be carried from room to room or taken with you when you travel; and anyone can operate it. Fifty dollars, complete with case.

Fully described in an interesting booklet (No. 1) sent free on request.

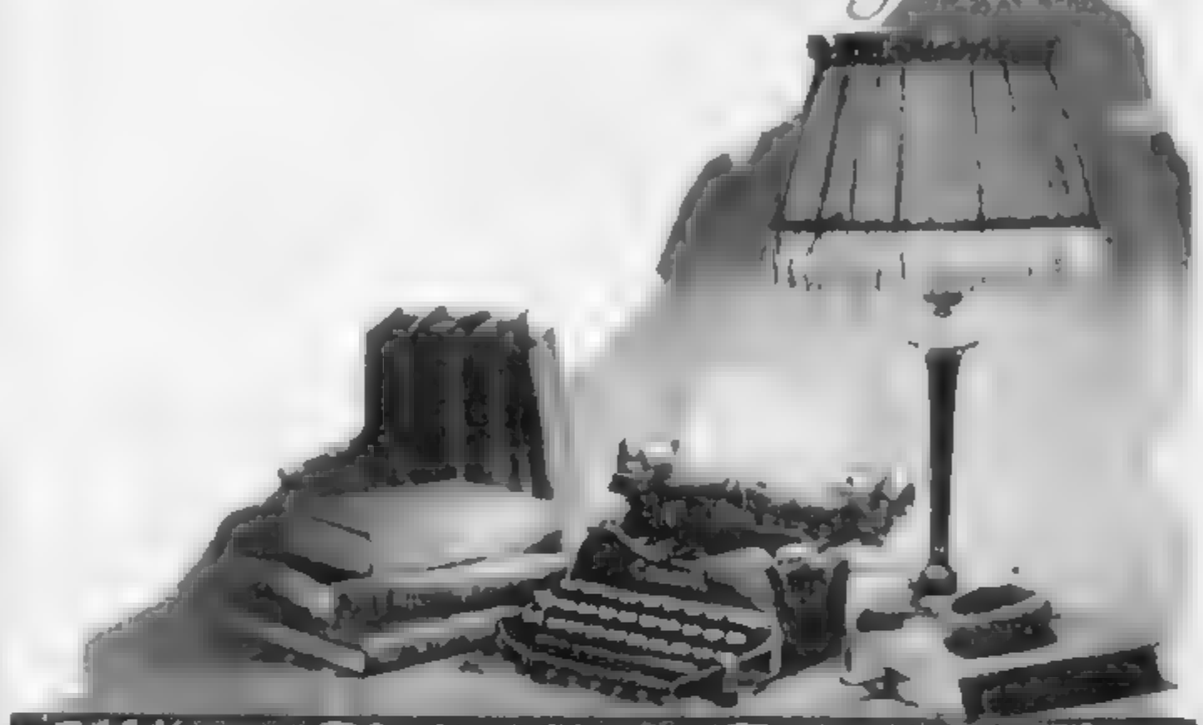
CORONA TYPEWRITER CO., GROTON, N. Y.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

CORONA

The Personal Writing Machine



Fold it up—Take it with you—Typewrite anywhere

ACME RAPID FIRE BatterieS

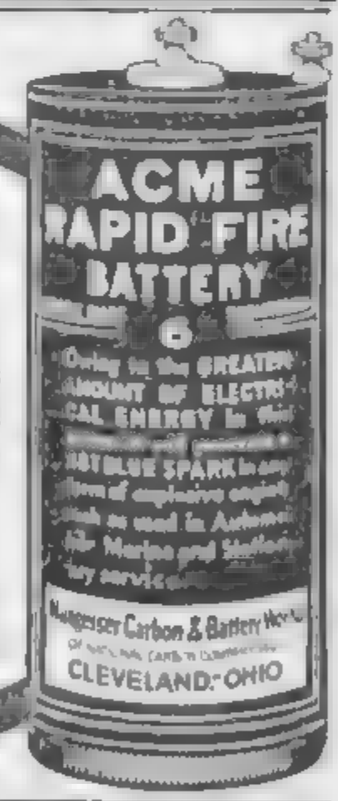
CRAMMED "sky-high" with the fattest, liveliest, hottest little blue sparks that ever fired into the cylinders of a gas engine and kept misfires at bay—that's why folks swear by, *not* at, Acme "Rapid Fires."

—and for telephone and general service, as well as ignition, Acme "1900's" have a host of friends because of their strong, steady current and long life.

Use either. Write us if not at your dealer's

(Note our address on illustration of Battery.)

"FIRST—because they LAST"



LISTERINE

The Safe Antiseptic

Prevents infection of cuts and wounds. It is also a refreshing toilet lotion for use after shaving.

TWO neighbors were talking. Both had new cars of the same make.

"You passed me rather easily on the hill yesterday," said the first. "It seems as though we should have been nip and tuck."

"So we should," replied the other—an experienced motorist. "Have you tampered with your carbureter?"

"No."

"What oil do you use?"

"Oh, any good 'medium' oil."

"Maybe that's the difference. I use Gargoyle Mobiloil 'A' as recommended for our cars in the Vacuum Oil Company's Chart of Recommendations."

"Well, that's a 'medium' oil, isn't it?"

"Yes. But 'medium' oils vary almost as much in body as they do in quality."

"But I don't see . . . . . ."

"Nor did I—some years back. But there *is* a difference. It's a difference in piston-ring seal. Of course you know there's a clearance between our cylinders, piston rings and pistons. The correct oil will thoroughly close this clearance. The power is then tightly sealed within the combustion chambers, preventing waste of gas and power past the rings. The force of a power explosion may be 300 pounds or over to the square inch. You can imagine how it shoots past the piston rings if they aren't thoroughly sealed with the correct oil."

You may ask, "Is the above an actual conversation?" No. It simply brings out an every-day condition.

Oftener than most motorists realize, power shortage can be traced back directly to poor piston-ring seal due to using oil of incorrect body, or poor quality.

A change to the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils often shows surprising results—increased power, gasoline economy and reduced oil consumption, to say nothing of reduced carbon deposit.

Write for new 56-page booklet containing complete discussion of your lubrication problems, list of [illegible] and complete Charts of Recommendations for [illegible] Motor Cycles, Tractors and Motor Boat Engines.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to buy in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If the dealer has not the grade specified for your car, we can supply you direct.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches

Detroit, Boston, Minneapolis, Chicago, Philadelphia, Buffalo, New York, Pittsburgh, Des Moines, Kansas City, Kan.

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation:—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart [illegible] indicates the grade [illegible] that should be used. [illegible] is the Chart of the Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile [illegible]

Model of [illegible]

CARS	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Abbott Detroit [illegible]	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Alco [illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Auburn [illegible]	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	A
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
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Buick [illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	A	A
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Federal [illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc
Fiat [illegible]	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford [illegible]	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
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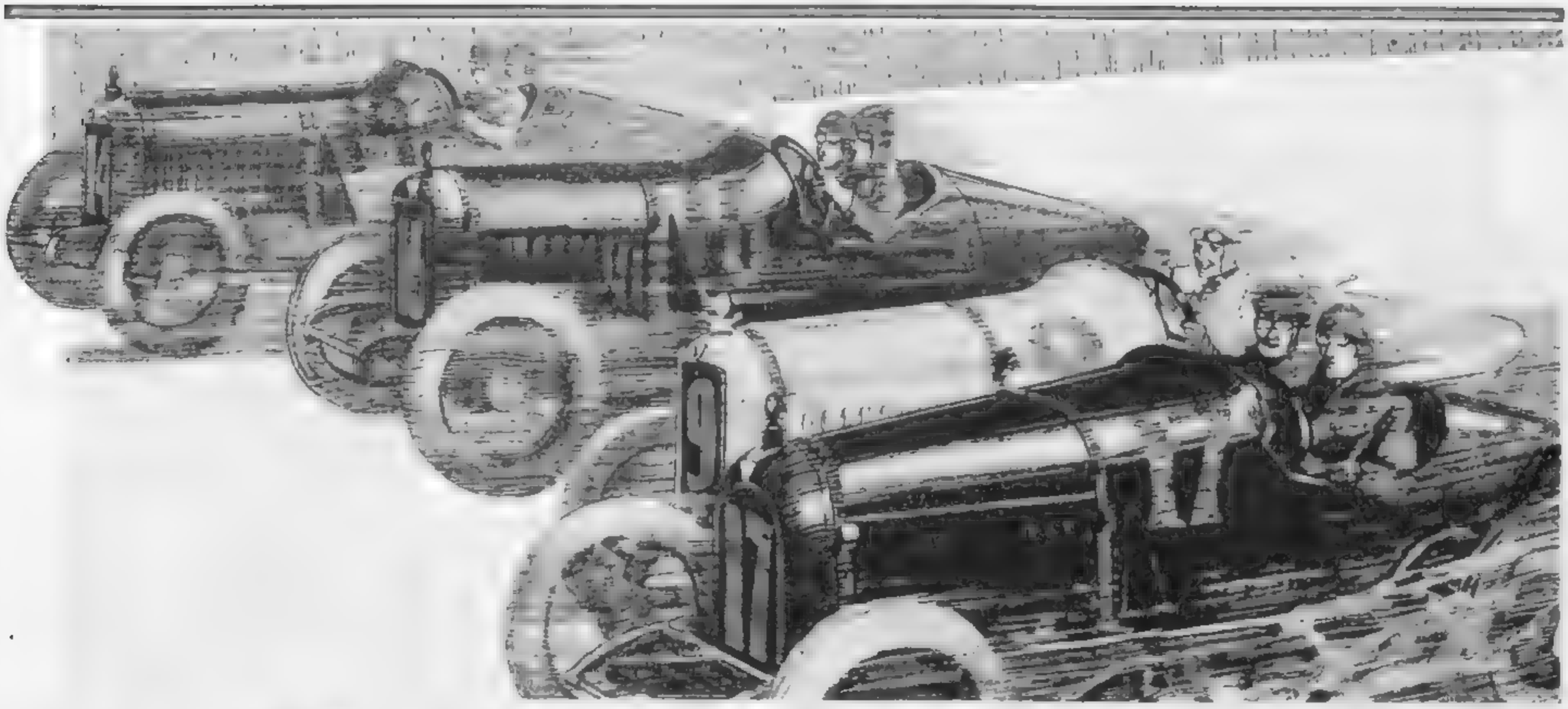

Hudson Wins at Omaha, Tacoma and Uniontown

150-Mile Race at Tacoma
First—Third—Fourth

Eleven cars started. Three Hudson Super-Six Specials were entered and all finished. Patterson first—Roades third—Malcolm fourth.

Patterson led at 50 miles, 100 miles and finished a minute and twenty-three seconds ahead of the second car.

Roades and Malcolm each drove Hudson Super-Six Specials which were stock cars they had converted into racers. They are professional drivers who enter and drive their cars independent of factory assistance.

Two Races at Omaha
First in one—Second in other

Ralph Mulford, in a Super-Six Special, averaged 101 26 miles an hour in the 150-mile event.

There was a field of 14 starters.

Mulford made one tire change.

In the 50-mile race he finished second, 42 seconds behind a Hoskins Special.

Two tire changes in this event cost him first place.

Billy Taylor in a Hudson Super-Six Special finished fifth in both the 50- and 150 mile races.

At Uniontown
First in one—Second in three

The principal event at the Uniontown (Pa.) meet was run in three heats.

Ira Vail drove a Hudson Super-Six Special. He finished first in the 29-mile heat—second in the 10-mile and second in the 50-mile heats.

A tire change cost him the 50-mile heat by one second.

A dealer's rebuilt Super-Six demonstrator driven by a local Hudson dealer finished 15 seconds behind the winner in the non-professional event. Another rebuilt Hudson finished fourth.

Super-Six Specials Defeat Rival Racers in Every July 4th Championship Event—More Proofs of Endurance

Championship Speedway Races again reveal the mighty endurance of the Hudson Super-Six.

In the three July 4th events, Hudson endurance defeated the fastest cars known to racing.

In a field of 28 starters at Cincinnati, Memorial Day, the four Hudson Specials finished first in the free-for-all; second, seventh and ninth in the 250-mile event.

At Chicago, Ralph Mulford on June 16th established the American Speedway records for 150 miles and for 200 miles at an average of 104 miles per hour.

Made Stock Car Records
Last Year

Last year Super-Six stock cars and stock chassis made new and important records for endurance, power and speed. Those were non-competitive tests. They were made against the best times of other cars.

They included the fastest stock chassis mile—the 100-mile stock car record—the one-hour stock car record and the 24-hour stock chassis record. These were officially timed by the American Automobile Association.

Then, in addition to these, a seven-passenger Hudson Super-Six Phaeton broke every trans-continental automobile record. It did it both ways in the only double, twice-across-America run ever attempted against time.

All Hudson records are the result of Hudson endurance.

Cars may be built lighter and have more power, weight considered, just as most of the racers are, but none have proved an equal degree of endurance.

That is why Hudsons win.

It is why so many professional race drivers have adopted Hudsons in their speedway races.

In the three July 4th races you will note some of the Hudsons were rebuilt stock cars. They were made suitable for racing because their owners had confidence in them to win prizes.

The cars were entered independent of any factory influence.

Race drivers know that endurance wins. They know they can rely on the Hudson Super-Six to endure.

You Too Can Rely
on Hudson Endurance

In converting Hudson Super-Six stock cars into racing cars these men made no change in the principle that accounts for Hudson endurance. They merely made such changes as can be made to any Hudson Super-Six. They did not have to do anything to increase the endurance quality of the cars. That quality is built into every Hudson Super-Six.

You, of course, are not interested in owning a racing car, but when racing reveals a quality so important as that of endurance, as it does with the Hudson Super-Six, then you are interested in its performance.

The speedway shows, in a few miles, weaknesses that it might require thousands of miles of ordinary service to reveal.

You want to know what you can depend upon after the car has seen thousands of miles of service. Look at these records and you will see what you may expect of the Hudson Super-Six.

The speedway test of 150 miles is more trying than thousands of miles you will drive with your car.

You want to know what the car you buy now is likely to cost in maintenance. You want to know how much time it will be in the repair shop after a half season's use. Do not these proofs persuade you to buy a Hudson Super-Six? They should. Already 37,000 have bought and they have added to these records their own experiences with the Hudson Super-Six.

There are eight body types on the Hudson Super-Six. The Phaeton 7-passenger car sells at $1650 at Detroit.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

Kodak in Camp.

From reveille to taps, each hour will bring something new into the life of every young soldier. New surroundings, new habits, new faces, and new friendships will make for him a new world—a world full of interest to him *to-day* and a world upon which he will often **dwell in memory when peace has come again.**

And this new world of his offers Kodak opportunities that will relieve the tedium of camp routine at the time and will afterward provide what will be to him and his friends **the most interesting of all books—his Kodak album.**

The parting gift, a Kodak. Wherever he goes the world over, he will find Kodak film to fit his Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

(Continued from Page 66)

It would be complimentary exaggeration to call the post office a shanty. It would have required considerable remodeling to make it into one. High above the road it sat, as inaccessible to visitors as ingenuity could make it. It looked as if particularly unskillful boys had built it, and tired of the job before they were through. The roof was covered with black paper; the door was held on by leather hinges made from the upper of a cast-off shoe. There was one window, a stationary one, intended solely to admit light, but deprived of the pleasure of doing so by long accumulations of dust, cobwebs and the deposits of inclement weather. You knew immediately that this was a post office, because a handmade sign over the door announced the fact. However, you had your choice of believing the sign, or of surmising that somebody was allowing a bent for humor to roam at large.

Yard stopped the hand car and crossed the river on the stones. He found the door of the edifice open and the postmaster inside. So was another individual. As Yard entered the individual cleared his throat and said.

"Gimme a nickel plug, postmaster."

Behind the counter an old man was sorting letters. He was bent and withered, and whiskers dangled rather than hung from his chin. He was an emaciated sparrow of an old man, a sparrow dressed as for a masquerade. When he stood to his full height the crown of his head was all of five feet and an inch or two away from the floor. Every motion he made reminded one of a sparrow scratching for worms, and pecking hungrily at those he uncovered. At the moment he was sorting letters, sorting them with a degree of concentration that should have endeared him to the postal department.

"Gimme a nickel plug," repeated the individual with impatience.

The postmaster suspended operations, with one thumb an inch from the tongue which was about to dampen it.

"Don't hender the United States mail," he said fiercely.

"Can't I git it myself? It lays right there, postmaster."

"Don't allow nobody behind my counter. When I git through servin' the gov'ment I'll tend to you. Calc'late you weigh heavy agin gov'ment business. Now shet up and stay shet up!"

Presently the sorting was completed and the postmaster grudgingly sold the individual his five-cent plug.

Then, when the individual had withdrawn, he turned to Yard.

"Name's Yard, hain't it?" he snapped.

"Yes."

"Don't show no signs of bein' a bum." The postmaster studied Van belligerently.

"I hope they've worn off," said Yard.

"What made you come in here, eh? Curiosity, I'll warrant. Sight seein'. I'll have you know the United States Mail hain't no sideshow."

"I came," said Van, "to buy some stamps."

"Didn't neither. You come to see me. You dunno why, but you did. Hain't no use hedgin' round."

"All right, Mr Postmaster, I came to see you. What did I come to see you for?"

"'Cause I sent for you, that's why. 'Cause I heard that there talk you're makin' about servin' the country, and a new industry's worth as much as a new state, and sich. Kinder int'rested in the gov'ment myself. Mean what you been sayin', eh? Jest talk and wind or was there somethin' to it?"

"I meant it," said Yard.

"Huh! Kinder snappish about it, hain't you? That cartload of booze do much damage?"

Yard was startled. He looked at the postmaster with increased interest.

"How did you hear of it?" he asked.

"'S my business to hear—and keep my mouth shet. Might hear somethin' useful to the gov'ment. Might hear somethin' useful to me. Might hear somethin' useful to you, if there was any reason for tellin' you about it."

The postmaster moved a little closer to gain a better view of Yard, and peered at him in frowning silence.

"Calc'late," he said after a moment, "that John Beaumont hain't no bigger fool 'n he used to be. Which wasn't very darn big. When John picks a man that man's int'restin' to me."

After another pause: "Calc'late you and me kin give them furriners and Swedes and sich a tussle if we set to it. Powerful combination, you and me—pervidin' I decide to go into it. Me with the brains and you with your fists, eh? Not that you don't appear to have some brains—some. Hain't seasoned, though. Don't find the gov'ment makin' you postmaster nowheres, do you? Like they done me. Gov'ment don't repose no confidence in a feller till he's had experience. Young feller, I don't presume there's many men the postmaster-general's got more confidence in than me. And why? I hain't never failed him, and I hain't likely to. Let me come slap up agin a problem that 'd flatten out an ordinary man—does it flatten me? Not a mite! 'Cause I've had experience. If I can't reason a thing out I set and fish back into my recollection—and I git a nibble every time. And there, sure enough, I haul out that same problem, lookin' a mite different maybe, but the same for all that, and ready solved. That's my strong holt."

The thing about this harangue that interested Yard was the postmaster's evident acquaintance with the situation. He was certain Mr. Beaumont had not talked about the opposition from Swedish sources. He was equally sure he had not done so himself. It was far from being a matter of common knowledge—yet the postmaster knew it. Yard wondered how much more he knew.

"Well," said the postmaster, "want me in it? Feel the need of a guidin' brain?"

"I should be glad to have your help and guidance," said Van quite seriously. He felt there was something in that little weazened head, and that a great deal of eccentric talk perhaps masked a battery of deadly acuteness.

"It's honorin' a young feller like you to associate him with a trusted servant of the gov'ment," said the postmaster dubiously, "but I'm dummed if I don't try it a spell. I may throw you over though," he warned. "Got a motor boat up to Camp Eight, hain't you?" the little man asked suddenly.

"Yes," said Van, really startled now.

"Goin' to need it! Goin' to need it. Got boom logs ready, eh? Boat hain't no good without boom logs."

"No," said Van, "but work will start on them to-day."

Here was a valuable suggestion at the first discharge.

"Holmquist was at Nord's last night, wasn't he? Seen him, didn't you? Who d'you s'pose he wanted to see most, Svea or her dad? Ever ask yourself that?"

"What do you mean?"

"Tried to bribe you, didn't he? His business, hain't it? Not that he hain't hankerin' after Svea consid'able. Can't understand it. Can't see how that girl'll let that insec' buzz round her; but wimmin is past human understandin'. What you'd figger that they'd figger was pizen to 'em, why they just up and wallers in it sometimes. About ninety-nine per cent of a ratlin' good woman is too dog-gone wonderful for anythin' under a seraphim or a archangel to understand, but there's one per cent in every one of 'em that's plain imbecile. Never knowed it to fail. And sometimes, young feller, that one per cent jest raises hell."

There seemed to be nothing Yard could say that would help the conversation at this point.

"Kinder hankerin' after Svea Nord yourself, hain't you?"

Van admitted it without embarrassment.

"I'll see about it," said the postmaster. "Maybe you hain't fit for her. If you hain't you won't git her. I'll see to that. But if you be ——" He left this sentence unfinished, and Yard wondered if the postmaster had been on the point of promising to act the efficient Cupid if it seemed advisable.

"Now you git along. I got United States business to tend to. Nothin' much 'll happen before spring, but we got to be ready. When I need you I'll send for you. If you git pinched—why, come, and I'll see what kin be done. And when you git a chance study up on dams. Particular on dams like the big one the Power Company's got up here. Git so's you know all about 'em. It'll come handy, besides increasin' your general store of knowledge."

Van went obediently, but wonderingly. Where did this peculiar little person fit into the puzzle picture, he wondered. Of one thing he carried away an abiding certainty—the postmaster could and would fit into an important place.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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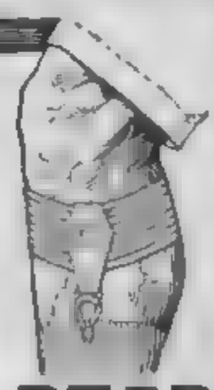

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THE UNDER SIDE

(Continued from Page 9)

incredulous, threatening, leaning toward him, pressing her hands against her breast. "Oh, you ——"

"Dog!" he interpolated calmly, getting up and going to her. "Beast, devil, child of hell! Call me all the pet names you can think of and get 'em out of your system, and let's come down to brass tacks. It's nothing to make such a fuss over. I'm busted and you're in good—that's all! I should say three thousand'll be about the size of it."

"But I have nothing!" she gasped.

"No? Married Rick Harding out of hand in the face of all his influential friends; grabbed the source of supply, yet can't get her hands on a penny; beggar in her own house! Poor little girl! How about that five hundred you brought home from the bank this afternoon?" he demanded with a sudden change of tone. "Ye-es!" he continued grimly. "I've been very attentive to you these four weeks, even though I haven't called. Now that five hundred ——"

"It's not mine. It's the house money."

"Say you lost it. Oh, I have this thing all doped out, so you won't have to bother your pretty little head. You expect him at nine-thirty? And now, let's see—eight-fifty-seven—doesn't leave much time. Suppose you go into the house right away and get the five hundred. Then we can make an appointment for the rest, in town on Tuesday, say, at Marchini's. Flossie, are you listening?"

She seemed to have fallen into a sort of trance, leaning back limply against the pillar, staring at him with a blank, almost stupid expression. Now, as he stopped speaking, she said faintly:

"You can't wait here. Someone might see you."

He took her by the shoulders, bringing all the cruelty of his face suddenly close to hers.

"No tricks, Floss!"

"How could it be a trick? You've—got me—haven't you?"

"Well, and I'm glad to hear that you realize the fact."

"Oh, I realize it!" she whispered, as if half to herself; then, pulling herself together and beginning to speak with a certain energy: "Can't you understand? I'm only trying to protect us—you as well as myself. Suppose one of the servants should find you waiting here while I was upstairs!"

"Do they watch you?"

"I don't know. There are three in the house. If one of them should see us here together as we are now—or should see me giving you something —— We've got to be cautious if we're going to work this! There—right over there!" she continued, pointing to where a rustic roof was visible a little distance off among the shrubbery.

"When will you come?"

"As soon as I have the money."

"Five minutes?"

"Can't you give me longer?"

"Why?"

"Because—the safe. If I can get that open I can bring more."

Suspicions yielded to reluctant admiration.

"You're a pretty decent sort, after all, Flossie! Shouldn't wonder if we got to be pals again—eh, what?"

"Harry—for heaven's sake! We've no time ——"

"All right! In twenty minutes, then, without fail! Otherwise ——"

He made a single stride from the veranda into the ink-black shade of a linden and was instantly invisible. There was a soft crunch of pebbles underfoot, a rustling among the syringa bushes. . . .

She waited while the light, almost inaudible sound retreated into the garden; then turned, stumbling over the threshold in her haste, catching her foot in her dress; and, pulling the door quickly to after her, she locked it and leaned against it, collapsed, bent almost double, panting with dry husky catchings in the throat. She was like a person fighting the weakness and shock incident to a wound. For a while all the strength she had seemed to be put into the mere effort of keeping upon her feet.

By degrees she gathered herself together, trembling, still supported against the wall; another pause, and moving uncertainly but with an air of increasing resolution she reached the two windows that overlooked the veranda and drew down their shades. One step more carried her to the table. There she halted, this time not as if from exhaustion, but deliberately.

The room was darkened, yet not entirely dark; for the door into the study was ajar; and the windows of that room, being but thinly curtained, let in a diffuse filtered radiance from out of doors, showing quite plainly the bulky outline of the safe in the corner. She did not even glance in that direction, or toward the other doorway, through which were visible the entrance hall and the angle of the stairs leading to the chambers above. Her eyes were fixed with the blind intensity of one who sees nothing, whose whole mind is centered on a thought beyond the present surroundings. Leaning forward, neck stretched, head inclined sidewise, all her senses seemed to have been fused into one sense—hearing. The clock rang melodiously a quarter after nine. Seconds ticked themselves off rapidly. All at once she drew herself up taut, pressing her handkerchief to her lips.

From among the faint, almost continuous sounds of the motors on the turnpike one had detached itself. A whir of machinery was approaching up the drive; a light, a great round eye of surprising brightness, grew larger, wheeled past the library windows. Both rooms were illuminated. The backs of books, picture frames, vases of flowers, silver candlesticks, the woman's white face—all glimmering an instant unnaturally, impossibly clear, were swallowed up again. There was a grinding of gravel at the drive entrance. A moment more—the outer door had been opened—and then Harding's voice, his laugh, which, more than any serious words he ever spoke, conveyed the sense of his power. His quick firm step came on out of the entrance hall into the library, and hesitated.

"Hello! No lights? Where are you, Florence?" She could hear him moving forward cautiously, like a man in strange surroundings. "Florence! . . . I say ——"

"Dick!" she called in a guarded voice.

His figure appeared, outlined in the doorway against the gray twilight behind him.

"Well, mystery, what are you doing here, hiding in the dark?"

"Nothing! I —— Don't come any nearer!" For he had started forward.

"What's the matter? Smallpox?"

"Stay where you are!"

He had reached the other side of the table now, and for a moment the only sound was her quick, short breathing.

"Seriously, what is it? Are you ill?"

"No; but something has happened. Don't light the light!" The piercing terror of her whisper arrested his movement.

"Why not?"

"Because if it were light I couldn't say what I have to. I've been waiting here to tell you about it. I—I've been blackmailed."

"Blackmailed!" The exclamation was almost a laugh, checked as if by a rapidly succeeding sense of wonder. There was a pause; then three incredulous words: "Are you sure?"

"Oh, sure! How could I be mistaken?"

"But where?"

"Right here; just a little while ago."

His dimly seen form and the vague featureless oval of his face seemed to come forward, leaning toward her across the table; and, curiously enough, the note of humor still persisted in the voice as it asked:

"Does this mean the ex-fiancé?"

"No; someone else."

"Well, whoever he is, what the devil is he blackmailing you for?"

"Blackmail."

"I beg your pardon if I don't quite seem to get ——"

"He is blackmailing me," she said, speaking with great effort, calmly and deliberately, "for being a blackmailer myself; for extorting money from people, as he is trying to do from me." She gasped suddenly, and sobs and laughter struggled together in her throat. "Oh, it's too impossible—too horrible!"

"And where is this remarkable charge trumped up from?"

"It isn't. It's true!"

The silence following was of the same quality as the darkness—baffling and indeterminate. At last he said, in a tone that sounded smaller and farther off than usual:

"I seem to be very slow in getting hold of this thing; but would you mind explaining ——"

(Continued on Page 73)

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That very week our car caught fire. Pyrene was astonishingly quick. It rescued the car and saved us from the slightest injury.

Busy men, a day's delay in getting Pyrene may bring shame and remorse.

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(Continued from Page 70)

"That's what I'm trying to do. His name is Harry Wesley. We were partners. We met about two years ago."

"One moment!" Harding's voice seemed suddenly to have lost all warmth, all color, and at least half its volume. It was gentle and rather monotonous. Any lawyer or judge in the city would have recognized it instantly as his examining voice. The woman in front of him instinctively seemed to sense its quality and braced herself to it with the defiance of a prisoner. "How did you meet this person?"

"It was a pick-up."

Her answer appeared to reach him, even through his professional manner. He made a sharp movement as if in protest.

"It was," she insisted passionately. "You shan't think me better than I really am. Perhaps you won't believe anything I say now; that whole story was such a mixture of truth and lies. The fiancé was a lie. I never had one. But I was left alone in the world; I did get employment in New York as companion to a woman, and I was dismissed; not for the reason I gave, though. It was just such a little commonplace disagreement—some house matter. I answered her in a way she didn't like, and wouldn't apologize afterward, and she let me go, like that, in an instant.

"I remember how terribly surprised I was and angry—as though she employed me for my comfort instead of hers; but I wasn't in the least frightened. It never occurred to me that I shouldn't get another position of the same sort in a few weeks. I sent in applications and answered advertisements and called on people—but, you see, she hadn't given me a recommendation; that made a difference, and there weren't so many other things I could do. Everywhere they wanted experts.

"Even then I didn't realize what I was up against. If I had, of course I could have gone in and found something, anything, even factory work. The trouble was I hadn't the faintest idea. Way in the back of my mind I think I still had the childish notion that nothing dreadful could happen to me, because I was I. I waited and drifted, thinking something must come along presently. And then my money was gone!

"I had just crossed the street, one evening, to dinner; and at the door of the restaurant I stopped and opened my purse, and found exactly ninety-four cents!

"What had become of the rest that ought to have been there, I did not know; whether I'd lost or spent it—spent probably—for days I hadn't dared to count what was left. I was cold all over with fright. But I thought, 'Well, I must eat something'; so I went on into the restaurant.

"It was a quiet little dairy place; only one other person was there—a man. I sat down and ordered something, and tried to think what I should do. But the only thing I could think of was ninety-four cents. Oh, you've no idea what fools girls are, or how terrible it is, that feeling of getting down to nothing! The first thing I knew, I was crying. And then the man came over and asked what was the matter, and whether he could do anything.

"I should have talked to anyone—I was so desperate.

"He was very nice; very kind. Certainly, he said, I could get something to do in New York. It was the best place on earth for finding a job, because every kind of business was going on here. The only trouble was knowing where to apply; and perhaps he could help me about that. He gave me several addresses—some of them, I found out afterward, were perfectly respectable—and then he took me back to the rooming house where I was staying; but meantime, of course, he had found out my name.

"Next day, before I had a chance to get into communication with any of my new people, he was back again. There was something he knew of in the way of a temporary job that might help to tide me over while I was waiting. He was a private detective, he explained; and his firm had a delicate little piece of investigation on hand, which required a woman, attractive, alert, clever with people. He felt quite sure I was the sort of person they wanted; and if I had no objections to the nature of the business ——

"Of course I jumped at the chance. That little job was the Hayes Case. You remember? It seems incredible, but I had no idea what sort of thing it was until we were halfway through it."

"And then?"

"He said he would kill me unless I stuck; so I finished it. 'Breach of promise settled out of court' was what the papers called it; ten thousand dollars. We divided—three-quarters to him and one to me."

"Why didn't you get away then?"

"It was too late. I had taken the money, you see. He had that hold over me. He threatened me with everything—exposure, prison—if I tried to escape. No matter what part of the world I went to, he said, he would find me; and it was true—though we were living on opposite sides of the city, he always seemed to know where I was—had me shadowed, I suppose. He would come in after dinner sometimes and tell me where I'd been shopping that morning, and what I'd bought—the colors, the sort of stuff—everything exactly; yet I was never able to see him anywhere.

"Once I did try to slip out of town; got up at seven o'clock in the morning and went up to the Grand Central; and he was waiting there, and brought me back to the hotel. He bullied me in that deadly smiling way of his until I seemed to have no resistance left. And then, all at once, he would change and talk quite gently, trying to persuade me. Evening after evening he sat there in my rooms, arguing so adroitly, saying that our profession was no different from half the others in New York—clever people taking money from fools. It was the law of life; and that was bigger than the laws men made, wasn't it? And why be ashamed of the job you were good at?

"I don't know whether he was afraid I would squeal on him or whether he really found me valuable in the work. He said he did; that I was one in a thousand—disarming, that was the word he used—and if I would just stick to him, together we could crack New York like a walnut. He'd promise to stop teasing me to live with him; we'd be pals and work on a fifty-fifty basis. I should have a free hand with the next job of my sort that came over.

"Oh, it was like a nightmare! Like sinking down into a deep pit—and nothing, nothing to catch hold of!

"One morning he came in and showed me that paragraph about the marriage and your name at the top. It was a mistake, as you said afterward. Why he didn't investigate it—he was careful usually and the papers make so many blunders—I don't know. I only know he was tremendously excited. He said ——"

Her voice failed her completely; seemed to go to pieces in her throat.

"Well?" the voice from the other side of the table goaded her.

"He said: 'This is the time to get them, after the honeymoon. Now make your story.'"

"Ah, the story of the persecuting fiancé! That was your own invention?"

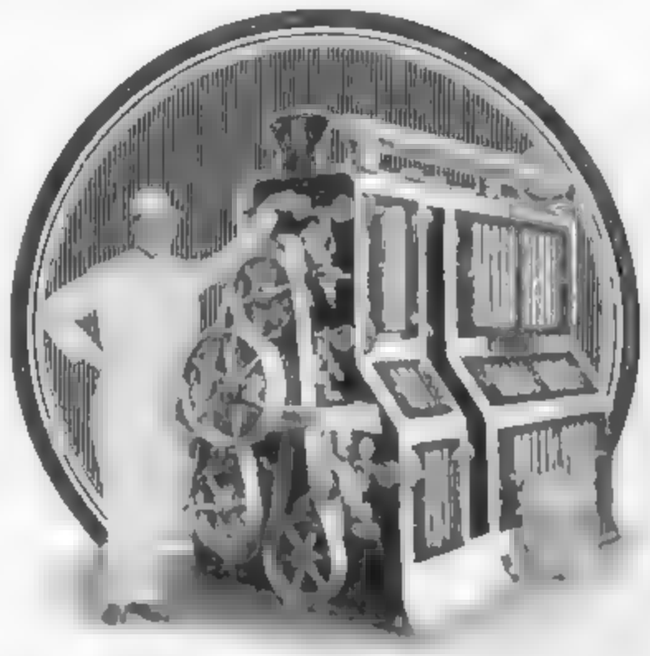
"It wasn't an invention exactly. It was the real situation. You see, living in it as I was, the thought of it was constantly in my mind; and when he said 'Make your story,' naturally it rose to the surface. I had to have something; and this seemed to fit the case, with one or two changes—just enough so that we couldn't be arrested."

"That was very clever of you!"

"Yes; I remember, in a dim, far-off sort of way, thinking so myself at the time. Afterward I can't tell you how I hated it! Even from the first interview, from the moment I was sitting there opposite you and you were looking at me! And the more you believed what I was saying, the more horrible it became. It was like waking—like coming back to life. I seemed, for the first time, to realize how far, far away I had gotten from what I had been. I seemed to take the measure of myself and him; and the thought of going back to him again and discussing you with him—yes, even to see him again—was more than I could bear. If only I had told you the whole truth! There was a moment when it seemed to me that I must cry out to you; but something kept me back—fear, I suppose.

"All the while you were advising me; and presently I began to see how the advice you were giving for the pretended situation might apply to the real one. When you spoke of the commercial college I thought: 'Here's my chance!' If only I could manage to finish the course and make myself financially independent! Then, surely—somehow—I should dare to free myself. It was wild to hope—six months; but I would have snatched at anything. I was so desperate.

"And you gave me courage. Not alone because you were kind to me—other people had been that; but you made me feel as though I were good for something in the world, could accomplish something. I think



"$8,490 net profit the first eight months"

Says one owner (name on request)

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Williams Milling Co., Williams, Calif., write, "We have found our American Marvel Mill to fulfill every claim you make for it. We enclose herewith copy of a statement taken from our books on March 1, 1917, showing a net profit of $3,804.52 for the past six months. We have just been awarded a contract to supply one of the largest retail grocery firms in this state with flour, which was formerly furnished by one of the largest mills on the Coast."

Elliott & Meyers, Superior, Nebr., write, "In the 3 years which we have operated our American Marvel Mill our net profits have exceeded $15,000."

Hall Bros. Milling Co., Morehead, Ky. say, "Our Midget Marvel Mill is doing fine. It just makes us $1.25 net profit per hour, every hour it operates."

Bell Grain Company, [illegible] Tex., are making $[illegible] a month with a 50-barrel American Marvel.

W. T. Dunwody, Huntsville, [illegible] "I can [illegible] in a day's run on my 50 barrel American Marvel [illegible] of $43.51 [illegible] three separate American Marvel Mills."

E. K. Denlinger, Intercourse, Pa., writes, "My 25-barrel American Marvel makes me $10 a day every day I run it. Any one who buys an American Marvel certainly will make money."

M. S. Williams, Williston, N. D., writes about flour made on his American Marvel, "My [illegible] one and now [illegible] American Marvel Mills."

H. H. Snarr, Wheatfield, Va., says, "I never worked a day in a flour mill until I started my American Marvel. Have run it a year. Millers of 40 years' experience surrounding me can make no better flour."

This is the nationally advertised flour you can sell when you own one of these mills. It is being eaten in hundreds of thousands of homes today.

Anglo-American Mill Company, Inc.
392-398 Trust Bldg., Owensboro, Ky., U. S. A.

Please send me your free book—"THE STORY [illegible] FLOUR MILL [illegible] full particulars of proposition.

Name_____

Address_____

Use this for convenience, or a postal or letter—Today.

Two types — I know them both

Yes, friends, I've smoked the much-professing, over-friendly type, that dominates the smoking hour with sheer black strength.

And, too, I know the joy of building Spanish castles with ROBERT BURNS' blue spirals.

Mind you, I have no quarrel with men who puff twelve-cylinder cigars.

But this I know: *My* system's not equipped to wrestle with the heavier flavors of those ruthless smokes.

A mild cigar is what I want—fine flavor guaranteed by Havana—true!—yet made *less strong*, like ROBERT BURNS, for men whose tasks demand clear heads and steady nerves.

* * * * *

Each day, more men who understand the open secret of *efficiency*, are introduced to ROBERT BURNS.

The reason?

Ardent *robertburnsmen* say it's due to *blend* and *curing*.

ROBERT BURNS' Havana filler gives him fine flavor. Our own special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

In perfect harmony with the spirit of modern times, progressive ROBERT BURNS offers you a better smoke, today, than ever.

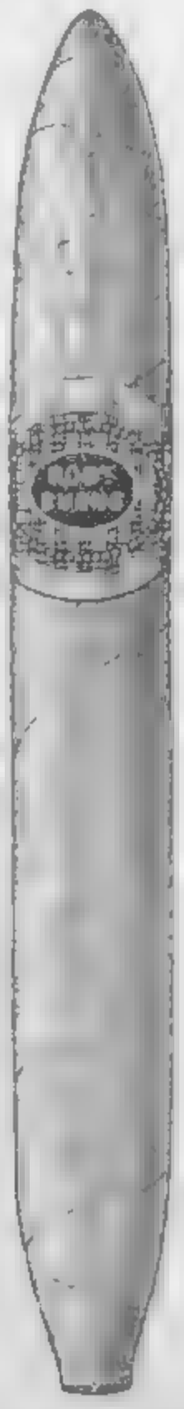
Have you tried one lately?

Remember that Little Bobbie is a pocket edition of ROBERT BURNS himself. Price 5c straight.

Rob't Burns 10¢

Little Bobbie 5¢ straight

GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC.
119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY



ROBT BURNS
Invincible 10¢
(Exact Size)

you even gave me the strength to go back and face Harry. I had to interview him, you see, that once. I told him about moving, and the school, as if it were a part of my game; and got him to promise he would leave me alone and let me work it in my own way.

"Of course there was danger. All the time he might be having me secretly watched, and the least word or look off my guard would bring him down on me. And, on the other hand, there you were, an utterly unknown quantity. At first I still played double, writing you the notes, you know, that they always write. But as we went on I dropped that. What I wrote afterward was what I really wanted to tell you. I held him off more and more; gave him every excuse I could think of. I was just so brave as long as I was seeing you, and I did manage somehow for two months.

"At last he began to get very restless, and finally sent for me; said that I was wasting time. It was he who dictated that note I sent from the Metropolis, standing behind my chair while I wrote; and he was in the booth with me when I answered your telephone. I couldn't warn you. He gave me directions—no matter what they were! He is so clever!

"You probably would have fallen into the trap. But you see I didn't follow them out. I made an altogether different proposition, so crude that I was certain you would refuse it—as you did. I thought that would be the end. Instead, you asked me to marry you."

"You should have told me then."

"Should!" she broke out excitedly. "Who knows better than I what I should have done! Oh, I should! I should! But, can you understand what it meant to me to spend the rest of my life with you? I hadn't expected anything, I'd been ready for the end. And then, all at once, that chance—something I'd dreamed about! It was too much. I couldn't give it up. And you were so strong. It seemed to me that if I could just be with you nothing could ever come near to hurt me again. I never dreamed of bringing anything on you—that he, after all this time ——

"I was sitting outside in the moonlight—just sitting there—and I heard a step, and looked up, thinking it was you; and he——"

The sound of her dry, passionate sobbing filled the darkness. After a moment Harding asked in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Exactly what does he want?"

"Three thousand—five hundred down, and the rest later."

"You know I would have given it to you without question?"

"Yes. And I could have taken the five hundred out of the safe easily before you came. I didn't want to. I wanted you to know. I wanted to tell you!"

There was another pause. And again Harding's voice:

"What do you expect me to do about it?"

"Anything you can. Defend yourself! I don't know what he may try. There's no getting at the bottom of his mind. He will threaten horrible things. Whatever he says, never mind about protecting me. I am going away. I still have some of that money Mrs. Gorden gave me. I can finish at the school, and then get a job and pay her back."

"Suppose you can't get one?"

"I shall."

"Saying that doesn't always bring it. You may be without money again, and inevitably he will get hold of you."

"Never! Never!"

"Well, some man, then. You're not the sort of person who can stand alone. As long as you're already with me, why not stay?"

There was no answer—not a sound; yet the atmosphere of the room seemed suddenly to have reached an unbearable tension.

Groping in the darkness he found the tassel of a reading lamp, and at once the rosy light revealed them to each other—the woman ghastly pale, dishevelled, looking as though all the storms of life had swept over her. Still clutching the edge of the table, her arms like white lines drawn taut on each side of her body, her eyes were fixed upon him with an almost mesmerized expression.

Harding was merely very grave. He held out his hands.

She moved forward uncertainly a few steps, dazed, still as if she scarcely knew what was happening to her; then, with a gesture that was a strange mingling of hesitance and impulse, she put both hers into them.

"Forgive me all the sins I'll never confess?"

This question was all but inaudible. Her head, then her whole body, inclined toward him.

Still holding her at the length of both their arms, Harding said:

"One more question: There's nothing else he can hold over you—is there?"

"Nothing! Dick, I swear to you ——" she began earnestly.

"It's not necessary. I'll take your plain word. You know I have always believed in you, Florence. Only we've got to trust each other and stand very close together to pull through this business. Sit down here, in this chair.. Now"—his calm encouraging gaze seemed to keep her from completely breaking down—"do you know where he has gone?"

"He is here."

"What! In this house?"

"No—in the garden; in the summer house—waiting for me. He'll be here in a moment to see what keeps me—and then ——"

"Is the door locked?"

"Yes."

Harding's eyes were very bright, his face flushed. He seemed, strangely, to be almost enjoying himself.

"Then he'll have to wait—that's all! Tell me, where does he keep himself when he is in New York?"

"Five-fifty-six Conover Street. . . . What are you going to do?" she added, her voice suddenly scaling high with apprehension; for he was already at the telephone.

"Ring up headquarters."

In a flash she was beside him and had seized his wrist.

"But if you arrest him he will accuse me!"

"My dear child, he won't; because he won't ever know you have anything to do with it. Can't you trust me? I'm simply going to inform my friend, Karl Joerns, of the Secret Service, that Harry Wesley is to be found at the address given. He will send some men to wait for him. They will arrest him on a charge of forgery brought by a bank in Cincinnati; or he's badly wanted for a defrauding scheme in St Louis; suspected of connivance in the land frauds in Alabama last year. Oh, there are plenty of charges! I suspect your friend is a great deal better known to the police than he is to you. Blackmail is simply a side issue in the life of our friend. It will be ignored. Joerns will attend to that."

"But shall I have to see Mr. Joerns?"

He smiled, closing his fingers round her arms and drawing her close to him.

"You have seen him already—repeatedly. He was one of the witnesses at our marriage."

Every bit of color faded out of her lips, leaving a white, small, peaked face, from which her eyes, almost black, stared up piteously.

"Did you know, then?"

"Yes."

"From the very first?"

"Not quite. At the first I only fell for you rather desperately. Naturally I wanted to know about you; and then your manner made me think you were keeping back some part of the story; so I asked Joerns to have the thing investigated. It was quite simple. He saw you meet Wesley, and recognized him. From there it was easy to trace it back through the Hayes affair—everything he found tallied exactly with what you've just told me."

"And even then you weren't afraid to ——"

He took her face between his hands.

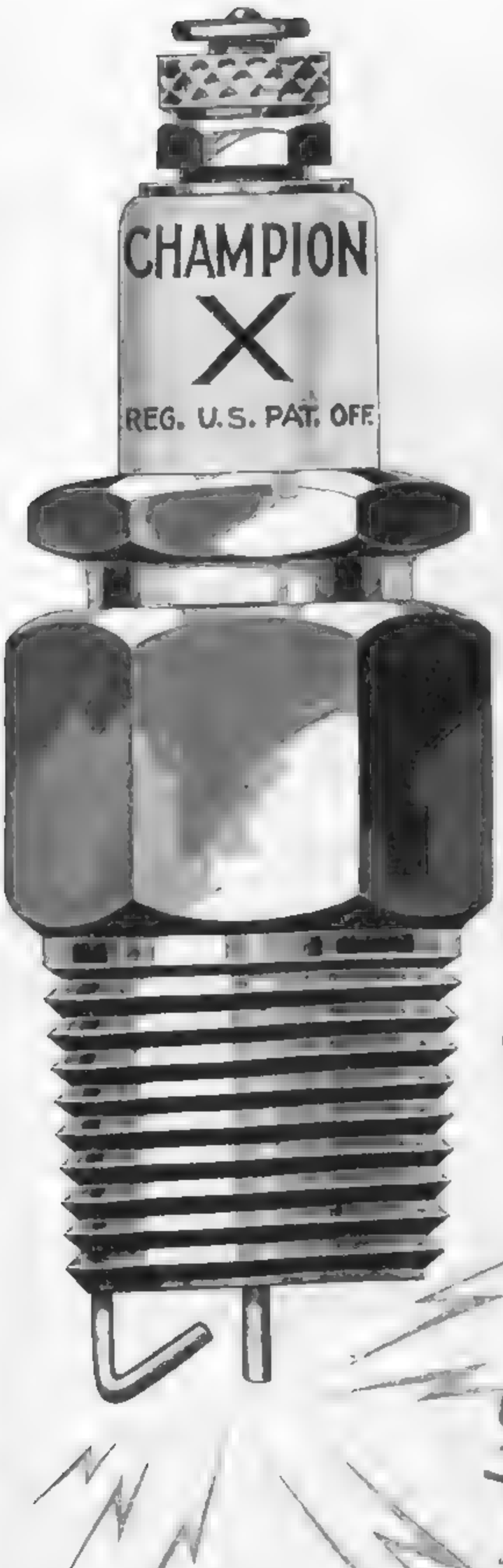
"What could a poor little innocent blackmailer like you do against a corporation lawyer? What charge could you have brought up? Were we ever alone, going out or coming in, or in the restaurant, or in my office? Wasn't a Secret Service man sitting in the hall the day you interviewed Mrs. Gorden protecting you as well as her?

"As for Wesley, I've held him in the hollow of my hand since the night Joerns identified him. He hasn't eaten a mouthful, or changed his shoes, or winked his eyes, that Joerns hasn't known it.

"Why," Harding exclaimed with a sort of grim, reminiscent amusement, "I could have put that lad wherever I wanted to any moment these fifteen months—only Joerns wanted more evidence in the Alabama Case!

"No, no; from the first, the one thing I've been afraid of was not what you might

(Concluded on Page 77)



Champion X
Price .75 cts.

Champion Toledo

Dependable Spark Plugs

Every Ford car is an advertisement for the efficiency of Champion Spark Plugs. They have been standard Ford equipment since 1911.

Their durability, dependability and ability are responsible for their use by the largest manufacturers of motor cars in the world.

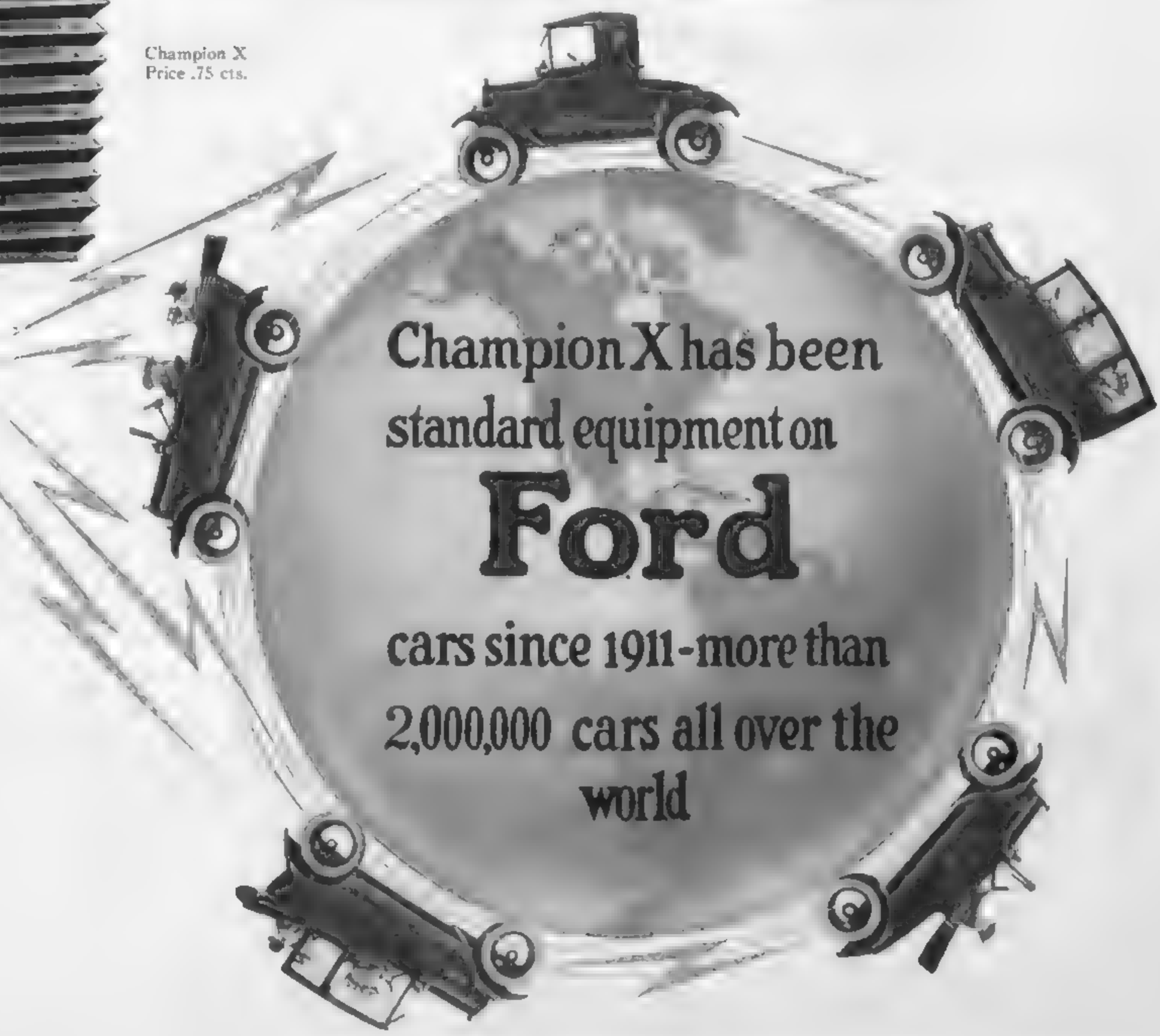
The vital importance of the tiny jet of flame, which issues from the plug, cannot be overemphasized.

It must set off all the latent power in every cylinder full of gas mixture, and the plug must resist the vibration of terrific pounding blast, and the extremes of cold and heat.

Because the spark plug *is* so important, avoid the risk of substitutes by making sure they say Champion *on the porcelain* as well as on the box. You can get Champion Spark Plugs everywhere.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Canadian Office: Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ont.



Mitchell Sixes

How Our Car Ideas Have Changed

About the lightest Light Six, size considered, was the Mitchell a few years ago.

Then we called a halt on lightness, and started the other way. In the past three years we have doubled our margins of safety. We have done this largely through better grades of steel. But many parts—steering and driving parts and axles—are now vastly oversize.

This for safety and endurance, and for ultimate economy. We are building a 200,000-mile car. Yet no lighter Mitchell model ever averaged so many miles per gallon. Nor could it match the latest Mitchell in any performance feat.

No Extras to Add

We used to omit, as most cars do, many widely-wanted features. We let buyers add them at an extra cost to keep down our basic price.

But we found that many of these extras were things every buyer wanted. And we could add them for a fraction of their cost as extras. So we made them standard equipment. The latest Mitchells include 31 features which are very rare indeed—all of them things you'll want.

One of these is shock-absorbing rear springs. They eliminate the need for shock absorbers, making the easiest-riding car you have ever seen. Yet in two years since we adopted them not a single spring has broken.

Our Luxury Staff

We left everything for many years to a great engineering staff. But, when we completed our new body plant, we organized a luxury staff.

We employed artists, experts and skilled craftsmen to make the Mitchell a beauty car. They examined 257 new models so that no attraction would be overlooked. In the past year alone they have added 24 per cent to the luxury cost of the Mitchell

TWO SIZES

Mitchell—a roomy 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase and a highly developed 48-horsepower motor.

$1525

Four-Passenger Roadster, $1560. Sedan, $2240. Cabriolet, $1960. Coupé, $2060.
Also Town Car and Limousine

Mitchell Junior—a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40-horsepower motor. ⅛-inch smaller bore.

$1250

All Prices f. o. b. Racine

You will agree, we believe, that the latest models are the handsomest cars of their class. And each style is exclusive, because all Mitchell bodies are our own creation.

Factory Efficiency

We used to buy many Mitchell parts, and make some in a slow and costly way. Then we employed John W. Bate, the famous efficiency expert. We gave him carte blanche to build and equip a model automobile plant

The result has been to cut our factory cost in two. We build nearly the whole car, chassis and body, under efficiency methods. The result is that Mitchells, despite all their extras, are amazingly low in price.

Many makers, in these respects, have not yet changed as we have. On that account the Mitchell has lately multiplied in popularity. For the first six months of the present fiscal year our sales increase was 160 per cent.

Go and inspect the hundred extra values which distinguish Mitchell cars. See at your dealer's the list of great engineers who bought the Mitchell for their own use. See the endurance records, amounting to 40 years of ordinary service.

The result, we believe, will vastly change your own ideas of a fine car.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 74)

do, but what you were. Joerns couldn't tell me that—whether you really had it in you, at a pinch, to stand up to the facts and let the truth come out, no matter what it was. You don't know how I've waited and waited. I've never really felt sure of you until this moment!"

A light sound on the path made them both turn and look at the door. A step. It paused. Then again, deliberately, it was on the porch. The tap-tap of the cane was like a signal.

She shrank back into Harding's arms, hiding her face.

"He is there!"

"All right! I must go and speak to him. Why, what are you afraid of? He can't harm us. Look at me, Florence—listen to me. These people have no power at all in themselves. Their only power is through our fear. Stop being afraid—and what can he do?"

The whisper came, half stifled in the folds of his coat:

"He will say such things—oh, horrible things—lies!"

"My darling, I promise you he shall not have the opportunity."

Forcing her gently back into the chair, he crossed to the outer door and, unlocking it, went out, confronting the figure there so suddenly that it involuntarily stepped back, lost balance, and toppled over upon the path.

Harding, standing above, looked down upon it as it gathered itself.

"There's a ten-five train back to the city," he remarked.

"Ah!" said the presence, getting upon its feet, existing there in the half light like an apparition of the evil side of man's nature. "Then you don't object to my publishing——"

A few minutes later, limping a little, he turned out of the drive and took his way as rapidly as possible in the direction of the station. His face wore a bewildered expression, as if uncertain whether he had been kicked by a supernatural or a human force; and in his ears were still ringing the famous, too seldom quoted words of the Duke of Wellington:

"Publish, and be damned!"

'TWIXT THE BLUFF AND THE SOUND

(Continued from Page 13)

on the Pacific slope, the best hotels and the best cafés go serenely along, unvexed and untroubled by the New York influence, content to specialize in the distinctive dishes of their districts, served in the distinctive local fashions. Broadly and generally speaking, though, these are the exceptions.

Far too many hotel proprietors over the Union insist on trying to pattern their hotels after the Manhattan Island mode, and succeed in reproducing it in nothing except the price tariffs. A native cook who can do wonders with a frying-size pullet and a hot skillet makes a woeful mess of the job when he tries to render the poor fowl up in a casserole with Frenchified trimmings. Russian dressing for a salad is all very well so long as you have two Russians handy—one to make it and the other to eat it. It seems to lose its savor when constructed in a hot kitchen by an open-pored female Afro-American, fifteen hundred miles from tidewater, in a section where, until comparatively recently, chewing tobacco was the popular salad course.

The walls of a typical New York hotel—I have in mind any one of half a dozen hotels now—constitute a square retort wherein simmers a conglomerate of the essences, extracts, concentrates and derivatives of the Big Town's idle and semi-idle life. Let us for the nonce peep into this laboratory place. Let us sniff up in our nostrils the aromas of rice powder, cigar smoke and perfumery, and mingled with these the pleasant scent of incinerated mazuma. Let us cast an appraising eye over the scenes here presented. Finally, let us seek to single out this and that detail from the shifting mass of the whole. To wit, as follows:

A lobby that is hung with rare hangings and priceless tapestries; that is adorned with onyx columns and dotted with Louis the Something chairs that were meant to be looked at but not to be sat in; that is thronged with persons so well dressed they are overdressed.

A chief clerk who can smell a bad check from afar, and hard by the door a head porter whose simple flannel jumper incases the form of one who owns a whole row of tenements purchased with tips.

A battery of elevators flitting like gilded shuttles up and down their ornate chutes.

A monster of an iron vault wherein the guest may deposit his valuables, in case the manager of the stock-brokerage branch office down the corridor didn't see him first.

A glittering pathway to the bar, lined by prominent trust magnates out on bail, captains of finance under indictment and just from under indictment and not yet under indictment but with good prospects; statesmen who have run over from Washington, D. C., to feel the pulse of the nation; professional Southerners who tell you who their grandfathers were and then borrow two dollars; professional Californians singing the Climate-Song; house detectives, after-dinner speakers, process servers, foreign noblemen, visiting firemen, men about town, men about broke, men about to buy, white goods buyers, bookmakers, chicken fanciers, pugilists, posers, *hoi polloi*. Lanes of loveliness jammed with society ladies who are thinking strongly of going on the stage, and with stage ladies who would think strongly of going into society if they weren't afraid of being talked about.

Bright young chaps, who are too bright to work for a living and who, as the saying runs, are all touch and go—that is, they go as soon as they have succeeded in touching you. And they never come back either.

Potted gentlemen drowsing beneath potted palms.

The young man of fashion, whose clothes fit him without a wrinkle and whose brain isn't giving him any trouble either, buying cocktails for a carefully vampired companion of the opposite sex who is engaged in demonstrating that while woman may be the weaker vessel here is one, all vampired up, who can hold just as much as any demi-johnny in town.

A news stand where daily papers cost more than they cost on the street; a theater agency where theater tickets cost more than they cost at the theater; a book booth where books cost more than they cost at a bookstore; a cigar stand where cigars cost more than cigars were ever worth or ever will be worth; a flower stand where flowers cost more than they cost at a florist's; a notion stand where notions cost more than they cost at a notion store.

Candy selling by the crumb, and mining stock by the ream.

Promoters and persons who work for a living.

Tipsters, tipplers, tippers, and tippees.

Battle-axes and battle actresses.

Investors and those who seek to see to it that the investments are permanent.

Ticket speculators, plain speculators, and plain ex-speculators who still hope to get on their feet again.

Sharks, suckers, pilot fish, whales, gudgeons and minnows.

Peach hunters, melon slicers and pippin pickers.

Agents of the commoner metropolitan varieties—press, wine and road.

Sirens, ingénues, and widows of two kinds—regular and volunteer.

Artists, including gentlemen who paint other people's faces and ladies who paint their own.

Persons who write for a living—those who write sheets, prospectii, ads and insurance predominating.

A sudden millionaire who was reared on well water and corn pones, screaming with rage in the palm room because the champagne was not properly chilled.

Another sudden millionaire offering to bet somebody fifty thousand dollars that he's right, about whatever it is that he's willing to bet he's right about.

A third sudden millionaire willing to leave it to the barkeeper whether he isn't a perf—hic—gentleman!

Practically nothing on the bill of fare at less than three figures excepting the day of the month.

A tea dansant going on round the corner of the corridor; a suffrage convention

All in three-fifths of a second

IN the space of three-fifths of a second, a trapshooter has seen his target dart out, estimated its angle of flight, allowed for its drift, pointed and fired his gun at it, and seen it smash into a thousand fragments.

Quick work, that! Splendid training for the eye and touch. The tremendous satisfaction of smashing that little "clay pigeon" must be felt to be described.

Easy to "get onto"

At the traps you always find an "old hand" glad to stand by and coach you while you shoot your first string. You will soon "get onto" the flying targets.

There is undoubtedly a club in your own neighborhood where you can start right in. But if the trapshooters in your neighborhood haven't organized yet, write to us and we will help get the club started.

Start the sport right—the gun to use

To start trapshooting right it is most important to get the right sort of gun.

To handle well, and permit quick and accurate pointing, a gun must be properly balanced. It must not be muzzle-heavy or have too much of its weight in the breech or in the stock.

The choice of those who know

On account of its safety, strength, lightness and balance, the beauty of its lines, the mechanical correctness of its design, the Winchester shotgun has been classed by critical experts "The Perfect Gun." It is the choice of trapshooters and hunters the country over. Its action is smooth and sure and its ejection positive.

What the name "Winchester" means

Winchester stands for the best traditions in gun-making. For over half a century Winchester has been the standard of pioneers and sportsmen. Winchester rifles built the West. As the need grew, Winchester originated a model and a caliber for every purpose.

Today, the Winchester Company makes a greater variety and volume of small arms than any other manufacturer of firearms.

Every gun or rifle that bears the name "Winchester" is fired over 50 times with excess loads for strength, smooth action and accuracy.

No Winchester barrel varies one one-thousandth of an inch in thickness or diameter. By the Bennett Process all Winchester barrels are given a finish that lasts a lifetime; hard to scratch and resists rust.

The same care that is taken with Winchester guns is taken with Winchester ammunition. The two are made for each other. This care in manufacturing explains why Winchesters are used by experts everywhere.

Write for the Winchester Catalog

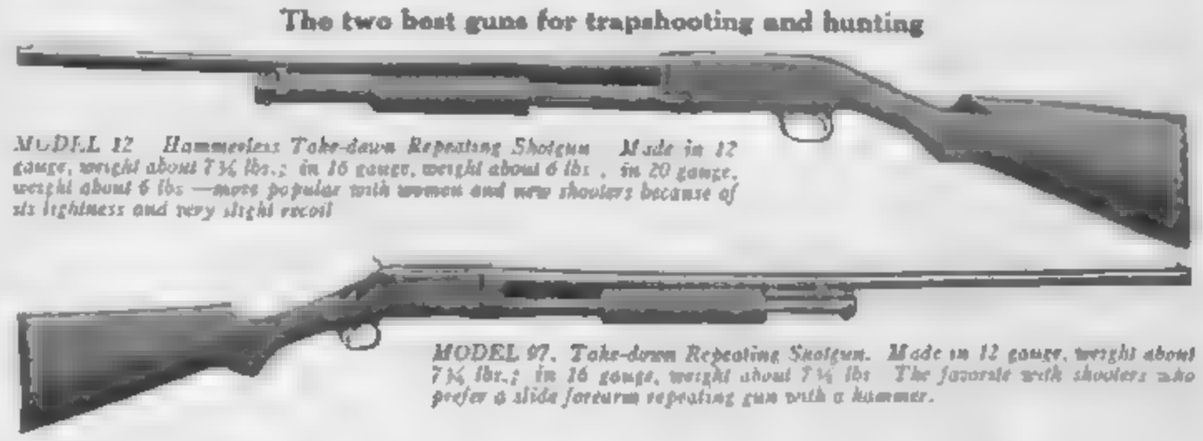
For more detailed description of these guns ask your dealer for the new 1917 Winchester Catalog, or send direct to us for it.

We have prepared an interesting illustrated booklet on the Sport of Trapshooting. Your dealer can supply you with one, or we will send you a copy free upon request.

Find out about trapshooting at once. Goout to the club next Saturday and get started.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
Dept 52 New Haven, Conn.

The two best guns for trapshooting and hunting



MODEL 12 Hammerless Take-down Repeating Shotgun Made in 12 gauge, weight about 7¾ lbs.; in 16 gauge, weight about 6 lbs. in 20 gauge, weight about 6 lbs —more popular with women and new shooters because of its lightness and very slight recoil

MODEL 97. Take-down Repeating Shotgun. Made in 12 gauge, weight about 7¾ lbs.; in 16 gauge, weight about 7¼ lbs The favorite with shooters who prefer a slide forearm repeating gun with a hammer.

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition

Answering the Nation's Call

IN this "supreme test" of the nation, private interests must be subordinated to the Government's need. This is as true of the telephone as of all other instrumentalities of service.

The draft for war service which has been made upon the Bell System is summarized in a recent Government report.

Government messages are given precedence over commercial messages by means of 12,000 specially drilled long distance operators all over the country.

The long distance telephone facilities out of Washington have been more than doubled.

Special connections have been established between all military headquarters, army posts, naval stations and mobilization camps throughout the United States.

More than 10,000 miles of special systems of communication have been installed for the exclusive use of Government departments.

Active assistance has been given the Government by the Bell System in providing telephone communications at approximately one hundred lighthouses and two hundred coast guard stations.

Communication has been provided for the National Guard at railroad points, bridges and water supply systems.

A comprehensive system of war communication will be ready at the call of the Chief Signal Officer, and extensive plans for co-operation with the Navy have been put into effect with brilliant success.

As the war continues, the demands of the Government will increase. And the public can help us to meet the extraordinary conditions by putting restraint on all unnecessary and extravagant use of the telephone.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

proceeding in the grand ballroom; a wine-opening contest starting in the Persian Gardens on the mezzanine floor; two state societies holding banquets upstairs; a prominent younger setter trying to steer his racing car in through the main entrance; and a visiting bank cashier blowing out his brains all over an eighteen-hundred-dollar rug on the top floor.

Possibly in this brief summary I have failed to include some of the types, but as I glance over my list I am glad that I did not overlook the promoters. No New York hotel corridor or café or bar would be complete without the spectacle of at least one representative of this mysterious fraternity stalking his out-of-town quarry. Seeing these promoters forever on the lookout for their prey and never seeming to land it, I used to wonder how they lived. One day I found out how one promoter lived.

There was an oldish chap, popularly known as The Colonel, who frequented the public halls of a certain noted hotel. He claimed to be a Southerner; he spoke with a Southern accent, which may have been natural and which then again may have been acquired. His office was under his hat and his headquarters was wherever he sat down, but he went clothed in figurative purple and in actual fine linen, and he had about him a fine, large, broad mien of heartiness. He had a round red face and a grizzled mustache, like a retired army officer, and a fragrant breath that was forever coming through the rye. His talk was always of millions—vast vasty returns for small investments. He radiated an aura of opulence.

On a certain day in the autumn of one of those lean years following the 1907 panic, a friend and I were crossing through a side street a block or two from the hotel where The Colonel had his hunting preserve. Just ahead we saw the old chap stepping along in his courtly fashion. He came to a sidewalk fruit stand and stopped there, and fishing about in his pocket he produced a small coin and exchanged it for a lone banana. First glancing about him in a furtive fashion to see whether he was observed, he peeled the purchase. He had taken one bite when he saw us approaching. We knew him by sight, and he knew we knew him. For just the fraction of a second he hesitated. Then, with the air of one engaged in small benevolences, he stepped to the edge of the sidewalk and tendered his banana to a cab horse standing alongside the curb. The cab horse accepted the unexpected gift. The Colonel had saved his face, or anyhow he thought he had, but it had cost him his luncheon. For us, looking on, the little byplay had its comic side, but the fact that it was humorous did not keep it from being pitiable, too, in a way.

Prices That Never Come Down

To a student of frenzied economics the food tariffs of a popular New York hotel offer an interesting study. Every time the wholesale rates on a given commodity advance—and advancing appears to be the favorite specialty of every given commodity—the menu price for that particular commodity in a cooked form jumps too. Nearly always it is a long steep jump. The market figure may eventually slide back down again to a normal level, but the hotel's figure does not. Once put, it stays put. I suppose it all resolves itself into the matter of getting the patron used to paying that price. Once he is accustomed to it, the rest is easy—so easy, I wonder sometimes that the hotel keepers are not ashamed to take the money. The waiter has more conscience than his employer. Ever notice how the waiter, after handing you the staggering addition, turns his head away and stares into space?

While the *maître d'hôtel* is jacking up the prices the steward simultaneously is cutting down the size of the portion. A steak minute certainly lives up to its last name these times, and if it were not so costly the filet mignon would make an excellent gun wad, being of about the suitable size and thickness.

Hotel strawberries run just as few to the individual order and are just as expensive in July, when they have been brought over from the New Jersey truck farms a dozen miles away, as when they come from South Florida in early April. In midsummer the domestic hen may be breaking down her nervous system producing eggs, but I notice the breakfast omelet hovers round six bits no matter whether its constituent yolks emanated from Long Island or from Abyssinia or wherever it is they get their precious yolks from in the winter time.

I have seen the slice of prime roast beef steadily shrink in dimensions the while it advanced in price from forty cents to fifty, and from fifty to sixty-five, and from sixty-five to ninety, but I do not expect to live long enough to see it increase in size or decrease in cost. Celery at fifteen cents a stalk—and not the sound-proof celery either, but just the plain ordinary boisterous kind—is calculated to cause one to stop and wonder whither we are drifting.

Likewise one acquires an added respect for a steer when one starts in to calculate what the aggregate of his slivered tissues brings in a New York hotel. A mere hangnail of tripe fetches more on a plate than the entire interior furnishings of a cow, in a raw state, would have cost in the days of our forefathers. Yet one rarely hears anybody complaining at the unjustifiable scantiness of the portions or yet at the plenitude of the totals on the check. All men in this country are born free and equal, but some of them move to New York and live at smart hotels.

The Future of Hustlebury

I know a man who for years has made his home—if home it might be called—at one of the most expensive of the New York taverns. His business formerly required of him that he do a great deal of entertaining; wherefore in due time he paid the penalty for consuming a vast deal of fancy victuals and taking no physical exercise except with a knife and fork. Old Uric the Red claimed him for a victim. He developed gout and rheumatism, and had to go on a diet—the strictest kind of a diet too.

I had occasion one morning to visit him in his rooms, where he was laid up with a severe attack. He had just finished his breakfast—and a tolerably sad breakfast it had been too—and he was now contemplating the slip that the waiter had left upon the breakfast tray. There was a faraway, pensive, reflective look in his eye.

"I was just sitting here thinking," he said.

"Thinking about what?"

"I was just thinking what my dear old mother out in the southern part of Indiana would say if she knew her beloved son had just paid half a dollar for six boiled prunes!"

To such scenes as these which I have sought to depict, and to the endurance of such a strain upon his pocketbook as this which I have here touched upon, my old school chum, Lee Hustlebury, will dedicate his life and a considerable slice of his income. At the first I foresee that the glamour of hotel life will catch him; by the time the glamour wears off the habit will have fixed itself upon him. His one hope of escape then will lie in one of two things—going broke or getting married.

I am predicting my conception of his future existence upon the assumption that neither will he go broke nor yet get married. I picture him becoming one of our regular hotel dwellers.

I wonder whether occasionally in the years to come he won't get excessively weary of always eating his meals while being accompanied by a Hungarian orchestra; whether sometimes, when his North American palate has wearied of strange foreign sauces and salads, he won't hanker for an old-fashioned fried chicken leg and a country-style soda biscuit and a cross-kivered blueberry pie, such as his mother used to make; whether he won't yearn once again for the attendance at mealtime of a kindly black servitor named Roscoe or Gabe or George, who made up in affability what he lacked in skill, to take the place of a Swiss, in whom, mayhap, a fair-to-middling yodeler was spoiled in order to produce a swift but avaricious waiter; whether he won't inwardly rebel at the prospect of never having anything rendered or served or prepared or furnished in the way he wants it, unless he tips beforehand and tips afterward and tips in between, and keeps on tipping, tipping, tipping, and then tipping some more, and at the last responding to a tip encore.

I reckon not, though. You see he will get used to it all, and a person can get used to anything, which explains why some men wear side whiskers and why some live their lives out at big city hotels.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The seventh and last will appear in an early issue.

He Wrote for Six Booklets But Bought Only One Car

Five booklets failed.

That is obvious and was to be expected.

We are not concerned with the five booklets that did not make a sale. The point is that all six booklets did not fail.

The sixth booklet made the sale.

Let us consider that booklet.

—++—

In one detail at least, it had to be perfectly planned.

The PAPER had to be good enough to make the message of the type inviting. The paper had to give almost perfect reproductions of the illustrations—else all the thought and art work and engraving skill put into the pictures would have been wasted.

Paper is a queer material. It can make or break a catalog or booklet. Its quality means most of the difference between poor printing and fine printing.

If you have ever been in a press-room you have seen highly-paid pressmen working on what is known as the make-ready.

With great care they cut strips of thin paper and paste them on the tympan-sheet of their press or place under the cuts to bring out the values of the cuts to be printed.

The make-ready is about the most important work the pressman does. This work is done with absolute relation to the weight, thickness, and surface of the printing paper to be used.

If there are variations in the paper there will be variations in the copies of the finished job.

It is well, therefore, to have definite standards in printing papers.

When your printer tells you that he would like to see a Warren Standard Paper used on your catalog that he is to print, he is thinking of his press-room conditions—of his presses and his pressmen, of the careful make-ready that will amount to naught unless a uniform, standardized paper is to be used.

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In automobiles there are fixed standards.

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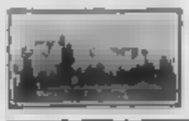

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Continued on Page 82

HOW CANADA CARES FOR HER OWN

(Continued from Page 10)

winter stocks already ordered. People would still need clothes, need necessaries; many also would continue to buy the usual staple fineries. So the store manager let things stand as they were. Not only that; he congratulated himself on the concern's healthy condition. It was not making money—not much, perhaps; yet it was losing nothing. In addition, with the autumn and winter stocks already contracted for, it ought to make a handsome profit should the war raise prices. The manager was, in fact, rather gleeful. A fools' paradise, he calls it now.

The first thing he learned was that tastes change swiftly with a war. It is true even of staples, the standard goods of a generation. In the provinces many lines long considered a necessity have become a drug on the market since 1914. And the reason must be obvious. For example, take the fancy grades of dress fabrics; in Canada since the war there has been scant demand for these. Silks, satins, fine cambrics, if of a perishable quality, are not worn nowadays across the Border. The demand is for the rugged, more durable draperies. In other lines the change is as complete. Women in Canada—Western Canada especially—are buying now for service, not caprice. One might mention dozens of instances.

The store manager, when he woke from his hazy dream, was compelled to readjust his entire cosmos. Nothing was as usual. Much less were his patrons. All their wants had changed.

And what they wanted most was full value for their money—value in service, durability. Things must not just look well, they must last! The fact is, war with its waste has taught Canada not to waste. It will be a long time, indeed, before frivolous spending gets a foothold over the Border.

This is only an example. By criticizing the term "Business as usual" it is not meant, however, that harm was done in trying to stick to old forms, old methods; the real source of harm was in trying to make business paramount—the thing first to be considered. But Canada learned the lesson swiftly. Once it saw that the war was first—its consideration above all else—the provinces rapidly adjusted themselves to the situation. The dose has been wholesome too. New methods have brought new economies, new efficiency. After the war these will prove even more valuable than now.

"After the war," said a Montreal jobber, "it is my opinion there will be a marked change in the character of goods. This generation has learned economy—or rather, it has had economy thrust upon it. Cheap, showy goods will have a hard time of it; consequently the call along the line will be for better quality, better value."

The Deserted Shops

It is not only in this way, however, that Canada shows the changes the war has made in its business; there have been great changes in its personnel besides. The first call brought a swift response from its business men; its professional men as well. High or low, it was the same. A few days ago, in the small country town of Blackville, New Brunswick, the writer saw a pathetic instance of this. Across the way from the railroad station was a little grocery, its shades drawn, its door boarded up. Grass was sprouting round the front steps. "Gone to the war" was the explanation. Briefly, at the outbreak of hostilities the proprietor had shut up shop and enlisted. In the small town—village rather—two other shopkeepers had done the same. It is true, too, of every other Canadian village, town, city.

Out of a population of nominally 8,000,000 persons Canada already has enrolled an army of 450,000 soldiers; in two months after the war began it sent abroad its first unit of 33,000 fighting men. From this will be understood the drain on its class of able-bodied men. The drain has, in fact, been so great that there is already a visible change in the character of its street crowds. Young, able-bodied men, unless they are in khaki, are largely in the minority.

Considerations of class and caste seem to have submerged themselves. Everywhere in Canada women who never had done a stroke of work in their lives are now seeking employment. Necessity in many cases has driven them to this; yet at the same time others, who have no need to work, are seeking employment. It is something to do. The war, besides, has brought about an enlarged nobility of spirit, a new vision, a remarkable change in itself.

"I can't sit idle, doing nothing, when our men are fighting for our lives," a highborn Montreal woman said to me. To prove she was serious, not just posing, she had spent six weeks studying typewriting and stenography. Once she had become a proficient operator—but not till then—she had applied for a position in the offices of the Patriotic Fund, Canada's huge war-relief organization.

The mention of this—the Patriotic Fund as well—brings to the fore one vast problem the provinces have had to face since August, 1914. The problem, staggering in itself, sprang into being almost at the first shot fired. This was the question of relief—the need of giving instant aid to the dependents of enlisting soldiers.

In the United States during the mobilization on the Mexican Border we had a taste of this. But what happened here is not a patch compared with what Canada had to face. The widespread commercial depression, the vast number of the unemployed—these and the absence of legislative aid, aid that could not be given till Parliament acted—made the situation critical. Understand, one does not minimize, much less disparage, the heroic spirit that led Canadians to enlist in hordes at the outbreak; yet at the same time a considerable percentage of this voluntary enlistment was due directly to the fact that so many were out of work. Joining the army meant that a living, frugal as it might be, was assured their dependents. Many, indeed, joined for this reason, in itself a heroic impulse; but because of this the problem of getting soldiers gave birth to an equally urgent problem—what to do with their dependents.

Conditions in Montreal

Take Montreal: The first volunteers hardly were under canvas when, in Montreal alone, one hundred and fifty families applied publicly for relief. Their need, too, was dire. These families, it happened, were dependents only of the British reservists in Canada; families of other volunteers, hundreds of thousands in number, had still to be accounted for.

The local Charity Organization Society was called on to aid these first one hundred and fifty families. At once it was seen that the funds, the organization and the machinery of the society would be inadequate to meet the situation. And in funds, organization and machinery the Montreal society was exceptional. It was as good as any in the Dominion—the best perhaps; but at the moment it faced a breakdown. Alone it could not begin to handle—and it saw it couldn't—the work that was rolling up. It was this that led to the creation of the Patriotic Fund.

It was on August 22, 1914, that the Fund was incorporated. Sir Herbert Ames, member of Parliament, initiated the movement. However, rapidly as it was that the movement got under way, in the three weeks that ensued from the outbreak of war, Canada had a taste—it was a bitter dose too—of the confusion, the chaos that misdirected, overzealous charity can bring about. We are warned now that unless we take instant steps to check it we shall have similar trouble.

Nothing here is meant to disparage the good will of the charitably inclined, but it was from just these impulsive, overzealous persons that the trouble came. War relief is not a charity; it is a matter of public economy, strictly business. As the Canadian Fund officials give warning, too, it must be run with the most consummate tact and care. More than impulsive good will is required. Superficially, in fact, the operation of the Fund seems almost cold-blooded. The thing that the organization resents most is to be called a charity. "God helps those who help themselves" is the Fund's unwritten motto.

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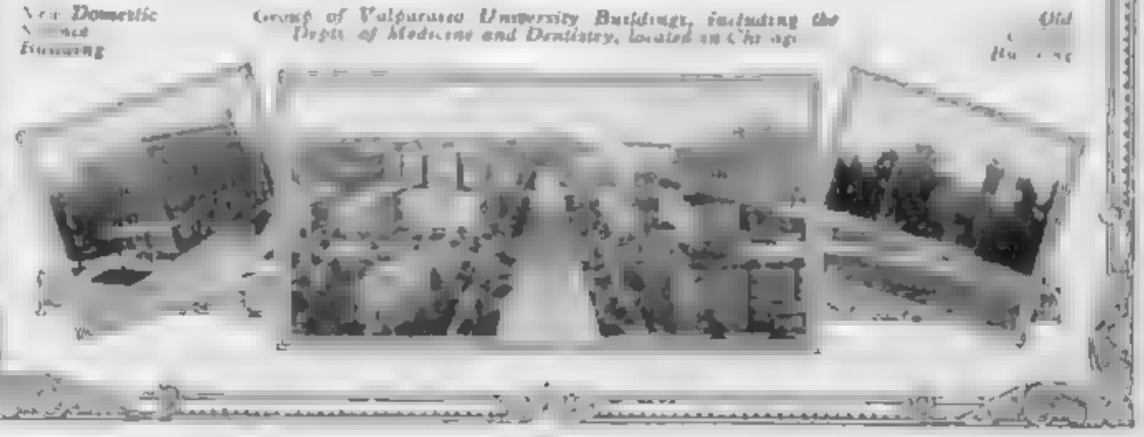

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WESTERN STATES—Continued from Page 80

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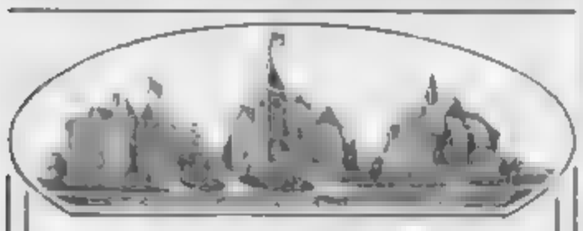

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basis. This involved an immediate regulation of the activities of the overimpulsive, the overzealous. The trouble was not only within the organization itself—it came from other, outside relief bodies. Hundreds of these, like the proverbial mushroom, had sprung into being overnight. Every regiment had its own auxiliary. Almost every church also had one. There were the municipal organizations as well.

All were obtaining money in one way or another; almost all, too, were pouring it out as rapidly as it came in. A large part of it, what is more, was wasted; at any rate it is now evident that the recipients of this relief were as much harmed as helped by it. Added to this, much of this money went to persons in no wise entitled to it. This, too, was at the expense of families entitled to relief. The inexperienced, if worthy, disbursers of these funds had all sorts of fraud practiced upon them.

Wasteful Amateurs

How much was wasted in this way no one to this day knows. Not one but dozens of these amateur relief bodies are unable to account for what they took in or what they spent. But that the amount wasted was large few can doubt.

"The statement will be resented," one of the Fund's officials said to me, "but the harm done by these organizations working willy-nilly far overbalances the good they have done. It was just one of our mistakes. Lots of good people will hate to hear me say it; but if these organizations had at the outset been legislated out of existence—as they have been, for example, in France—Canada would have saved itself much needless trouble, saved countless dollars as well."

In France no organization nor any individual is permitted to solicit subscriptions, however worthy the cause, without a government license. And the license is not granted without a strict, searching investigation of the organization's ability to expend the money properly. The intent, in fact, is to reduce as far as possible the number of these organizations—to limit them to those under direct state supervision. The advice Canada has to give us is that we do the same—do it now. Arbitrary power should be held either by the Government or by one central organized body. Entire control should be vested in this.

How the operation of this myriad of volunteer relief bodies works harm must be obvious at a glance. One of the first things the Fund officials turned up was that applicants for relief already were receiving that relief elsewhere. These cases were not exceptional; they were by the hundreds. One perhaps cannot blame the recipients for getting all they could—human nature is human nature after all; but when one considers that these double recipients were getting money at the expense of others who went without, the harm done may be seen. But curiously some of these outside relief bodies could not see this. In many instances they had an intimate personal interest in their wards; consequently if these same wards prospered by a double relief it was a source of satisfaction that the wards were doing so well.

The Fund to-day has put an end to this; it has, at any rate, so far as its own recipients are concerned. Every individual who applies for relief is subject to investigation. The investigation is tactful, at the same time confidential; just the same, it is not the less searching and exact. Then, once the information is obtained, all of it is carefully catalogued, indexed on cards. Thousands of these cards are filed in the Fund's offices throughout the Dominion.

Few of the outside organizations did this; that was one of the troubles. Another great trouble was that these organizations converted their wards into what might be called professional charity patients—persons, in short, who would rather be helped than help themselves.

The root of the evil was in the inexperience, the sentimentalism, of those engaged in the work. At first the Fund had this same experience. All the Fund's work, high and low, is, with but few exceptions, voluntary, unpaid for. In Montreal alone more than seven hundred volunteer workers are employed, the great majority of whom are women. All these are under the supervision of Miss Helen R. Y. Reid, a charter member of the Charity Organization Society and a trained, practiced social worker. The situation that confronted her when she took charge was chaotic.

There was no trouble in obtaining volunteers; the difficulty was in eliminating the undesirables. Without questioning their motives it was evident that among these were not a few but many who were temperamentally, intellectually as well, quite unfitted for the work. All sorts had to be weeded out—the greater number the gushing Lady Bountifuls. Then there were the self-advertising kind, the sort who, in the United States, have filled the newspaper social columns with pictures of themselves taken in nurses' garb. There were also the women, all serious enough perhaps, who had not the necessary physical and mental stamina to stand the laborious strain. And that this work is a strain, that it is laborious to a degree, make no mistake.

To-day the Patriotic Fund is fully organized, its machinery a model of perfection. The American National Red Cross has, in fact, become so impressed by what has been done across the Border that it has published a pamphlet giving broad details of the work done by the Fund. In addition, the Red Cross, which has assumed charge in the United States of the work of caring for the dependents of soldiers and sailors, has sent many of its agents to Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa to study the Fund's methods at first hand. The Red Cross says of the work in the Montreal district that it has reached a high-water mark of efficiency. This office is in charge of Clarence F. Smith, a local business man, to whom a large share of the credit is due. A business man, he put the local work on a business basis; to that its success is due. However, as the American Red Cross says of it, the actual work of organization, relief and rehabilitation which has set the standard for the Dominion has been the achievement of women.

The pay of the Canadian private soldier is thirty dollars a month, with ten cents a day field allowance. Of this the soldier may, by law, assign as much as twenty dollars a month. In addition, a separation allowance of twenty dollars a month is granted dependents by the government, these including only wives, children under fourteen of a widower and in charge of a guardian, and widowed mothers, if the son be unmarried and her sole support. In this way a soldier's dependents may receive as high as forty dollars a month from the government.

The Scale of Allowances

The allowances of the Patriotic Fund are above and beyond this. Naturally, in many cases the needs of a soldier's family were in excess of those recognized by the government; and these are the families the Fund designs to aid. The minimum granted to childless wives is five dollars a month, the maximum thirty dollars; in some cases, adding assigned pay, separation grant and the Fund's allowance, a private's family may receive as high as seventy dollars.

As the rate of allowances made by the Fund have been found by experience to be adequate, and as something akin to them will probably be adopted here, it may be of interest to give them:

Wife	$10.00
With 2 children or less	
15–10 years	7.50
9–5 years	4.50
Under 5 years	3.00
With 3 children or more	
15–10 years	6.00
9–5 years	3.00
Under 5 years	2.00

This grant, as the Fund's report says, "is modified by a consideration of the regular earnings of the soldier before enlistment. A widowed mother receives approximately what her son was contributing to the household at the time of his enlistment, minus the cost of his keep. Widowed mothers who have sufficient support from other sources are not recognized as beneficiaries. Soldiers' mothers who have able-bodied husbands living are also not entitled to receive anything from the Fund." Then it adds, with businesslike directness: "The Fund is not a charity. It is only given where need is recognized as a direct result of enlistment. Unemployment and sickness—of the applicant—do not in themselves constitute a claim, and no claim is considered unless the committee have the guaranty of assigned pay going regularly to the dependent."

Other conditions also are considered in granting relief. Increase of income from other sources immediately reduces the allowance from the Fund. The endeavor is, in fact, to make those helped help themselves. They are urged, wherever possible, to seek employment or to set themselves up in some trade. Each recipient is visited frequently by a Fund worker, the number of visits depending on the recipient's momentary needs. All this is in the hands of women, each a volunteer worker.

In Montreal, as an example, the city is divided into districts, twenty-seven in all. Over each district are placed two heads, one of whom speaks French, three-fifths of the inhabitants being French Canadians. Under each ward head is a corps of visitors. It is the duty of these to visit at least once a month the families assigned to their charge, and to meet with the ward head at headquarters.

The instructions given to the workers are significant of the Fund's purposes. They are vividly terse, blunt, almost brusque. The orders say, in brief: "Guard the Fund. Do not pauperize. Do not patronize. Do not promise. Work with the head, heart and hands. Be a friend. Provide opportunity—not charity!"

The Fight Against Hopelessness

One of the first things the Fund workers had to face, the instant they plunged into the work, was the widespread disruption that had taken place in the social and economic fabric. The war seemed, in many cases, to have staggered the dependent families. Once the man was gone, they lapsed into the fatalistic philosophy of "What's the use?" All that their men had been at such pains to rear—home, savings, position—a certain class seemed to let slip by the board. The first thing jettisoned was life insurance. In innumerable cases—not occasionally but literally by the hundreds—premiums went unpaid, the policies were let to lapse. With mortgages, debts due even on the roof overhead, it was almost as bad. A sort of dull, sullen depression, a protest at Fate, seemed to affect this class of dependents by the score.

The Fund's workers went hotfooted after this class. Not only did they stir them into new life, new energy and hope; they interceded with the life-insurance companies and the banks. In almost every instance, too, their plea was heeded. Mortgages were renewed, insurance policies were put in force again; and guaranties established that interest and premiums would be met in the future. In one year more than two hundred thousand dollars' worth of policies was saved.

But the work was not easy. "We have argued with a woman for an hour," says George W. Elliott, the Montreal secretary, "over the relative value of a new skirt and a policy on the life of her husband, who at the time was actually dodging German souvenirs in Flanders." Education in more ways than one is, in fact, a labor the Fund's workers have taken up. In Montreal, for example, 11.39 per cent of the mothers whose families came under care of the Fund could not write, as a result of which a school investigation was undertaken in each district. Montreal having no compulsory-education law, the Fund spared no effort to get its dependent children into schools.

For this relief work Canada has subscribed something like thirty millions of dollars. The latest report of the treasurer shows that $15,500,000 already has been handled; and of this amount it is significant that $99.25 of each $100 has reached the soldiers' families.

The money has come from everyone and everywhere. Workmen have been heavy contributors, their donations coming in under the so-called day's pay offering, the workmen donating one or more days' wages to the Fund. In the case of salaried office men, these volunteered one per cent of their earnings, to be paid monthly during the year. To collect this, the check-off system was used, the clerks and workmen authorizing their employers to send in collections direct from the pay department. In Montreal, $849,000 was raised at one stroke.

"Give until it hurts!" is the slogan in Canada. And Canada has given until it hurts. However, this it has done willingly. It knows that the money it has given, is still giving, is being properly expended. Haphazard spending has been eliminated. It urges us to do likewise. We shall have to fight to keep politics and personal interests out of our war giving, but Canada warns us the fight must be made. We shall need millions here in war relief. The way to get the millions is to show the givers that the money is properly expended.

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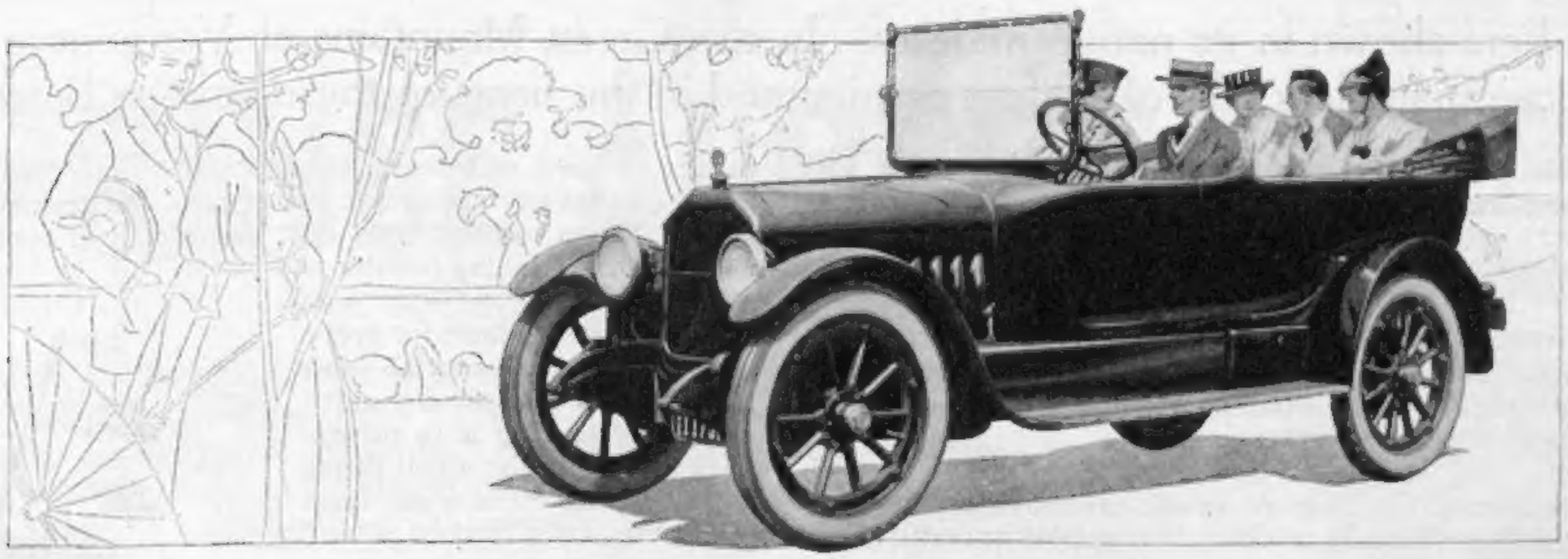

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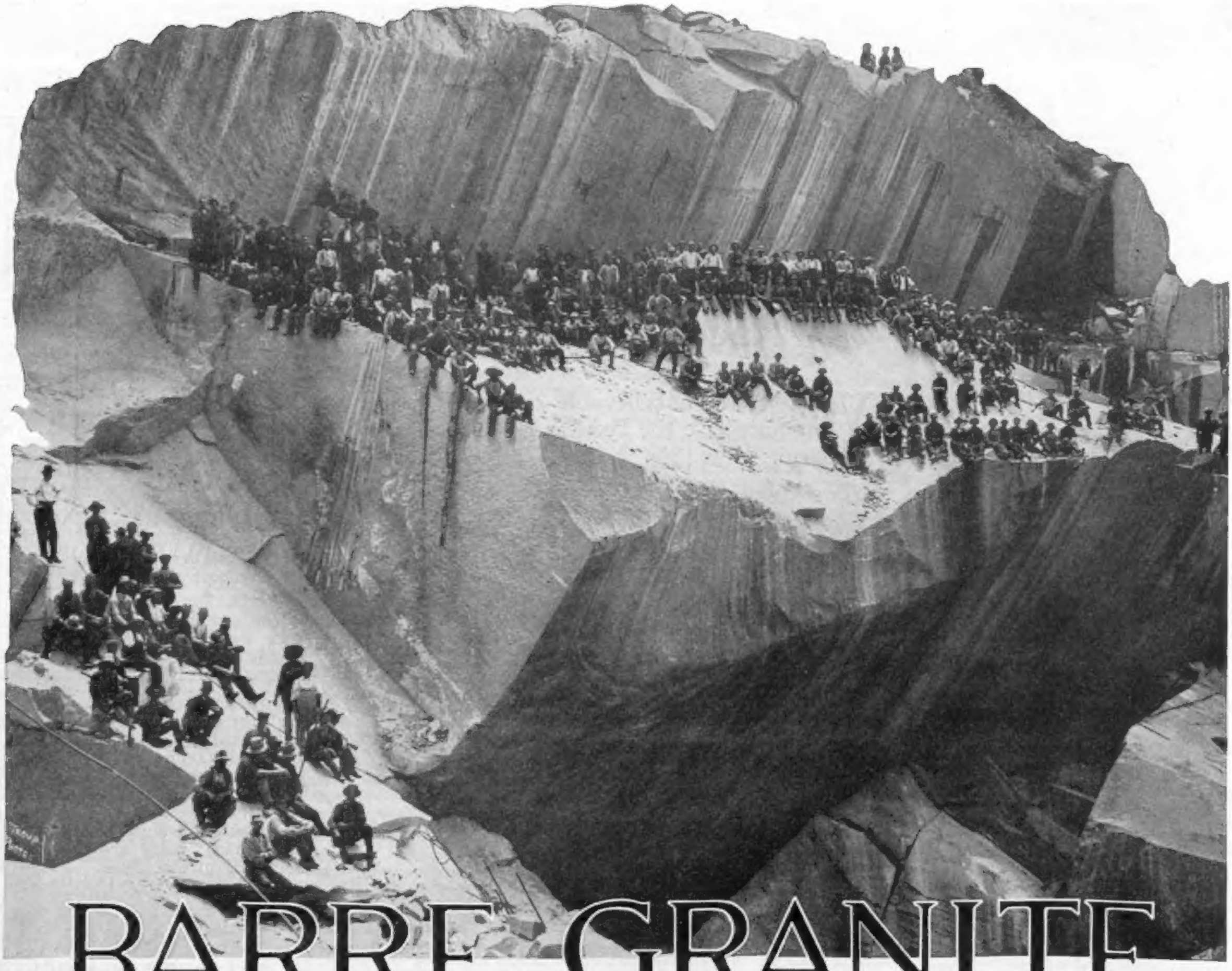

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